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A TOURIST IN SPITE OF HIMSELF

IN EGYPT

BY A. EDWARD NEWTON

I

'If we are ever going to Egypt we had better go,' said my wife.

There was, possibly, one way of escape. 'I feel too old to go to Egypt,' I remarked.

'There are things in Egypt older than you are,' was the rejoinder. The argument was unanswerable, and soon we were on our way.

We landed at Port Said. There are at least half a dozen ways of getting into Egypt: one can go directly from New York to Alexandria, or from Marseilles or Naples or Brindisi or Trieste; but the pleasantest way undoubtedly is to break the journey at Paris, pick up a P. and O. boat, if one can, at Marseilles, and go on to Port Said. The difficulty is that P. and O. boats sail from London; they prefer to book passengers to Colombo, or at least to Port Sudan, and one cannot be sure, in Paris, of getting accommodation at Marseilles until after the boat has left London; then, if there be room, the steamship company is glad enough to fill up its cabins with passengers for the shorter voyage.

After an exchange of telephone messages between the agent in Paris and the London agent, we were assured of excellent accommodation, and, leaving Paris by the night train, reached Marseilles the next morning, spent the day wandering around that busy and thriving seaport, and sailed away at five o'clock in the afternoon. Had I known then what I do now, I should have gone on to Port Sudan, but when I left home I am not sure that I had ever heard of Port Sudan, which has, in fact, only come into prominence since the war. It is a landing place on the Red Sea, and some day it will be one of the great ports in Africa. From Port Sudan a railway runs to Wadi Halfa in the north and Khartum in the south, thus draining the whole Sudan — and any Vanderbilt will tell you that a railway will drain a country quite as effectively as a river.

Already Port Sudan has made its existence felt in the age-old caravan town of Assiut, on the Nile. For centuries camels headed north or east from almost anywhere in the Sudan just naturally moved toward Assiut; then the Egyptian nationalists got gay and — largely inspired by that foolish phrase of our Great Phrase Maker,

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'the self-determination of small nations' — revived the ancient slogan, 'Egypt for the Egyptians'; whereupon Great Britain, who had created modern Egypt, said: 'Very well, we must render ourselves independent of the Nile Valley. It may be that we shall wish some day to give the Egyptians a taste of home rule, as we have the Irish, but we do not wish our trade in the Sudan to be disturbed; so we must create a new port and short-circuit, so to speak, Alexandria and Port Said.' The result was Port Sudan.

Now, if the truth must be told, Egyptians, off their own bat, could n't stage-manage a strawberry festival: they are accustomed to being governed, and were happier and more flourishing under English rule than they had ever been, until a small group of noisy politicians told them how oppressed they were. The perennial plague of politics is devastating in Egypt as elsewhere. Of course, the Suez Canal must be forever British or the Empire is done for, and it can be protected from the Egyptians with the utmost ease: England has only to empty the contents of a dam or two into the Nile, suddenly, and not fill them again, and the land, now thriving and prosperous, would once again become what it was before Lord Cromer took it in hand.

But I knew nothing of Port Sudan, this back door, as it were, into Egypt; and so, as I have said, we landed at Port Said, took an excellent express train to Cairo, and registered at the Semiramis Hotel, being among the first tourists of the season to do so. But we had hardly taken our places in the dining saloon of the *Cathay* — the steamer from Marseilles — when I saw someone wigwagging across the room to me, and it proved to be my old friend E. V. Lucas, the 'Wanderer,' on his way to wander in, of all places in the world, Colombo. We spent a pleasant evening together, and when it came time to say good-night E. V. remarked, 'I want to read a few chapters of an excellent novel before switching off the light.'

'What is the novel?' I inquired.

'*The Small House at Allington*,' he replied.

'One of my favorites,' I said. 'How many times have you read it?'

'Never,' said E. V.

'Shame!' said I. 'I'll not keep you from it another minute.' And we parted.

Early next morning a blue-black Indian steward knocked on my door and entered with a note, addressed to me, marked 'Important.' It was from E. V., and I hurriedly tore open the envelope, wondering what could be the matter. And this is what I read: '6.49 A.M. Latest Bulletin. Johnny Eames has saved the Earl's life from the bull and looks like being his heir. E. V.' Smiling, I climbed back into my bunk, thinking, the while, I could have waited an hour for that message. And to finish the story while I am at it: the next morning at about the same hour there was again a knock and again a note, which read: 'Crosbie's eye was blacked at Paddington Station last night at 11.53. Praise God from whom all blessings flow.' With which sentiment, I am sure, all readers of one of Trollope's very best novels will entirely agree.

II

I fancy the Semiramis is one of the best hotels in the world. It is certainly one of the most expensive, and as I looked about at dinner I remarked that I hoped the management would not expect me to carry the entire overhead until the hotel got into running order — which it hardly did during our stay.

'Egypt is the Nile and the Nile is Egypt': I knew that, and as I looked at the river from the windows of my bedroom I was, to speak plainly, very much disappointed. I did not then know that there was an island just opposite the hotel which reduced its width, but take the island out and the Nile would still seem a second- or even third-rate river. It does not tell its whole story at a glance, the Nile does n't, but after a week one begins to feel its influence, and finally to have a feeling of awe and affection for the river on which has rocked the cradle of our civilization.

Would you visualize Egypt? Take a rope a hundred feet long, tie a knot in it about ten feet from one end; ravel out the ten feet and separate the strands as much as possible, so that the raveled portion forms a triangle; let the knot represent Cairo, and the two corners Alexandria and Port Said, respectively. The triangle is the Nile Delta, probably the most fertile country in the world, but utterly without interest for the tourist. The rope will probably have a lot of twists in it, though not as many as the Nile itself, but its length will suggest faintly the length of the river, and its thickness the width of Egypt.

Cairo does n't get me, altogether; it has a wonderful museum and five hundred mosques — so our dragoman told us. Some of them are interesting and some magnificent, but it is a big, noisy city, not too clean, and I'm not too good a tourist: I do not hunger and thirst for the second-rate simply because I have not seen that particular kind of second-rate before. But what is first-rate in Cairo cannot be seen or even approached elsewhere. The amazing things with which Tut-Ankh-Amen's tomb was furnished are now all on exhibition in its Museum, and there are altars and statues and mummy cases, and the like, which defy description, — my description, at any rate, — but all the mummies have been put away in deference to the recently ripened susceptibilities of the Egyptians. We visited the Museum first under the patronage of one of its distinguished curators, Jack Gunn, a fine English scholar of our acquaintance, who wears a fez while on duty, but who does not succeed and does n't even try to make anyone believe that he is an Egyptian, or even an Arab.

The fact is that if it is hard to get the historians to agree who the ancient Egyptians *were*, it is even more difficult to get them to agree as to who they *are*. The Copts — that is to say, the Christians — claim to be Egyptians, but there are only a million of them in the whole country and they are not much in evidence. Egypt is to-day, as it has always been, overrun with 'foreigners.' Certainly the Arabs have 'spoiled the Egyptians,' but they have had the active assistance of the Jew, the Greek, the Armenian, the Persian, the French, and the English; without the English, Egypt would be 'merely a geographical expression,' as a brutal Austrian statesman once said of Italy.

I always travel with a large amount of skepticism, which is very disconcerting to my guides: there are so very many more things which I do not believe than those which I do. Consequently, when my dragoman one fine morning — and all mornings are fine in Cairo — suggested a visit to old Cairo, I asked him what was to be seen there. 'Well,' he replied, 'I show you where Pharaoh's daughter, she find Moses, and I show you where the Holy Virgin hide with the Christ Child, and I show you a wonder-working tree.' An intelligent man had spent some time the night before making it clear to me that the finding of Moses, if it be anything more than a pretty fairy tale, was

merely the old story of the unmarried mother and her child, and must have taken place fully fifty miles from Cairo; so I cut that out. And I always eschew wonder-working trees. But the tradition of the Virgin and Child and their flight into Egypt to escape the bloodthirsty attentions of King Herod has something to recommend it, so I consented to look — and I am afraid without sufficient reverence — into a dirty and smelly crypt or cellar under a place of worship which might easily be two thousand years old; but two thousand years is a mere yesterday in Egypt.

The language of Cairo is French, largely; the people are of all sorts, Arabs chiefly; and the government in the last resort is English. The new city is rather fine, but *old* Cairo does not intrigue me — to use that overworked but expressive word. The houses are in ruins, practically; the streets narrow and filthy, — how could they be otherwise? — and the people poor and neglected, the women especially. The women in the Near East usually conceal all or a part of their faces with a veil or a portion of their robe or headdress, either from modesty or lest their beauty should inflame the male passer-by. (Let them have no fear!) The single long black garment of the poorer classes which trails upon the filthy highway is supposed to erase from the dust the tracks of their bare feet, in which otherwise an evil spirit might make hieroglyphics which would bring them bad luck. So it was five thousand years ago, so it is to-day, and so, seemingly, it will be a thousand years hence.

In the Oriental scheme of things, women are little more than beasts of burden. Religion, which in our Western civilization is largely the concern of women, is something unknown to Mohammedan women. Men only worship; women never, so far as I can learn, enter a mosque. Why should they? — they have no souls. On the other hand, men pray, or are supposed to, after certain hygienic formulæ are complied with, several times a day. In mosques, in the streets, in shop and field, and on the deck of a boat on the Nile, it is not unusual to see a man face toward Mecca, drop down upon his knees, strike his forehead upon the ground, and recite, not once but many times, certain parts of the Koran. I am told that at certain hours it is usual for some holy man to climb to the top of the tower of slender minarets, which is a part of many mosques, and there declare in a singsong voice: 'Allah is the greatest; I testify there is no god but Allah. Come to prayer, come to worship. Allah is the greatest; there is no god but Allah.' This would seem to be the brief sum total of their religion; this said, and the sayer is prepared to commit every crime with which we are acquainted, and a few which might be called Mohammedan specialties.

III

The best half-dozen mosques in Cairo — and no more — are well worth seeing, although to the Occidental mind they hardly suggest worship, chiefly for the reason that they have no religious furniture: there are neither pews, chairs, nor benches of any kind, the devout squatting cross-legged on the floor, which may be covered with rugs, carpet, or matting, in a manner which is difficult if not impossible to one not accustomed to it. I shall recommend that my friend Nelson Doubleday add the movement required to accomplish the act of sitting down, *à la turque*, to Walter Camp's 'Daily Dozen.' Provided the sitter did not break his legs at the first attempt, it would be a fine thing for his waistline.

What one — what I — enjoyed most in Cairo, if only for a brief time, was the life in the streets: the turmoil, the confusion, and the babble of tongues. Conversations are seemingly entirely the result of misunderstandings. Men shriek and gesticulate at one another in what would appear to be a most dangerous manner, and then get on their donkeys, frequently on the same donkey, and ride away. And through these streets — or alleys, as we should call them — black-robed women carrying children in their arms or perched astride on their shoulders, poor, neglected, bedraggled creatures, are silently wending their way with burdens on their heads. Are they out for an hour's shopping, or going to or coming from work — who shall say? And in these same streets, mounted on high benches, sitting on their heels, are groups of men all busy playing games — checkers or chess or games with dice or cards — and drinking out of tiny cups sweet and filthy coffee. In Egypt one is in a man's world.

The bazaars of Cairo have been too frequently described for me to refer to them other than to say that one is amazed at their number and extent, and especially at the way one goes from one into another. And these bazaars are filled to overflowing with everything which one associates with the East: rugs, embroideries, ivories, brasses, jewels and jewelry (fake and real), perfumes, and things to eat, drink, and smell. But it takes time, courage, and money to secure anything worth while, and after one has cut the merchant's original price in half, not once but several times, and secured his bargain, one departs with it feeling that with a little more patience one could have cut the price in half once more.

Besides the mosques and the museums, there is not much of surpassing interest in Cairo, but just outside, a few miles away, is the village of Gizeh, with its Pyramids and the Sphinx. One's first glimpse of the Pyramids is disappointing, as is also the Sphinx. The fact is that one's mind can hardly take in their enormous proportions: they affect one as does Niagara; they grow upon one and ultimately become even more stunning, for these are the creations of man which have withstood the stress and storm of centuries. How were they built? How were any of the temples and tombs of Egypt built? The Egyptologist will answer you glibly; but his answer, however convincing, remains unsatisfactory: words, after all, must be translated into deeds. Ah! there's the rub.

On our way to the Pyramids of Gizeh we passed a number of unimportant farms from which the water of the life-giving Nile was just subsiding. Men, women, camels, donkeys, and poultry live together seemingly in great content. The chickens are, in fact, very small, as are the eggs they lay. One would suppose that in the shadow of the Great Pyramid, with its gigantic size, they would feel encouraged to lay enormous eggs, but it is not so. What, however, they lack in size they make up in strength: I do not like them. Herodotus saw and described the Pyramids and the Sphinx twenty-five hundred years ago, and they were then hoary with age. Who shall guess the riddle of the Sphinx? Had she a riddle? One is told one should visit her again and again: at sunrise and at sunset and at night. I visit nothing at sunrise; sunset is all very well; but I should not care to prowl around her much at night. The guides and dragomans and the beggars are an infernal nuisance. I rode out to Gizeh several times in an excellent motor, 'made in America,' and I once so far forgot myself as to

climb on a camel to have my photograph taken for the purpose of suggesting to my friends at home that I habitually used a camel as a means of locomotion: I here confess to the deceit.

After eight days I was not sorry to leave Cairo and turn over all the problems of my existence to Thomas Cook and Son, who practically own the Nile — and again let me say that the Nile is Egypt. Especially after I had seen our accommodations on the steamer *Arabia* I felt sure that my holiday was to be a delightful one, and I was not mistaken.

IV

The Nile is a locked river: immense dams have been built across it, by the English, here and there at strategic points, by which the flow of water is carefully regulated. It is these dams — or barrages, as they are called — which have added so greatly to the productive area of Egypt: interfere with their proper functioning, and Egypt would again become what it was before the English took it in hand.

The Nile, like most of the world's great marvels, is at first disappointing. Its length is — what it is — thousands of miles; its width is not impressive, and its depth is silly. One's boat, which draws only a few feet, is constantly grounding on mud banks; but what of that? It is 'liquid history' indeed. Upon it day merges quickly into night and night into day, and the Nile flows on and on, ever changing, yet always the same. A week passes, and another and another, yet there is still the Nile with seemingly the same volume of water, and millions of peasants are by various means drawing water from that same inexhaustible supply. And it is the two methods by which this is done that interested me most in Egypt.

I knew, of course, — everyone knows, — that there is practically no rainfall in Egypt; yet that it is the most fertile country in the world and that this fertility is due solely to the waters of the Nile. But I did not know that, aside from the annual flooding of the land, the water is being forever lifted from the river by two methods, one of which is as old as the country itself, — and only Macaulay's schoolboy (that prodigy!) knows how old that is, — and the other may be scarcely less ancient, counting time as one counts it in Egypt, by thousands of years. Let me attempt to describe the older method first.

Imagine a river flowing between its two banks of black earth, the banks being anywhere from three to fifteen feet above the water. Then imagine a deep trench cut into the bank at right angles with the river, and astride this trench two stout sticks driven into the earth, or perhaps two piers of mud stiffened with the stalks of the sugar cane. Stretched from pier to pier is a rigid bar having fastened to it a long pole set considerably off centre; on the shorter end is a heavy ball of Nile mud, while on the longer end is a bucket which is dipped into the river, being forced down into the water against the weight of the ball of mud, which has become hardened. The bucket — I call it a bucket by courtesy; it may be a jar or an old tin can, or a mere sack kept open on a ring of twigs — quickly fills itself, the weight of the ball raises the water-filled receptacle, and the operator of this crude device, a man probably naked except for a loin cloth, quickly empties the water into a trench which may be six or seven feet above the level of the river and permits it to flow inland for a short or long distance, according to local conditions.

At a point farther inland is another device with which the operation is re-

peated; and perhaps, at a further distance, a third. By working these contrivances, which are called shadufs, quickly, and for hours on end, three men can irrigate a field or several fields. And this work never stops: day and night, all along the river, spaced sometimes thirty, sometimes three hundred, feet apart, one sees men operating this primitive contraption, as they have been doing any time during these last five thousand years. We know that the shaduf is at least as old as that, for pictures of it have been found in tombs of that age.

The other water-lifting device, called a sakieh, is not as old as the shaduf, and represents an improvement upon it in that it is worked by a beast rather than by a man. Imagine a stout post set firmly into a heavy wooden platform which has been constructed over a large pit, into which water from the river runs by gravity. On the post and parallel with the platform revolves a large wheel, into the outer circumference of which are driven a number of stout wooden pegs at intervals of six or eight inches — a sprocket wheel, in fact, so heavy and clumsy that it takes a pair of oxen or a stout camel to revolve it; for set at right angles with this wheel is another of similar character, and to this is attached an endless belt to which is fastened at intervals a series of buckets or receptacles of any kind which will hold water. The wheel to which the animal is harnessed, being revolved, revolves in turn the second wheel with its attached buckets, with the result that a constant supply of water is raised and emptied into a deep trench, from which it is conducted by smaller trenches all over the land.

What an engineer would call the friction load of this mechanism is enormous: the cogs do not function smoothly, but bind and creak in operation, making a sort of music which is, however, pleasant compared with the dance music now so much in vogue. This music can be heard well into the night; hearing it, one knows that somewhere, not far away, some small chocolate-colored boy or girl, almost if not quite asleep upon his wheel, is driving an unwilling animal upon its ceaseless round. I, with another man, tried unsuccessfully to operate one of these devices while a camel looked disdainfully upon our efforts. Reader, have you ever had a camel look disdainfully at you? The camel wears, habitually, an expression of supercilious vindictiveness which it would be hard to match in the animal kingdom.

As I raise my head from these notes I see a string of five of these strange animals moving slowly along the road which runs along the bank of the Nile: they are silhouetted in black against the setting sun and look like immense heaps of cornstalks in motion, loaded down as they are with great bundles of sugar cane which conceal their bodies, all except their legs. The camel fascinates me; it always has: it is so ridiculous in appearance, yet so admirably adapted to its purpose or the purpose for which it is used. Have you seen it crouching upon the earth to receive its burden? In getting down you would say that it had dislocated all four of its legs, but not so. At the word of command it rises, pitches forward. 'There it goes! I knew it!' you say to yourself. In another moment it has righted itself like a ship in a storm and starts off, first front and hind legs on one side, then on the other, a racking pace. Its legs are covered with corns and calluses, its feet are mere pads, and it stinks to heaven; yet of what feats of strength and endurance it is capable!

I bethought me of that fascinating book, *Revolt in the Desert*, and how its

author depended upon his camel, and how, when it died from exhaustion, he ate it, raw, — for he was afraid to build a fire, — observing that one quickly tires of raw camel sinew as food: I can believe it. I am loath to leave the camel; when I get home I must look up Kipling's lines, which go something like this: —

The 'orse 'e knows above a bit, the bullock's but a fool,
The elephant's a gentleman, the battery-mule's a mule;
But the commissariat cam-u-el, when all is said an' done,
'E's a devil an' a ostrich an' a orphan-child in one.

V

I had only been on the *Arabia* a few minutes when a man came up and introduced himself to me, saying that he was Britten Austin and that he had carried around with him for several years a letter of introduction from Thomas J. Wise, the dean of book collectors in London, but that he had not expected to meet me in Egypt. I knew Austin by name, of course: perhaps the best-known writer of short stories now living — Kipling having long since given over that difficult art. Austin's being on the *Arabia* was a delightful incident. He had been everywhere, and was a brilliant and exact talker: it made no difference to him whether the conversation turned on the Amazon, — of which I know nothing except that it is a river, — or comparative religions, competitive armaments, or the merits of the English as compared with the Russian novel; all subjects were one to him. One respects a man like that, but when in addition I discovered that he was prepared to debate some vexed and quite unimportant point in bibliography, my respect turned to envy, and finally to hate. If ever I get that man in my library! . . .

The shifting bottom of the Nile frequently makes it necessary for Arabs with long poles to stand in the bow of the lower deck to measure the depth of the water, and even with this precaution we frequently run into mud banks, with a resulting jar. One morning I had just finished dressing when there was a sudden lurch followed by a grinding crash, followed by piercing cries of horror from members of the crew. 'That's just what I expected,' I remarked to myself. 'We have torn the bottom out of our boat and left our engine in the Nile.' Such an incident was worth seeing, so I hurriedly left my cabin and rushed to the lower deck — and this is what I saw.

The *Arabia* draws about four feet of water, and its engine, working two large paddle wheels, stands on the flat steel bottom of the boat in an exposed engine pit, which is surrounded by a brass rail. We had grounded just as a husky Arab carrying two large breakfast trays — bottles of Celestine and Evian water, tea and hot water and toast, ham, eggs, and the inevitable orange marmalade — was thrown off centre by the shock, and deposited the trays with their contents upon an oiler below who was tinkering about with his oil can, as is the habit of oilers. He received the trays and their contents on his head, much to his astonishment; thence they descended into the machinery. 'The mills of the gods grind slowly'; so it was with our engine: bottles, cups, saucers, plates, and their contents fell from one part of the engine to another below it, with continuing if lessening crashes, until at last all was quiet except the excited members of the crew, who danced about in ecstasy uttering piercing screams of delight. 'Give 'em something to talk about for months,' remarked our imperturbable Scotch engineer. It was several hours before cleanliness was restored.

Something of interest is always going forward on the *Arabia:* just at the moment of writing we are passing through the locks of Assiut, and the landscape is as ever-changing as our course on the river. We zigzag from side to side, seeking the channel, which at one moment closely skirts a bank of Nile mud through which the river has recently cut its channel, at another avoids a wide shelving beach of sand, which in its turn quickly becomes a precipitous mountain of sandstone. I remember once when motoring in Wales being impressed by the rapidity with which the landscape changed from meadow to mountain; Egypt has the same characteristic. It is never for more than a few minutes the same. It is an incredibly narrow country, as narrow as a piece of string — or rope, to go back to the simile with which I began this paper. Both river banks are dotted with small villages which are filthy beyond words: rain has never been known to fall, and the dust is as fine as flour and inches deep. The Nile, which has many of the characteristics of the Mississippi, is full of mud, but the natives drink it with impunity, with the result, as I heard someone say, that they must have soil enough in their bellies to raise a substantial crop of — anything, for the soil is so rich that one could grow umbrellas, if umbrellas were a desirable crop, merely by sticking them in the ground.

Along the river bank, on one side or the other, frequently on both, is a narrow highway on which strings of heavily loaded camels or tiny donkeys, carrying one and sometimes two men, — smoking imperturbably, their bare feet and legs dangling loosely, — may be seen; while following their lords and masters on foot, with water jars or baskets upon their heads, may be seen the women, walking upright with stately tread, their burdens carefully balanced, their black and filthy robes training in the dust. It will be a long time before skirts to or above the knee become fashionable 'up the Nile.' When anything is to be carried, the women carry it. I remember seeing, one morning, a woman carrying a large chicken coop, filled with chickens — on her head. The man walking at her side was carrying a cigarette — in his mouth.

Yet one comes to have a feeling of pity as well as respect for the Egyptian peasant, or fellah, as he is called: he is so patient and, in his own sense, so industrious. He lives on practically nothing, and he grows it himself. A flat loaf of bread or cake made of barley or some other grain, without sweetening or flavoring of any kind except salt and rancid grease, with the plentiful onion, is the standard diet; and men, women, and children are always sucking a stalk of sugar cane when they can get it, while the men do not disdain to go into a field and gather a huge handful of growing clover (the story of Nebuchadnezzar is certainly true, as so many Bible stories are) and eat it with seeming relish. The use of alcohol is forbidden by the Koran, and this rule is, I believe, generally observed. Not often now does one meet a beggar, unless he be a blind or a very old man. The children, to be sure, annoy one with their incessant cries for 'Baksheesh! Baksheesh!' ('A gift! A gift!'), but as both the Egyptian Government and Cook frown upon the custom of giving promiscuously, little attention is paid to them.

There are many seemingly thriving towns up the Nile in which the houses are well built, but those in the villages are merely one-story huts, of brick made of mud, dried in the sun, and bonded together by river slime, or are mere palisades of the stalks of sugar cane, on either side of which has been

smeared a thick veneer of mud. Of roofs, in our sense of the word, there are none: protection from rain is not important, for there is no rain; protection from the sun is another matter, and it is secured by laying branches of trees from one wall to another, these being, in turn, covered with the stalks of the sugar cane, which resemble in character and appearance our cornstalks. These 'roofs,' if they protect from the sun, afford harbor for every form of vermin, and snakes abound. The snake charmer is a not uncommon character, and one afternoon at Luxor I saw one who did, or seemed to do, marvelous things — but he may have been a fake.

I sing of that I know, the common house fly: it is very small, and swarms by millions all over Egypt. About half the size of our fly, it makes up by its persistence and agility what it lacks in size, and it tickles beyond belief. The sale of fly swatters, made of everything conceivable, — wire, horsehair, fibre, rope, and so forth, — is a thriving industry. These are never used by the natives, who have been taught that Allah sent the fly for some good purpose and it is not to be shooed away, but allowed to lay its eggs in children's eyes, and if the children become blind it is Allah's will. Indeed, the flies do not seem to annoy the natives: I have seen children playing about or asleep, their faces covered with them; and I once watched an old man sitting quietly at the rudder of a sailboat with dozens of these insects playing very contentedly about his eyes, but he made no effort to drive them away.

VI

There is a curious optical illusion on the Nile: as one sits contentedly in one's steamer chair watching the ever-changing panorama, the background of the picture seems to be proceeding in the same direction as the steamer, while the foreground is moving rapidly astern. Many prominent pens have attempted to describe the lure of Egypt, and in my opinion they have failed, signally. No less an artist, in words, than Thomas Hardy could make a pen picture of the Nile which could convey, to one who has not seen it, its manifold beauty: its fertile places, interspersed with mountainous cliffs of sandstone, and the glory of its blazing sun. I had no idea that a dry and sandy desert could be so beautiful in such various ways. There is sand and sand: sand which may be as fine and black as pepper, sand as bright and shining as guinea gold, and shifting sand on which only a camel can walk with comfort. At night one observes that the sky, so blue as to be almost black, serves chiefly for a setting for thousands of stars, making such a firmament as causes one to forget how man has appropriated and employed the marvels of nature and exclaim with the Psalmist: 'The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handiwork.' Indeed, I felt that I was rapidly becoming a Zoroastrian, when my eyes fell upon the ruins of a temple, so colossal in size, so amazing in design and execution, and withal so old, as to bring me quickly out of my reverie.

I shall say nothing of the tombs and temples of Egypt, or their number and variety. The ancient Egyptians had small knowledge of the use of metals in our sense. Their land was composed of rock, water, and earth washed down from countries far away to the south; this earth by irrigation they made enormously fertile. There was 'corn in Egypt' centuries before the announcement was made. Life encompassed two things, luxury and labor: of both more than traces remain. Time

was no object and labor was cheap. To see a mountain of rock was to wish to hew and transport and carve and worship it. How were these enormous temples and statues erected? The belief in and craving for immortality was seemingly the strongest passion in these old Pharaohs — one of whom was a woman, Queen Hatshepsut, the Queen Elizabeth of her time. Fancy a civilization which reached its zenith twenty-seven hundred years before Christ!

Our tour on the Nile is almost over; it has been a delightful one. When we came aboard our boat six weeks ago we knew no one; now most of the company are friends, at least for the time being. Americans and English, of course, predominate, with a sprinkling of Germans; no French — what would they do so far from the boulevards of Paris? The Americans make themselves known by their high shrill voices and the impression they instantly create of taking possession of things generally. Our boat has the usual number of English maiden ladies, carrying their English ideas and habits with them, as they always do, to the uttermost parts of the world. On Christmas Day, one sweet old lady — right out of the pages of *Cranford* — came up to me as we were approaching Luxor and asked me whether I thought the shops would be open to-morrow. 'Why, yes, madam, why not?' I replied. 'Well, it is Boxing Day, is n't it?' she twittered, reproachfully.

Throughout our trip our every want has been anticipated and supplied. We have lived in the luxury of an excellent hotel. If mineral waters, a necessity, are expensive, some things are cheap: good Scotch whiskey, famous brands, can be had in all the villages for $1.62 per quart bottle! Our boat anchors about bedtime and our sleep is undisturbed. It is bitter cold at night and very hot in the sun: this makes frequent changes of clothes necessary, but what else has one to do? We go ashore every day once, sometimes twice: camels and donkeys, motors even, are forthcoming as needed, and Arabs to carry one in a chair when one is old or indolent, as is the writer.

Our steamer works its way to the landing place for an inland excursion; instantly all is confusion and excitement: Arabs, scarabs, camels, donkeys and donkey boys; men, white, brown, and black, seeking to sell beads and relics, made yesterday, screaming and gesticulating, prancing about in the dust of ages, four inches deep. Will order ever be restored? one thinks. It will, and promptly. Our excellent dragoman and his assistant see to that; gradually a line is formed, someone is leading; we move off in good order. Our destination may be some temple several miles away. We shall have lunch among the ruins — an excellent lunch, we know from experience — and we shall be back to the boat in excellent time for a 'wash and a brush-up' and the inevitable cup of tea — all thanks to Thomas Cook and Son.

Egypt has been overrun and conquered many times; what nation, ancient or modern, has not taken toll of her? But the last conqueror of Egypt is Cook.

AS SEEN BY A DISCIPLE

PRESIDENT ELIOT

BY LE BARON RUSSELL BRIGGS

I

THIS paper is avowedly personal. Through many years I had the inestimable privilege of seeing, day by day, a great man at his work. In a capacity subordinate but informal, I was brought into constant contact with him. We discussed subjects so varied that I saw him in many aspects; and, as he revealed himself more and more, I came to the belief which I still hold that I never knew a nobler man. The deeper springs of his character I shall not try to sound at present, though what I tell of him may from time to time reveal them. I have especially in mind his everyday humanity, his lighter moments, his sense of fun, his occasional misapprehensions in their comical contrast to the habitual clearness and spaciousness of his mind, his persistent prejudices, which, however, could not in an individual case cripple his instinct for justice. By stringing together some personal experiences, I hope to throw certain sidelights on his social and academic character.

A year or two after graduation, I applied to him for a tutorship in Greek. Tutors in those days were appointed for terms of three years. I was young, inexperienced, and afraid, and undoubtedly made a bad impression on him. He gave me no encouragement at all. Yet Greek was prescribed to Freshmen and tutors had to be found. The academic year for the upper classes began on Thursday; for Freshmen, some of whom were examined for admission in the last three days of the week, it began on the following Monday. On Saturday half of the Freshmen had not been provided with a tutor in Greek. At my midday meal on Saturday, my brother, then a tutor in mathematics, brought me an oral order from the President to begin work on Monday. Obviously the President had nourished till the fifty-ninth minute of the eleventh hour the hope of finding somebody else.

Scared but happy, I went to him. 'This appointment,' he said, 'is for *one* year. Mr. Croswell and Mr. J. H. Wheeler are abroad; and the college will employ either of those persons in preference to you.'

Here I first came upon that directness which some people called brutality but which was merely the courageous kindness of sincerity. Courageous because few older men, with dispositions not positively ugly, will disappoint a young man's ambition without shading the truth a little. Those words burnt into me for life, as clear now as when they were spoken, more than fifty years ago. When I repeated them to him in his extreme old age, he smiled benignantly. 'That was pretty rough,' he said. I had learned, long since, that it was not. It had the wholesome bit-

terness of a tonic. I began to know the President as a man to whom I or anyone might go for criticism and be sure of getting it unadulterated either with sentimental weakness or with personal ill-will. Nor was there anything haphazard in his characterization: by instinct and training he was a critical observer of men. Reverend George A. Gordon writes of meeting him, always with pleasure, and always with a sense of being 'appraised.' In Faculty meetings he suffered men to talk as long as they would; he was appraising them. At the age of ninety or more, he remarked, 'I don't see why Dr. [MacFie] Campbell comes to see me so often. He observes me very closely; he little knows that I observe him equally closely.' Constant research in character, constant sharpening of an inborn talent for observation, and constant practice in the vigorous niceties of speech gave to his sketches of character both authority and pungency; and when occasion required, sometimes when it merely offered, he would tell people what he thought of them — precisely and unmistakably — sparing neither them nor himself in the clear air of truth. Hence those who had not educated their sensitiveness into an element of strength, who were as yet unable to feel a bracing effect of frankness toward themselves, condemned as cold and harsh what he had schooled himself to tell and what it might be no small part of their own schooling to hear.

Direct speech, at any cost, was an article of his faith. He was as ready to receive it as to give it. At a meeting of graduate students, while I was talking with the professor who had made the address of the evening, President Eliot came up to disagree with him face to face. The attack, though not personally hostile, was energetic. 'I said to myself,' he declared, 'the trumpet gives an uncertain sound.' The lecturer, in the nervous weariness that follows nervous effort, was not quite ready for a series of comments like that. 'Excuse me, Mr. Eliot,' he said, 'but this is a subject on which I know more than you.' The President's face showed no trace of resentment, for the excellent reason that there was none to show. He had heard a sincere and devoted man tell him a plain truth. In such an utterance from such a man he saw nothing unbecoming. He wanted a certain sound from the trumpet, and he got it.

I remember my surprise when Professor George Herbert Palmer told me that President Eliot was the easiest of men to talk with if you knew what you wished to say. I was probably a little skeptical, because unable to think of Professor Palmer, an acknowledged master of speech, as finding it hard to talk with anybody; but Professor Palmer was right. To this great and formidable being the humblest man's opinion, plainly expressed, was of interest. Only those who were frightened into incoherence, or those who postponed their thinking till they were seated in his office, were sorry that they had come; and even they, in his later years, might almost feel at home.

Yet there can be no greater mistake than to think of him as naturally imperturbable. With all his magnificent self-control, he revealed, now and then, the thinness of the crust which covered a volcanic fire. In discussing his reputation for coldness, he recalled a Faculty meeting at which a professor was speaking offensively. 'I held the arms of my chair,' said the President, 'and held them tighter and tighter as he went on; and, at last, one of the arms broke. That was not cold!'

His reply to his cousin, Professor Charles Eliot Norton, at a Commencement ceremony of Radcliffe College,

no one who heard it will forget. Professor Norton was the orator of the day, giving the audience the quintessence of Nortonian philosophy perfectly expressed. He talked of 'this vulgar, half-civilized America.' He named a few great books that every young woman whom he addressed should have in her library, the *Thoughts* of Marcus Aurelius, for example. After him President Eliot was called on for a speech. Commencement at Radcliffe is only a day before Commencement at Harvard. President Eliot, though sure to be called on, could not be expected to have an address prepared; and indeed few men with preparation could speak as well as he without it. In his first sentence he spoke of himself as 'appalled' that his 'rude speech' should follow the polished periods of Professor Norton. He then invited the audience to take note that whatever of beauty, refinement, and culture they found in that gathering and ceremony was American. He continued with 'American' as a sort of triumphant refrain; he proceeded to the principles of American democracy.

'And where,' he cried, 'can these principles be found? In the pages of one little book — in the four Gospels of the New Testament. I trust that you have already added that little book to your library.' He sat down, tremendously applauded.

Never before or since have I heard two speakers show so much of themselves in so short a time, each so near his oratorical best. And the man whose eloquence had fired every hearer went home to say penitently, 'I've been fighting again.'

At times, especially in his earlier years, his directness of speech caused needless irritation and may well have cost him friends. A rich gentleman whose estate bordered the property of the College complained to him of a high pile of wood or lumber close to the line that divided the estates. 'I told him,' said the President, many years later, 'that if he objected to the College's woodpile, the College would gladly buy his land. That,' the President added, 'was a bad break.'

Few men could better illustrate what is vulgarly known as 'coming down to brass tacks.' Professor W. R. Spalding, trained, as he says, by his father not to waste the time of important people, presented Mr. Eliot with a carefully wrought plan for improvement in the Department of Music. 'Mr. Spalding,' said the President, 'your argument is cogent and conclusive. Good morning.'

The Class of 1872 on its twenty-fifth anniversary gave to the College a clock for the tower in Memorial Hall. The striking of this clock was a great annoyance to Professor Shaler, who declared that he heard it every hour in the night. 'I told the Corporation,' he said, 'that it would have to choose between me and three thousand pounds of brass.'

This bit of dialogue is reported: —

Professor Shaler: 'If that clock is n't taken out I shall go.'

President Eliot: '*Where* will you go, Mr. Shaler?'

One thinks of Gilbert's —

> On fire that glows
> With heat intense,
> I turn the hose
> Of common sense.

I remember well an occasion when the hose was turned on me. As Dean of the College I was telling the Faculty at the final meeting of the year the records of those candidates for the degree of A.B. who had not met all the requirements. One youth was still deficient in Freshman prescribed English, in which he had failed annually. I believe that in other respects his

record was clear. When presenting his case I had to admit his apparent hopelessness in this one subject; but I must have laid such stress as I could on what he *had* accomplished. And the President said, 'Jones, described as an illiterate person, is recommended for the degree of Bachelor of Arts.'

II

It was Mr. Eliot's classmate, Professor Adams Sherman Hill, who made the remark (attributed to another man) that the President had a sense of humor, but you 'could n't count on it.' That he had it is made obvious by what I have already told. When it showed itself in words, his instinct for the close-fitting word was strikingly effective. Of a mean-looking poster inviting new students to the hospitality of a reception, he said, 'It has a very bleak appearance.' Of the magenta handkerchiefs bought for the crew in which he rowed, he said that, though they were the origin of Harvard crimson, the color was purely accidental; 'it might just as well have been blue.' Of a proposal to dispense with all grades for records of students' work, reporting nothing but 'passed' or 'failed,' he said, 'I fear that it would subject our students to too great a strain on their higher motives.' Of a hot-tempered professor, he observed, 'You know, Mr. Briggs, that it is easy to touch a match to him.' I remember his showing me certain inscriptions that he had written for an arch at the World's Fair in Chicago. When I asked him whether they would fill what I understood to be the allotted space, he answered, 'Oh, the arch is all covered with women and horses.' Harvard men he characterized as 'less glowing and gregarious' than Yale men. Commenting on a certain student from a standard Boston family, he said, 'He appears to be the possessor of but two adjectives, "bully" and "rotten."' When I asked him about X's Class Day oration, he answered, 'Robust commonplace.' Of a graduate who had written somewhat irresponsibly about Harvard, he observed, 'He is not a scientific person.' Of the place to which women were relegated when waiting for books in the University Library, he said, 'A pen is provided for them.' Of a graduate student who planned to leave Harvard for work in Professor X's laboratory at a distant university, he said, 'Taking the laboratory and Professor X together, I see no reason for the change.' In Faculty meeting when a certain professor asked him a question, he branched off to a quite different matter, attacking a committee of which the professor was a member. Then suddenly turning back to the question, he said, 'Did Professor X get what he wanted?' When Professor Norton had proposed that the memorial to Phillips Brooks should take the form of a sadly needed University Library, the President remarked, 'I see no reason why he should hitch his particular little wagon to that particular star.' 'We have nominated Wendell for a professorship,' he said one day. 'He expects opposition in the Board of Overseers; but I can conceive of no effective opposition.' 'Do you mean Mr. S.?' said I. 'I thought they had made it up.' 'For external use,' said the President. One of his famous sayings is: 'If you are a college president, they not only say you lie; they prove it!'

Once a year the presidents of New England colleges used to meet at one of the colleges — each president taking with him one professor — for the discussion of college problems. I remember that the first item of a long programme which we were to dispose of in a day and a half was: 'What

studies should a man who is going to be a minister pursue in college?' I remember, too, a pardonable saving clause in the opening prayer: 'May our conclusions be best — so far as we *come* to any conclusions.' We sat like a class of boys each of whom was 'called up' by the presiding officer for an opinion on every item in the programme. 'Must we speak on every question?' I said to President Eliot. 'Oh no; you may pass as you do in euchre.'

In an address to the business men of Harvard Square, he told of Harvard Square in its earlier days and of the permission that he got from President Walker to put gas into Holworthy Hall as an experiment. 'Those pipes in Holworthy Hall,' said he, 'still belong to the Cambridge Gas Company; but I doubt if they know it.'

One variety of his humor I did not discover till long after he had resigned. Through his secretary he had asked me to see him at his house for the discussion of some college matter. On the day before our meeting one of his daughters-in-law was my neighbor in a street car. 'I hear that you are to see President Eliot to-morrow,' she said. We then fell to talking about him. I told her that I had not gone to see him since his retirement; that I had formed the habit of not going to him without a commanding reason, for I knew that he was beset with unsparing visitors and it was somebody's business not to bother him unnecessarily. I told her also that long ago, when I had said to his newly appointed secretary, Mr. Clymer, 'How is the President?' Mr. Clymer answered, 'Lovely.' I told her that the word, as applied to Mr. Eliot, had startled me then, and that I had since learned how fitly it was chosen. On the next day, when I presented myself at the appointed hour, I was greeted thus: —

'I've been hearing strange stories of you. I hear that you have determined not to come to see me unless you have to.'

The unexpectedness of this sally tied my tongue, I fear. He made some polite remark to the effect that I was always welcome and proceeded: —

'I hear, also, that you were surprised when you heard the word "lovely" applied to me.' Silence. 'You thought it *inappropriate!*'

Only those who know his delivery can do justice to this little speech. Later I learned that the mood of it was not uncommon with him. He was amusing himself with a benignant sort of teasing. Here was a man of ninety 'kidding' a man of seventy, much as a sprightly and experienced girl might tease an embarrassed boy, younger than herself, whom she knew to admire her and over whom chance had given her a delicious advantage.

He loved to tell experiences which amused him and told them with full appreciation of their humorous side. One of these experiences was the acquisition of Austin Hall: —

Mr. Austin (meeting the President in the street): 'What does the University need most now?'

Mr. Eliot: 'A new building for the Law School.'

Mr. Austin (after hesitation): 'I'll give it. I hate a lawyer like the devil!'

Yet I can see justification of Professor Hill's remark about the sense of humor. When Mr. Eliot was president of the Harvard Phi Beta Kappa he invited Professor E. K. Rand to speak at the chapter's annual dinner, and assigned as a subject the durable satisfactions of life. The annual dinner used to be celebrated for its wit. The oration and the poem might be tragedies; the dinner was the satyr drama. As a dinner, in the eating sense, it was not highly esteemed; but as a play-

ground for the wit of such men as Joseph H. Choate, Ebenezer Rockwood Hoar, and Edward Everett Hale it was worth starving at. Professor Rand, whose sense of humor is unquestioned, said to himself, 'This time I am to be the serious man.' Later, when the President called on one man after another and every man spoke on the durable satisfactions of life, Professor Rand was smitten with the awful truth that the President had planned to deal with the durable satisfactions by an unendurable symposium. Walking with the President after the dinner, he got a new and durable satisfaction in the President's happy reflection on it, 'No humor!'

At a meeting of the Faculty Dr. Sargent was telling of thefts from lockers in the gymnasium. 'The other day,' he said in an expressionless tone, 'a man was found there with his hand in the pocket of an instructor. He did not secure anything.' This was too sudden for the Faculty, who laughed loud and long; but the President sat erect and stern as a rebuke to us foolish children, even as Mrs. Eliot, who surely did not lack humor, sat when her husband, conferring the degree of LL.D. on President Taft, described him in all ways as 'robust,' and Mr. Theodore Roosevelt exploded and Sanders Theatre broke into a roar.

Again I cannot resist the temptation of relating an experience of my own. Through many years, in one capacity or another, I had to write official reports for publication and to submit them in manuscript to the President. They were serious documents, probably as serious as anything that I ever put into print; but they did now and then allow what was amusing in the academic situation to express itself — never, I think, without a serious underlying purpose. Whether I was right or wrong I do not know, and I had rather not consider here. I do know that I was not convinced when with damning solemnity he said, 'There are passages in your report that would make a reader smile!' 'Tell him,' said a colleague, 'that there are passages in his that would make a reader laugh right out'; and he told how the President had characterized a man who had attacked the work of the Harvard Observatory as 'an astronomer of merit.'

Nor was I convinced by the President's argumentative illustration. He pointed out to me that there was something in my mind which expressed itself in charades and that this something should not intrude into such serious matter as official reports. 'The American people,' he said, 'like their serious matter and their humor separated.' This proposition he illustrated by a story of the late Sherman Hoar, '82, who made a name for himself in politics at an exceptionally early age, and whose political opponents twitted him because of his youth. Mr. Hoar, the President said, made one campaign speech in the hall of a Sunday School. Seeing 'Suffer little children to come unto me' on the wall above him, he remarked to the audience that he had been derided for being young; 'but,' he said, as he pointed to the wall, 'here at least I shall be welcome.' After the meeting a member of the committee in charge told him that this sort of thing would n't do. From which the President argued that Americans wish humor and serious matter to be separated. Possibly they do. I, as an American, should like the colored supplement to be separated into outer darkness. The significance of my story lies in the blindness of such a man as Mr. Eliot to what made Mr. Hoar's remark offensive, and in the fallaciousness of such an argument as a support for his proposition. Throughout his career, it was easy to puncture his

reasoning. He won his causes, not by logic but by personal force, instinct for the right, noble ardor for truth and freedom.

III

It seems queer to say of this great man, reputed cold, that his power in argument was less intellectual than personal and emotional (in the best sense of that word). Personal force of character he had beyond nearly all men; intensity of feeling, disciplined by resolute self-control, gave to his speech an immense background of reserve. Logical consistency, some of us thought, he had not. To draw an illustration from football (not, by the way, his favorite sport), he had developed a magnificently strong offense and let defense take care of itself. In the eagerness of debate he repeatedly laid himself open to a *reductio ad absurdum*. In behalf of a three-year degree he used arguments which, if pushed to their logical conclusion, would wipe out the College altogether. His mind was essentially affirmative.

At a dinner in honor of a Harvard crew, the President, after paying his disrespects to football, exalted rowing, in which he himself was proficient. 'You work together,' he said; 'you work hard; and you work for the honor and glory of your college. What finer pleasure can there be than that?' Here was one of the best speakers in the world commending rowing in contrast to football, with praise every word of which might be applied to football itself.

The late Clinton H. Scovell told of a dinner at which President Eliot was combated by Frederick P. Fish, who, it would seem, disposed of the President's argument completely. When Mr. Fish sat down, Mr. Eliot asked and received permission to speak a second time. Without attempting to refute Mr. Fish, he began all over again, speaking so warmly and impressively that he apparently won the debate. Mr. Scovell expressed surprise at his method. 'That,' said Dean Ames, 'is what he has been doing all his life.' He was one who

> Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better.

Yet few men were more generous to opponents; for besides his innate nobleness he had the trained capacity of an ardent listener, eager to learn the opinion of any serious opponent and the reason for it. I have heard that, when he was between eighty and ninety years old, he attended a conference which threatened to end without giving Mr. George L. Fox time for saying what he wished to say. Mr. Fox moved that the discussion should be continued at the next annual meeting, and added that he himself was accused by his friends of using not a rapier but a bludgeon. President Eliot, who had just made a speech, rose calmly and said, 'I hope that Brother Fox will not have the discussion postponed but will say *now* what he has to say; for I may not be here next year and I should like to be present. And I do not at all mind his using a bludgeon.'

His genuine interest in the opinion of any intelligent human being gave him an amusing and not undeserved reputation for curiosity. He himself told how his hired man at Mount Desert, looking at a portrait of him, exclaimed, 'That's him, only he ain't asking no questions'; and people tell of his lifting the cover of a neighbor's saucepan as he passed through her kitchen. After a successful opening of the College chapel at the beginning of the academic year, one of the clergymen, filled with enthusiasm, went straight to Phillips Brooks's rectory to report the meeting. 'It was

so fine,' he said, 'to see President Eliot standing there and singing

'Am I a soldier of the Cross,
A follower of the Lamb?'

'Asking questions, as usual,' said Mr. Brooks.

All in all he was probably the finest speaker I have ever heard. He was utterly free from oratorical insincerity and even from oratorical and elocutionary mannerisms such as most speakers develop with advancing years. Though his speeches must be numbered by thousands, they were to the last as natural as they were strong. His voice was rich music; his enunciation was perfect in its self-effacing accuracy; his bearing was stately. When he felt strongly and exercised self-command, his speech had the ominousness of suppressed passion. With all his minute practicality he was possessed of a high idealism. In the Middle Ages, he said, men gave their allegiance to an idealized person, a king or a lord; now they give it to a personified ideal, a country or a college.

His practicality and his idealism met in his views of scholarships and prizes. Scholarships were, in his opinion, financial aids for poor boys, not prizes which might be given to rich ones. His idealism in this matter he expressed with his customary disregard of proving too much. He had, he said, the Greek idea of a prize — for example, a laurel wreath, simple, not costly, perishable. To this remark, which he made at a meeting of the Faculty, Professor Morris Morgan retorted that 'money does n't last a bit longer.'

His moral idealism cropped out oddly in his views of poetry. 'His only use for poetry is ethical,' said a member of the Faculty. I believe he thought and said that Whittier's poetry was as good as Homer's. His attitude toward poetry is illustrated by an experience of mine with him in a small club. Membership involved the giving of a dinner to the club, and an hour's performance of some kind by the host, usually an exposition of something in his own field of scholarship. Put to my wit's end for subjects that I dared offer these men, nearly all of whom were specialists and my seniors, I took 'The Clerkes Tale,' giving each man a copy and reading the tale aloud, to show, if I could, the beauty of Chaucer's verse when pronounced with approximation to the sounds of the words in his day.

Though quite free from fear that these specialists would be disturbed by flaws in my pronunciation, I was apprehensive. I had heard one member call 'The Man of Lawes Tale' 'puerile.' Even so, I was not prepared for the outburst of President Eliot: —

'Can you give me any reason, Mr. Briggs, why that should be preserved as literature? There is no poetry in it. The man is a *miserable rascal!*' and more to the same effect.

Words fail me now as they failed me then. 'The Clerkes Tale' stirred in him nothing but righteous indignation, not merely at Walter but at Chaucer — if not at the luckless protagonist of the evening. No one who heard him then would ever call him cold. Here I may interject another bit of his literary criticism: 'I can't read Miss Wilkins, she 's so squalid.'

A kind of self-possession in matters which it is hard for some of us to take calmly caused him to say now and then what, looked at without his personal context, seemed cold-blooded. I had been skeptical about the University's à la carte restaurant when used by our poorer undergraduates, especially by needy Freshmen. Some of us who have always had enough to eat would yet find it hard to indulge ourselves in wholesome variety if every day at every meal we saw the printed

price of everything we were eating. A high-strung boy, when he faces a minutely portioned bill of fare, without money enough to see his way through the college year, is in danger of ordering the same five-cent portion every day; or, if for variety he takes a ten-cent portion of something else, he is in danger of counteracting by extra worry the extra value of the food. When I imparted to Mr. Eliot my fears in such a case, he said, 'If he does n't lose weight, he's all right. And, if he weighs himself every week, — and he's a foolish fellow if he does n't! —' Here my recollection of his words has gone; but the reader can readily supply the apodosis.

To discover the golden minimum in food by watching one's weight and (so to speak) by eating to it, was, in President Eliot's mind, a fascinating and quite unemotional problem; yet no man's emotion was stirred more deeply or more efficiently in behalf of a boy who was struggling for education. When he heard that a young lover of botany who had but one arm was likely to be shut out from the study of it in college because unable to meet the requirements of the laboratory, he exclaimed vehemently, 'If that boy wants botany, he shall have it!'

When he had summoned to his house a disciplinary officer to talk with the mother of a disgraced boy, he suddenly left the room. When the mother had gone, Mrs. Eliot apologized for his withdrawal. The distress of these mothers, she said, was more than he could bear. 'That was not cold.'

Few men are more quickly responsive to misfortune; few men have kinder hearts. I remember well how in my Sophomore year he left his house to be occupied by a student with smallpox. He was then a widower, living with his two boys.

Professor Emerton, after Mr. Eliot's resignation, published some personal recollections of him. Mr. Eliot wrote that Mrs. Eliot and he had read them, sometimes with laughter and sometimes with tears; and Professor Emerton responded that he believed the tears were not unhappy ones. Later, when Mr. Eliot was leaving Professor Emerton's house after a meeting of 'The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel among the Indians and others in North America' and his host had escorted him to his car and the car was starting, he put his head out of the doorway: 'You were right,' he said. 'The tears were not unhappy ones.'

His tenderness showed itself in minute care of those, young or old, for whose welfare he regarded himself as at any time responsible. When he sent me on my first long trip as a delegate of the University, he expounded to me the advantage of ventilating my berth by putting a pencil under the window. His constant friend, Dr. Henry Pickering Walcott, who graduated from Harvard College five years later than he, visited him at Mount Desert — I think, in 1925. As Dr. Walcott was starting for a homeward-bound boat on a nasty day, Mr. Eliot was putting on his overcoat; and when the doctor asked him why, he replied, 'I am going to the boat with you.' The doctor remonstrated: 'I have had a perfect visit; if you go out with me, I shall be worried all the time for fear you've caught cold.' Nevertheless Mr. Eliot, who was then ninety-one, went down with the doctor to the boat. There they met Dean Sperry, to whom Mr. Eliot said, 'Here is an old gentleman going up in the boat; and you must take good care of him.' Even as he was dying, he commented on the relative convenience of different days for his death to the plans of doctors who visited him at Mount Desert. He de-

cided on which day he was to die, and was, I believe, but one day off in his reckoning.

IV

President Eliot's feeling about youth and age, like many of his other feelings, was both endearing and amusing. Beyond any other man whom I have known (except possibly Theodore Roosevelt) he believed in youth. I think he would subscribe to the words of a recent novelist: 'After all, if wisdom is the knowledge of how to live, one need be no wiser at fifty than at twenty. An ability to count the cost may cause one to miss the heights, while foolish youth may reach the top without knowing how he got there. But he has arrived, and it is no use for middle age to shout through a megaphone that he has no right to be where he is.'[1] He had faith that youth would be its own best guide in electing courses of study. In a published report to the Overseers he informed them that the Overseers — some, at any rate — were of an age to learn about the College from their sons and grandsons. One effect of this public information was a vote of the Overseers requiring the President to submit his annual reports to them in proof. Another effect, I believe, was the election of some younger men who became active in opposing the President's policies — an opposition which he was too large-minded to resent. For many years he was accused of packing the Faculty with young men to push his pet measures. One eminent Overseer, to illustrate the truth of this charge, mentioned the appointment of Barrett Wendell. This gentleman could not have hit on a more triumphant vindication of the President or a more striking exposure of his own ignorance. Barrett Wendell was as courageously independent as any man who ever breathed. He seemed positively to enjoy being in a minority of one, and would beard any lion in or out of his den. Some of his intuitions and prophecies were so true and so unsupported that I used to call him Cassandra.

When President Eliot had allowed those members of the Faculty who opposed his scheme for a three-year college degree to use the University printing office for the publication of their argument, he read the printed signatures. 'That will put a stop to one lie,' he exclaimed. 'Look at those young men!'

As he believed in youth, so he appeared to disbelieve in old age. His cousin, Professor Norton, kept open house on Christmas Eve to all members of the University who might be away from home. There was never a more charming host. He had a personal word for every man who came in. Then he read from the New Testament the Christmas story; then he talked for a few minutes on any serious subject that was in his mind; then he invited his guests to a supper such as many of them had never known. A few ladies and a few instructors were there as aids.

On the morning after one of these receptions, at which the host had deplored certain tendencies of our nation, his portrait appeared on the front page of a daily newspaper with some such heading as this: —

PROFESSOR NORTON

Says that we are the Wickedest Nation in the World

Some embryo journalist had violated the professor's hospitality. When I next met the President I expressed my disgust at the student's ill-breeding and my regret for the whole matter. I was

[1] John Hastings Turner: *Simple Souls*, Chap. XXI, pp. 260–1.

scarcely prepared for his reply: 'Oh, well, everybody understands that he is over seventy.' He himself must have been, at this time, well along in the sixties; he remained as President till he was seventy-five; he kept on writing till shortly before he died at ninety-two. His implied generalization about old age was another instance of his proving too much.

He was a very old man indeed when his son, going to see him and finding him somewhat excited, asked him what the matter was.

'They want me to talk at the Institute of Technology.'

'You'd better do it, since you used to teach there.'

'Yes! But they want me to talk about "old times." I want to know what they are going to do next!'

Many years ago I heard him express a dread of surviving his powers; toward the end of his life, he said, 'I find it harder to control my thoughts; that is, I find it harder to keep out the disagreeable things': but his mental activity was extraordinarily lasting. From his seventieth birthday anniversary, when the congratulation that he prized most was Mrs. Whitman's single leaf of laurel, to his ninetieth, which was celebrated in Sanders Theatre and the College Yard, and through the few years that remained to him, he thought and worked and maintained in a marked degree that power of perfect phrasing, that vigorous directness of speech and action, that lovable individuality, which overpowered all who came near him. At seventy-two he was operated on in Ceylon for a bad case of appendicitis. Later, he wrote, 'After all I lost but twenty-seven days. The experience of those days was to me altogether novel and possibly improving.' He was not the man to let surgery for appendicitis get away from him without yielding something to his insatiable thirst for knowledge. He consented to the celebration of his ninety years 'provided that the exercises shall be brief and not of a mortuary character.' When he was ninety-one, a Harvard man, taking his photograph for a film, suggested his whittling. 'That is a good idea,' said Mr. Eliot. As he pulled down a twig and began to whittle, he observed, 'I suppose that you will write a caption, "Spare the rod and spoil the child."' When the photographer asked him whether he was 'a movie fan,' he answered, 'I abhor them.'

Economy was born in him and trained there. A deficit of forty thousand dollars in a college year struck him with horror. 'Mr. Eliot,' said his wife, 'calls up the heads of Departments and asks them to economize. They all say that they can't economize; and then Mr. Eliot goes round and turns down the gas.'

His far-reaching and detailed economy found delicious expression in connection with some Russian tea sent by a grateful father to the Dean of the College. The mistaken benevolence of parents may sorely embarrass the Dean with gifts which he cannot refuse without hurting their feelings, yet, as a disciplinary officer, cannot safely or even honorably accept. A certain undergraduate on probation for a low record in studies had complicated his academic position still further by typhoid fever, which naturally kept him out of the classroom for a long time and made him unable to work. During his sickness the Dean had corresponded with the father; and on his recovery the father sent to the Dean five two-pound cans of Russian tea. It occurred to the Dean that if neither he himself nor the small board which determines a student's standing accepted the tea, — if it did not become the property of a disciplinary individual or a disciplinary committee, — it

might, if the father approved, be used by the Faculty before Faculty meetings when tea was regularly served. It might thus, as a gift to the Dean, be diluted into insignificance, and need not, as it were, be thrown back in the father's face. Since the Dean had never known (to this day he does not know) the source of the tea provided for the Faculty, he consulted President Eliot about his scheme. The President's decision was instantaneous and unassailable: 'It will accustom the Faculty to a higher grade of tea than they will have when it is gone.'

When Albert Bushnell Hart was a young instructor, giving a single college course, someone asked President Eliot why the College did not supply lectures in American history. The President's answer combined appreciation with thrift: 'What's the use of paying a man two hundred dollars for a lecture? We have an admirable course in American history, and we pay only eight hundred for it.'

Economy certainly overreached itself when one of the most brilliant teachers in America, working at Harvard as Instructor for a pitifully small salary, had the offer of twice as much, with an Assistant Professor's title, at another university. We had a large deficit; nothing could be done. Mr. Eliot did not deny that the man was worthy to be head of a department at any university in the United States; but again, we had a large deficit; nothing could be done. A very few years later, when the man had become reconciled to his new position, in which he was not merely appreciated but put on the straight road to promotion, President Eliot called him back, this time to a full professorship, and even at that price had great difficulty in getting him. As a financial transaction, the conduct of this case is comparable to purchase of the Sibylline Books.

V

'Every man,' said the late Professor James B. Greenough, 'needs a few good sound prejudices to keep him steady.' The prejudices of the strong man are sure to be strong; and such were the prejudices of President Eliot. One of his closest friends and disciples has observed that there seemed to be two spots in which his mind lacked its usual clearness — the spots representing athletics and the Episcopal church. Outside of rowing (which he loved) and tennis (which, I suspect, he took on trust), he had little faith in intercollegiate athletics, and, in spite of the fact that he has said, in his reports, some of the finest things ever said of them, a curious misunderstanding of their nature. Like many lesser persons, he seemed ready to decry them as body opposed to mind, yet to regard all strategy in them — I had almost said 'all intelligence' — as damning proof of dishonesty. Many years ago when standards of athletics were at their lowest, when first-year Law Students from other colleges were eligible to our Freshman teams, and loosely attached persons of several varieties were eligible to our University teams, the Harvard Law School maintained a category of Special Students, to whose academic employment it gave scant attention. The tuition fee of a hundred and fifty dollars secured for the man who paid it (or for whom it was paid) comparative immunity from the ordinary exactions of a Faculty, and the right to compete for membership in athletic teams. At a Faculty meeting the President had been commenting on the shabbiness of the University baseball team, which was undeniable. Finally he spoke of one man in the team who was, he said, a Special Student in the Law School, but never attended his classes. 'The students,' he added, 'like him because he

is "up to all the professional tricks."' After the meeting, Barrett Wendell and I went to Mr. Eliot, saying in effect: 'We know little about that player and care little about him; but we have seen him play ball many times, and have never seen him do anything mean or dirty.' The President drew himself up in the magnificent attitude that was all his own and exclaimed with triumphant finality, 'Why! They boasted of his making a feint to throw a ball in one direction and then *throwing it in* ANOTHER!' He was superb. It was as if he said, 'You young men don't know what you are talking about,' yet said it with regal courtesy. Still again, he maintained that the manly way to play football is to attack the strongest part of the opponent's line. In athletics, as in everything else, his fight was a fight for righteousness; but his logic in regard to athletics, if carried to its legitimate conclusion, would probably have condemned him as a trickster in his dominoes with Mrs. Eliot after lunch.

One of his difficulties in thorough understanding of certain sports was the inability of his eyes to follow the course of a ball. A long discussion of football in one of his annual reports was read so widely that nothing but a second edition could satisfy the demand for it. It contains many good and one or two eloquent passages; but he had never seen a game of football. Later he was persuaded by Professor Beale to see one game. That, unhappily, was in the era of mass plays, with only five yards to advance for a first down — in the period when football was least interesting to watch and most difficult to follow closely. Unluckily, also, the score was 0 to 0. Between the halves the President remarked, 'An interesting game, Mr. Briggs, but very inferior to a yacht race.'

Sometime before his famous discussion of football was published, he said to me, suddenly, —

'What's the difference between football and prize-fighting?'

Knowing as little of the latter as he knew of either, I tried to answer.

'Prize-fighting,' he retorted, 'develops some admirable qualities — alertness, courage.'

I had made, and could make, no headway; but when the report appeared I was pleased to read, —

'Whereas in prize-fighting, with which it has been unjustly compared, football,' etc., etc.

He had worked out an answer to his question. Prize-fighting demands severe bodily injury of an opponent. Bodily injury in football is incidental and — in theory, at least — accidental. A later report summed up with stinging conciseness Harvard's conduct of athletics: 'Unintelligent and therefore unsuccessful.'

His anti-Episcopal prejudice, no doubt a straight inheritance from Puritan ancestors, cropped up at all times and seasons. He seemed scarcely able to think of the Episcopal church without exhibiting his disapproval of it; and anyone accustomed to hearing him speak could tell, to a moment, when he sighted it as he was speaking. He was worried if he thought that many clerks in the College office were Episcopalians. When the Dean of Radcliffe College, Miss Agnes Irwin, was an Episcopalian and the mistress of the first Radcliffe dormitory, Miss Eliza Hoppin (a warm friend of his and Mrs. Eliot's), was an Episcopalian, and when he seemed bound to believe that the Secretary, Miss Coes, was an Episcopalian — though she was not — and when it was proposed to appoint Miss Grace Machado, an Episcopalian, as mistress of the second dormitory, 'Grace Eliot Hall,' his anxiety was

both painful and funny. When the Episcopal Club of Boston was so rash as to make him its guest at dinner, he told it that he had observed in the Episcopalian preachers at Harvard an 'economy of intellectual effort.' It is said that, somewhat later, the Reverend Winchester Donald of Trinity Church, Boston, after hearing President Eliot speak at a meeting, told him how much he had enjoyed the address: 'I enjoy it more every time I hear it; and this is the third time.' Dr. Donald's audacity was surpassed only by that of the unsteady undergraduate who when the President said to him, 'Are you drinking now, Smith?' replied, 'Not so early in the morning, thank you.'

The most noteworthy exhibition of Mr. Eliot's feeling toward the Episcopal church occurred at the dinner celebrating what was supposed to be the three-hundredth anniversary of John Harvard's birth. Bishop Lawrence, after handsomely appreciative words about Mr. Eliot, who presided, expressed the opinion that there had been room for John Harvard in the Church of England, and that the ecclesiastics of John Harvard's day made a mistake in allowing him and others like him to leave that church. When the Bishop had finished speaking, the President sprang to his feet: 'John Harvard was a Dissenter: I therefore call on the Reverend Dr. Gordon, of the Old South MEETING HOUSE.' Dr. Gordon's speech, having a touch of the fine old Covenanter, stirred the President more deeply still, with a militant enthusiasm: 'What Dr. Gordon has said recalls a remark of Emerson's, that a man, to be a man, must be a Dissenter!'

On the question whether smoking should be allowed in Phillips Brooks House, he remarked that the question was one of sect; the Episcopalians wish to smoke; the others do not.

Yet, when he had time to consider, no prejudice could block his friendship with an individual or his devotion to the University; for his ruling passion was what Adams Sherman Hill has called 'his passion for justice.' No personal dislike of the Episcopal church could deter him from inviting Phillips Brooks to take charge of the University Chapel. I have heard him tell of his call on Dr. Brooks when the invitation had been sent. He found him agitated.

'Does the Corporation understand that I am a Trinitarian?'

'Yes, and for anything we know, you may be a Calvinist.'

'No, thank God, not that!'

Frequently the language in which he bestowed honorary degrees gave an inkling of personal feeling. Dr. William Reed Huntington, whose parishioners are said to have infested Wall Street, was 'an abundant fountain in a thirsty land'; Henry Cabot Lodge, after serving for eleven years in the Senate of the United States, had 'long vistas of generous service still inviting him.' The President's speech at a special meeting for the award of an honorary degree to Prince Henry of Prussia was a masterpiece of what his old friend Dr. Walcott called 'the audacity of oratory.' The ancient federation of our States welcomed the young German federation. The reason for conferring the degree seemed half apologetic, laying stress on the fact that the Prince's grandmother was English. Later, at a dinner in the Prince's honor, the President's speech — of some forty minutes, I believe — dwelt proudly on the blessings of democracy.

For many years he conducted his part of the Commencement ceremony in Latin, with the English pronunciation which most scholars had abandoned long before. 'Expectata oratio in lingua vernacula a Jones.' Candidates for degrees were summoned in

Latin to come and receive them. The summons ended with 'accedant.' On one occasion the medical candidates, not understanding Mr. Eliot's Latin (or perhaps any other), failed to accede. One youth, in everyday business clothes, took his stand on the platform alone and faced the President. The President repeated his formula two or three times without a single further accession. At last the youth, strained to the breaking point, turned his back to the President, walked to the edge of the platform, and beckoned to his distant classmates. The audience also was strained to the breaking point, and broke. The next year, the President spoke English only.

In writing of degrees, I cannot ignore a correspondence that I had with him in the summer of 1898. At my summer home in the woods of Plymouth, Massachusetts, I got a letter from Mr. E. B. Barton, a young graduate, whose diploma, testifying that he had received the degree of A.B., had been eaten by rats in Wadsworth House. He petitioned for another diploma in its place. As I knew that the President's objection to duplicating a diploma was almost Draconian in its rigidity, I had scarcely a shred of hope for Mr. Barton; but I did write to Mr. Eliot, then at Mount Desert, suggesting that, since Wadsworth House was a College building, the rats might be regarded as our own rats, for whose conduct toward Mr. Barton the College was responsible. I have rarely been more surprised than when I read his reply.

North-East Harbor, Maine
August 23, 1898

Dear Mr. Briggs:

I think we might issue another diploma to E. Blake Barton on the ground you mention — our own rats. I think there must have been an unexpected irruption of rats in Wadsworth House, for I never heard of any there before. I will write to the Bursar about them by this mail.

The remainder of the letter deals with other subjects. If I wrote immediately to Mr. Barton, as I believe that I did, my exultation was premature. Another surprise was in store for me. So soon after the first letter that even now its promptness is unintelligible, I received a second one: —

North-East Harbor, Maine
August 25, 1898

Dear Mr. Briggs:

I have changed my mind about Barton's diploma. Mr. Cutler [the head janitor] reports that a person who has used Barton's room in Wadsworth House during vacation left crackers and cheese in the room. It is probably A. Z. Reed. This food attracted the rats and mice. No other damage has been done in Wadsworth House. I think Barton will have to content himself with a certificate.

The writer then turned to another matter.

VI

President Eliot had a conservative strictness about social propriety. In extremely hot weather, when many students, taking their long final examinations, wore neither waistcoats nor coats, but shirtwaists, he declared the custom 'indecent.' Yet he himself, in the early part of his presidency, had horrified a certain conservative element in the neighborhood, when 'the young President of Harvard' was denounced for riding horseback on Sunday.

He was concerned about every word spoken or written by any representative of the College, never checking free speech, but scrutinizing every word and every pronunciation. He was so worried when one of our ablest and finest men said 'tremenjous' that he suggested correcting him by an anonymous letter! A story of Mr. Jerome Greene's

shows the President's shrewd and discriminating interest in the English used by students. When Mr. Greene was busy with Mr. Eliot in the back parlor of the President's house, the maid announced Mr. (let us say) Jones, of the Law School. Looking in the University catalogue, Mr. Greene discovered that there were two Joneses in the Law School, one from Bowdoin College, the other from a college in the Middle West, which we will call X. Going to the visitor in the front parlor, Mr. Greene asked whether he himself might not tell him what he needed to know, since the President was busy. The visitor answered, 'It seems like it was between he and I.' When Mr. Greene had transmitted this answer and Mr. Eliot had gone to see the student, Mr. Greene, to his great amusement and delight, heard in the President's far-reaching voice, 'Good morning, Mr. Jones. You are from X College, I believe.'

I need not dwell again on the quality of his own English. Now and then it seemed a trifle formal. When he ran his sailboat on a rock at Mount Desert, he remarked, 'I was aware of the proximity of the rock; but I mistook the tide.' Someone has happily likened to his diction a bit of English from Franklin's autobiography about the joy of suddenly seeing land 'to those who had been so long without other prospects than the uniform view of a vacant ocean.' This is the kind of English that, with his presence and his voice, made him in a class by himself as a platform orator.

A story from the Boston Latin School shows, among other things, that his excellent delivery was acquired early in life. A few years ago a boy in the Boston Latin School wished to declaim a passage from a speech of Henry Clay's but could not find the book which contained it. Mr. Pennypacker, then the headmaster, suggested that President Eliot might be able to tell where he could find a copy of the book, and gave the boy a letter of introduction to the President. The President did not know where a copy could be found. 'But that need make no difference, Mr. S.,' he said. 'I spoke that passage at the Latin School in 1849; I will dictate it to my secretary and give the manuscript to you.' These things he did. In the archives of the Latin School Mr. Pennypacker found a programme showing that Charles William Eliot had declaimed that speech in 1849; and on the programme in the handwriting of Francis Gardner, the headmaster, was written against the name of Eliot 'First Prize.'

In the hundreds of times that I have heard him speak I can remember only two when he flagged; one at the opening of the Semitic Museum; the other at a Radcliffe Commencement. At the latter ceremony, Mrs. Louis Agassiz, President of the College, had enumerated the gifts of the year. Mr. Eliot, called on to speak, began thus: 'That was a very interesting list of gifts that your President reported to us — all from women.' Then he said that all these women had got the money from their husbands. Then — and then only — in forty years of the finest speaking I have ever known, he sparred for time: 'Why did these women give this money? What was their object? What was their purpose? What did they give it for?' Their object I do not now remember. I can think only of the utter weariness which could reduce a perfect orator to the slow and intermittent enunciation of four successive questions with precisely the same meaning.

As an administrator, despite his interest in detail, he gave singularly few orders. He was far removed from what is now called an 'efficiency system.' He

would put several persons into closely related positions, give each, perhaps, a few general directions, and let them work out their mutual relation as best they could. Sometimes it caused embarrassment; now and then it caused a dispute: but on the whole it proved effective under a man like him.

From 1871 — when my class, newly admitted as Freshmen, went in single file to a room in University Hall and shook hands with the young President — till 1925, when he sat in his own house, a very old man, benignant yet high-spirited still, and still ready to fight for every great cause, I have watched, first with boyish fear, then with a young assistant's mingled fear and pride, then with no fear at all but with constantly increasing pride and gratitude and love, this greatest of all the men whom I have known. What I have said in this paper may help those who saw him only at a distance, and saw in him little but austerity and energy, to learn how human he was.

'It has once or twice been my fortune to be run over by Charles William Eliot,' said a man who had resigned from the Harvard Faculty and was speaking where President Eliot was none too popular; 'but let me tell you one thing: he never worked for Charles William Eliot.' Nothing truer was ever said. He is one whom the angel would write down, not, it may be, as one who loved his fellow men, though he gave his life to their advancement, — for, democrat as he was, he had a certain aristocratic discrimination, though he never sacrificed his conscience to it, — but as one who used his gigantic powers in the determination to give every man a chance; who tenderly loved his family and his friends; who neglected no duty to home, to college, to country, or to the world; a true evangelist who preached the intellectual emancipation of all mankind.

I cannot leave him without quoting a letter which he wrote not long after Mrs. Eliot's death. Mrs. Briggs and I were in the habit of sending to Mrs. Eliot every summer a bunch of sabbatias from Plymouth. In the summer after her death we sent to him what, if she had lived, we should have sent to her. Then came a letter with that clean, firm signature which was his till the end.

> Your sabbatias — of the most perfect color — reached me yesterday morning in fine condition, and were placed in five suitable vessels on the family dining table on a broad piazza commanding very beautiful prospects. There can be no more appropriate and delightful memory of Mrs. Eliot's body and soul, on earth or in heaven.

THE SOUTH — AMERICA'S HOPE

BY HERMANN KEYSERLING

I

When wandering through the United States I was struck from the very first by the extraordinary superiority of the best type of Virginian individual, as compared with any other American, in particular the native of the North and the East. Later I found out that an overwhelming percentage of all Americans who have played and are still playing a really important part in the country in the sense of human superiority were and are sons of Virginia and the adjacent states. Then I visited these states personally. And I found Virginia not only to be one of the most beautiful and delightful countries in the world — it is the one region of America which has a general cultural atmosphere in a wide sense. There is a cultural atmosphere in New England, too; but, quite apart from the fact that it is vanishing, the culture in question is much too narrow a thing, and, moreover, too bloodless. It is impossible, in principle, that on the sole basis of Puritanism there should ever develop a culture in the sense in which the word has always been used in the world's history.

In Virginia the cavalier tradition still survives. This is an aristocratic tradition which means that the quality stressed in man is his uniqueness. Man's essence being his uniqueness, only an inner adjustment of the aristocratic type is capable, in principle, of leading to the development of complete souls. This is as certain as any mathematical truth. History itself is one single proof of this. So is, in particular, the history of the United States; for, were it not for this, Virginia could not have produced so many more superior men than any other state — and go on producing them even to-day, in spite of that backwardness which is generally thought to be the chief characteristic of the South since the Civil War. The superiority of the Virginian people is also due to the superior stock from which it springs (unfortunately, the immigration of later centuries presented the New World with no strain of equal quality), but this superiority is to a greater extent a result of the tradition which is still living. This is so powerful that even newcomers quickly absorb it.

Now almost all intelligent Americans realize that the significant future of their country depends on whether or not it will develop an original culture. A culture can only grow; it cannot be manufactured; every additional century of tradition means so much more capital. Under these conditions, time inevitably works for the American of the Virginian type. All inhabitants of America will sooner or later be true natives; but it is a law of life that the original equality must increasingly make room for a state of differentiation. Once this is recognized, the standard of quality will inevitably predominate over that of quantity — for it is only before a nation has become an organic whole that mere externals like wealth and business efficiency can play a decisive part; and when quality becomes

once more the decisive factor, this will, in its turn, inevitably lead to the predominance of the superior *human* type. And such a superior native type is to be found in the South to-day.

II

But how can the South possibly mean so much for America's future, since it is 'backward,' and civilization seems sure to continue on the lines of rationalization and industrialization? In Virginia, in particular, the wounds of the Civil War have not yet healed. The country is poor; it is not industrialized; and the Southerners are supposed to be slow by nature. However astonishing this may sound, it is precisely this that makes me anticipate the predominance of the South.

As a matter of fact, it is out of the question, for mere logical considerations, that the Northern type should always predominate. And the mere fact of the predominance of the 'Nordic' proves to everyone who knows the A B C of psychology that there must be something wrong with it. The American of the northeastern type is one-sidedly dynamic; he is essentially a nomad; he is not rooted in the earth. Stop his movement, and as a type he is done for. And his raison d'être will cease to exist even sooner than with earlier nomadic tribes, because of the Northerner's religion of work and success. He believes that, if he only goes on working, every successive year must be better than the preceding. But this cannot be. There will always be good and bad years, periods of advance and regress, both depending on planetary conditions man cannot control. Therefore it is as certain as a mathematical truth that the Northerner's world philosophy will not stand the pragmatic test for any length of time. And, since all Americans believe in the pragmatic test, this result is bound to lead, sooner or later, to a break-up of that whole philosophy.

This is one of those future events I anticipate when I say that I feel certain America's development will soon pass through a solution of continuity. In this connection it suffices to consider the more general causes. The earth existed for millions of years before man began to be a nuisance on it, from the earth's point of view. Even to-day, it is stronger than he. Man has remained essentially the child of the earth, even though he rules it. This is true, in any case, in the sense that there is no lasting happiness for man unless he is in harmony with its rhythm. And this means that the only state which can endure is a comparatively static state.

Surely it is man's privilege to live by the initiative of his spirit. This, too, is man's highest dignity. But there is a difference between an assertion of man's freedom as such and one-sided dynamism. If man is rightly adjusted within the universe, then he balances his dynamic and his static poles. If his life is purely static, then he does not progress; he continues, on the whole, on the animal level. But at least he does not die out because of that. On the contrary, wherever it is a case of one-sided dynamism, there is no equilibrium between man and nature, and premature death is the inevitable result.

This applies not only to tragic heroes like Alexander the Great and Napoleon; it applies as well to purely dynamic nations. The Huns died out in no time. The Normans in the course of a few centuries overran and sacked the whole of Europe; they even founded kingdoms. Yet their type did not live long. In most cases, it died out altogether. In some instances it blended with extremely static types, and then great cultures were the result; *vide* England,

France, and Sicily. But the all-important point in the present context is that the Normans did not last as such, and that it would have been against the laws of nature had they lasted; in an essentially stable, and to that extent static, world pure and one-sided mobility can never fill more than a short interval.

Now the present-day American, of the quick, sharp, hustling and bustling type, presents the nearest approach I know to the Normans. These Americans are invading and conquering and exploiting exactly as the Normans did. And they are equally devoid of any quality that makes for permanence. Surely they will conquer the whole of America; they are already conquering even the South. But the South will not become Northern for all that. The Northern type will organize and industrialize and commercialize and socialize the whole of America to the extent that reason and the nature of things permit. But then the type will disappear exactly as the Normans disappeared. That is, a change of type will take place in those who survive, making for a better state of equilibrium within the universe. And, since Nature is cruel at heart, she will surely inflict the death penalty on all those who have gone too far in their denial of earth as their mother.

Even to-day the descendants of those Northerners and Easterners who appeared most energetic in times past show a singular lack of vitality. On the whole, there is little true vitality to be found in the modern North; speed, there, is not an expression of strength, but merely of neurotic restlessness. The more one moves southward — of course, not passing beyond a certain latitude where the climate becomes too hot for the white man — the more full-blooded, in the sense of being a complete man, the American appears.

III

The Northerner will, of course, continue to exist, but in days to come he will be recognized as the poorest, the least superior type; he will mean to America at large what the most narrow type of Prussian means within the German nation. The Middle West will in all likelihood continue to represent America's national foundation. But if a culture develops, and the stress is laid on culture, then the hegemony will inevitably pass over to the South. There alone can there be a question of an enduring culture.

The reason is the same as that which makes French culture both more perfect and more tenacious than German culture — only that the same relationship appears more accentuated in America, because here the Teutonic and Nordic element has no cultural bent whatsoever; its highest ideal is civilization in the Roman as opposed to the Greek sense. When first meeting that lovely type of woman called 'the Southern girl,' I was struck at once by the fact that she bears the same relationship to her Northern sister as the French woman bears to the German. While the latter has little sense of proportion, and for that reason little true inward strength, — she easily loses her balance, — the French woman by nature sees everything in the right proportion; her adjustment within the general scheme of life, too, is based upon an inherent sense of the true proportion of all its sides and potentialities. Hence her sense of beauty, her taste, and also her moral strength, her *tenue*, and her innate feeling for the order of nature. No woman in the world knows better than she what family means. She has the entirely undeserved reputation of being immoral, simply because she knows that an occasional infidelity is a venial sin as compared with the legally

best justified divorce which breaks up a home and harms the souls of her children. She knows how to discriminate between what is passing and what is permanent; she knows the difference between infatuation and true love.

Nothing, of course, that has ever been written in French novels can compare with what happens in our day in real life among the best classes of Nordics, both in Europe and in America. But, in principle, it was always so. Sexually speaking, the German, the English, and in particular the Scandinavian women always were much more immoral, if they only had the chance, than the French — to say nothing of the Italian and the Spanish women. (In my young days several Italians came to live in the Berlin pension where I lived. I asked them why they had come. 'To make love, of course,' was their reply. There is no chance to do so in Italy. In Spain, matters are very much worse still, from the point of view of the libertine.) The fact is that the French woman knows the exact relationship between the laws of the spirit and the laws of the earth, and is instinctively inclined to observe them. This is the true reason why the French race is so extraordinarily tenacious and vital, both in the physical and in the moral sense, and why there are fewer signs of degeneracy there than in Northern Europe. Exactly the same is true, in principle, of the Southern girl. This explains, among other things, her exceeding beauty.

IV

But to the brilliant future prospects of the South the law of historic counterpoint contributes in its turn. Just because America has been so one-sidedly dynamic for some centuries, it is sure to settle down later, if it survives, into a condition all the more static. That this will be so is already foreshadowed by several present-day characteristics — for instance, by the fact that the American is slow at bottom and essentially conservative. At this point, then, the Anglo-Saxon blood comes in as an inalienable advantage: no other race is equally conservative in the good sense, and not one among the Nordics has a better sense of proportion.

If no degeneration takes place, and no catastrophe in the sense of Mexicanization or a complete loss of soul, then the type of American which will be determinant in the future will be very different from the representative type of to-day. The present-day hustle and bustle will cease — in any case people will no longer take pride in it. No one will think of skyscrapers and speed and business methods as being essential American characteristics. Men like Rockefeller and Ford and Carnegie will no longer be thought of as representative. What America stands for to-day in the eyes of the world will possibly cease to exist — partly because it will really cease to be, partly because these American characteristics will have become acquisitions of mankind at large. Even Puritanism may cease to play the part of an essential trait in the American consciousness, although it will always remain an important element of the unconscious. Since its tenets are in complete contradiction with the general modern outlook, it has little chance of survival. But all the more will that type survive, or revive, which was chiefly responsible for America's true greatness in the past. That is the type of the Southern gentleman, with the corresponding type of woman. For these are the only types of 'complete souls' that the United States has as yet produced.

PASTORALE

BY HERBERT PARRISH

THE graves of my predecessors lie thick in the churchyard. That of the Revolutionary rector, Doctor Beach, is enclosed in an iron railing. He stayed when so many of the Anglican clergy fled, and he had the respect of both sides and was allowed to pass the lines of both armies during the war. A very distinguished man. He presided at the first General Convention of the Episcopal Church after the separation from England. Then there is the monument of the first bishop of New Jersey, Doctor John Croes, who was a drummer boy in the Revolution. He came here as rector in 1800, and remained after his election in 1815 until his death in 1832, both as rector and as bishop. He lies buried under the chancel. After him came the famous Doctor Stubbs, whose controversies with the distinguished Doctor Ting of New York in the early part of the last century gave occasion for the blasphemer to devise the lines beginning

> Oh, the bells of Hell go *Ting*-a-ling-ling
> For you but not for me.

A brilliant and flaming preacher. He enlarged the nave of the church in the first years of his ministry to accommodate the crowds who came to hear him. He delighted in polemic. The Stubbs-Boggs controversy was known far and wide. Last of all, there is the amiable and saintly Doctor Joyce, who spent his whole ministry here and now rests under a Celtic cross near the front door. Doctors all. Men of parts and piety. They died in the odor of sanctity. Tablets of bronze and of marble attest the record of their deeds and qualities.

My predecessors had long pastorates. Thirty or forty years was the usual period in their leisurely day. But in my study of their work here there was one thing I noticed that made a profound impression on me. What they did, each and every one of them, in the way of constructive enterprise was done in the first fifteen years of their ministry. After that time they either changed the nature of their labors or else settled down to a steady routine of the regular pastoral duties, holding their services in the church and ministering to their people. They did no further building, made no improvements, showed no growth. In fact in the two instances which I know most about it was evident that after their fifteenth year the vitality of the church distinctly declined. And this though the town was growing rapidly and the need of improvements in the plant and income was crying. It is not too much to say that after the fifteenth year the rectors themselves lost heart. Their enterprise, their power of leadership, waned. One of them sank in health and became morose. He was kept in place during the last years of his life by the powerful influence of a single wealthy family. Another became a nervous wreck, the victim of melancholia, and during the last ten years was not able to officiate in any service.

These facts determined me to resign at the first indication of a falling off

of interest on the part of the congregation after I had been here fourteen years. And when this occurred, or at least seemed about to occur, I handed in my resignation to the vestry. The alacrity with which they accepted it convinced me that I had not acted any too soon.

I

The pastor of one of the large churches in New York recently told me that during the past twenty-five years he had transferred out of his parish over twenty-five thousand members; and, since his enrollment keeps about the same each year, he has taken in the same number. In most large cities the preacher preaches to a procession. But in small towns this is not the case. There the congregation does not change much from year to year. In the large city churches enough regulars remain, perhaps, to prevent the pastor from using his old sermons or telling his best stories over too many times, but the constant change gives at least the effect of continued interest. In the small town you must preach to the same people year in and year out. It has been ascertained that only one fifth of a congregation attend the services regularly and frequently, about a fifth come occasionally, — say, once or twice a month, — another fifth attend perhaps several times a year, the next fifth are there on very special occasions, while the last fifth will not come until they are brought in feet first. So that a comparatively small percentage hear their pastor preach very often. Even so, it always amazes me that congregations do not tire of a preacher sooner than they do. Perhaps they do tire of him, but are too polite to say so.

It is no discredit to a congregation that it wearies of its pastor after a few years. On the contrary. The higher the intelligence of church groups the more rapidly they may be expected to estimate and exhaust the message any man has to offer them. And for an audience of mental ability to endure the homiletical efforts of a commonplace man Sunday after Sunday, to see the same old head bob up in the pulpit, to note the same style, the same turns of phrase, the identical delivery, the peculiarities of pronunciation, the methods of argument — why, it must put a strain upon patience. I myself cease to listen in to our famous radio preachers after I have heard them for a season or two.

And everybody knows how rare pulpit geniuses are. There are never more than one or two in a century. Yet it is expected that in every pulpit in the land the preacher will get up once and perhaps twice of a Sunday and deliver interesting, moving discourses year in and year out. No allowance is ever made for his periods of mental and spiritual dryness, for conditions of doubt and debate, for the perilous times of transition in conviction, or for the inconsistencies of religious growth in the preacher's own experience. He may have had a restless night, he may be torn with anxiety in his own soul, he may be depressed by the economic problems most clergymen face, but, like an actor on the stage, he must 'deliver the goods,' hold the attention of his people, persuade, convince, exhort. American audiences demand good speaking. It will not do to hand out a few green apples of obscure thought or some dried platitudes such as an English curate can offer to a congregation of peasants. That any of us last fifteen years is creditable. That most ministers are anxious to move and that most congregations are glad to have a change in the pastorate much sooner is certain.

In fact the longer a man remains in a

town the smaller his group of hearers will generally become. This is inevitable. At first people come to hear him out of curiosity. But there is such a thing as taste in the hearing of sermons. Some like the highly colored, vividly illustrated, emotional, oratorical kind of preaching. Others prefer the dignified, coldly reasoned, and calmly expressed type of discourse, perhaps even written rather than delivered without notes. Some like long sermons. Others cannot endure more than fifteen minutes. And to each preacher will drift the hearers that approve his style, while away will go those who prefer a different manner.

In the course of fifteen years the average preacher has given Main Street and Middletown all that he has to give. From then on he is apt to become a bore. He had better take a new place and make room for a new man in the old one. The Methodist idea of changing preachers every three years has a good many advantages both for the parson and for the people. The only reason that ministers do not change cures more frequently is the difficulty of getting a new place.

II

But preaching is only a small part of the work of the ministry. The rector, parson, pastor, priest, or whatever he may be called, is also an administrator. He is president of a corporation, head of a business with a plant and an organization, director of a society, leader of a group. He must not only instruct and inspire his congregation, but he is expected to guide their corporate expression in relation to the community. He is the spiritual head of every committee, the responsible person in every enterprise. His preaching is by no means mere entertainment, or even edification. The object of it is action, to move his hearers to do something, both as individuals and as a group. The larger part of his energy is employed in providing a suitable plant for the work, in raising money both to carry on the church and to meet the requirements of the governing boards and missionary enterprises, in organizing the socio-religious life of his people. And there is a far cry between the aims of the pastor and the response of a modern and sophisticated congregation.

'Say,' said a clergyman recently, 'where do the exegetes get that idea about the minister being a shepherd to his people and the people being sheep? Why, my people are no more sheep in metaphor than they are in reality. In fact most of them are little better than wolves.'

Formerly a congregation was a field to be cultivated, a flock to be led, a force to be directed, an army to be generaled. The old title of pastor or shepherd had a significance in the Middle Ages. But while you may occasionally now find those individuals who look to you for guidance and whom you can really help out of difficulties, the great bulk of those to whom you preach in these days will not follow you simply because they 'know your voice.' They will make up their own minds about what they shall think and about what they shall do. You can howl until you are black in the face, thump the pulpit, cajole, persuade, argue, and sob, but their opinions are to them just as good as yours, and generally a shade or two better. They may not actually be wolves, but they certainly are not sheep. And if they do happen to be sheep, you can be quite sure that their resultant action will be merely herdlike. The title 'pastor' has become out of date.

And so has the term 'rector' or any other title that implies authority. At least in Protestant congregations. The

ancient terms of 'priest' and 'presbyter' still have some application, since these imply merely a function or qualification. But actually the best term is that of 'minister.' 'Minister' means 'servant.' And as long as a man truly serves, he rules.

Now there are many opportunities for service in religion. Professionally the minister is placed in the centre of them. He deals with service in the matter of worship, the form and ceremony of liturgy. It is part of his job to determine the character of the music, who shall lead in singing, and what shall be sung. His time is at the disposal of any who may seek his counsel and advice in moral and spiritual problems, of individuals who are in trouble, sorrow, need, sickness, or any other adversity. Actually, if not theoretically, he is the presiding officer of his vestry or board, the group of laymen who handle the material and financial interests of the parish. And it is because of these gracious opportunities that the work appeals to young men and the ranks of the ministry are filled. In all these particular forms of activity the candidate for the ministry receives at least some measure of training at the theological seminary in which he is educated. And in a sphere in which he can exercise his gifts and use his training he is sure to be happy, since happiness is the bloom on successful energy.

But as a matter of fact I can say with truth after thirty years of the ministry that I do not find many men who are happy in their work. The great majority of them are extremely anxious to make a change, to try another field. And this is more particularly true of men who have reached middle life. Very young men are more enthusiastic. They have not yet given hostages to fortune, and everybody likes youth. I do not think that it is too much to say that the lives of most ministers are gray, sad, depressed, discouraged. Most of us after the first fifteen years are like my predecessors. We tread water and go downhill.

'Never in the world,' I often hear men say, 'would I give any encouragement to any young man to go into the ministry.' And the proportion of the sons of clergymen who go into their father's profession is far smaller than it used to be.

Let no one be deceived by the sunny optimism of very well paid ministers of fashionable city churches, or by the specious oratory of heads of theological seminaries, or yet by the flattering unction of important ecclesiastics. Such men indeed do most of the talking, and they do not hesitate to discredit the complaints of less important ministers by the suggestion that the men who complain are failures. The actual truth is that the well paid, the teachers and the dignitaries, do not really know the facts. They always find a crowd when they make their visitations — a crowd drawn by the glamour of their name, the special occasion, or the bounteous luncheon provided. The barren misery of the ordinary occasions, the stark suffering of the week-in-week-out labor of the rank and file of the ministry, they either do not know or do not choose to recognize. A man who draws a salary of twenty thousand dollars a year and presides over a stylish and laudatory group is not the right person to estimate the condition of a man who gets, say, eighteen hundred dollars a year in some gaunt village.

III

By far the most serious cause of the misery of the ministry is the system of lay control that exists in Protestant churches. Most Protestant churches

are governed by lay boards. These are called by various titles, but they are all alike in essential features. They represent the congregation and exercise the direction of affairs in all the material concerns of the parish, and to some degree in the spiritual affairs. Legally, they own the property. Theoretically, they are supposed to raise the money for all enterprises. Buildings, equipment, repairs, employees, are all under their control. They are elected by the congregation, usually at an annual meeting, but, since these meetings are seldom attended by more than a handful of people, they are in reality self-perpetuating boards of directors. As a rule the treasurer of the group is reëlected year after year, his accounts are seldom and carelessly audited, and he exercises a necessary and dominant authority over the whole organization.

But while this sort of organization is the theoretical system by which Protestant churches are run, the actual responsibility rests upon the pastor. The prosperity of the church depends entirely upon his popularity. His preaching and his personality, his charm of manner, his ability to organize the group, his tact and skill in enlisting helpers, his enthusiasm and power of spiritual inspiration, his eloquence and assiduity, his social assets, his appearance, and even sometimes his money, or his wife's money, and his aristocratic connections — these are the real factors of success for the church. If he is popular, he can push things along, get things done, dominate the counsels of his board and stifle all opposition. In this connection youth is an invaluable asset. And those in the profession know well that the dead line comes somewhere between thirty-five and forty. People are always hopeful about youth, and excuse its errors.

The position, therefore, of the minister is purely political. As long as he can dominate, through either cleverness, goodness, or a combination of both qualities, he can control the situation and guide the organization in the direction of his enthusiasms. The minute he weakens, loses authority, fails to become indispensable, his whole position becomes untenable.

'I do not dare to take a vacation for any length of time,' said a clergyman to me recently, 'because I know they will get some young man here to supply, and I shall have nothing to come back to.'

The minister is a target for criticism. His position is so very conspicuous. Upon everything connected with him, from his sermons to his wife's hats, the whole congregation, feeling that they are the ones who pay for it all, look with a critical eye. And his anxiety thus is apt to be concerned chiefly with the necessity of giving no offense in anything, that the ministry be not blamed. But of course no man expects to please everybody in a congregation, and there are always those whom it is a duty to offend. The crux of the matter comes in relation to the lay board that controls the finances and business of the parish. I am convinced by observation and experience that the system of lay control is the chief barrier to advance in the Protestant churches. The abler men on such boards seldom have the time to consider with the necessary attention the details of church management, while the men of less quality lack the knowledge and vision. There are always those small men who love to exercise authority over the clergy and to display themselves in petty spheres; others who have inherited prejudices against clerical management in church affairs, and some who are even animated by malice. The inferiority complex comes to the surface here with extraordinary vigor.

As leader of the whole congregation, the minister will have definite ideals and generally more or less technical knowledge both in relation to the services of the church and in relation to the buildings and their equipment. But he finds himself checked at every turn by men who are amateurs where he is a professional. He is either compelled to 'sell' his ideas to them or to get some individual of very large means to donate the money to carry out his projects over their heads. It is only by the backing of the mass of the people who support the church or through the ability to secure money without troubling the lay board or vestry that any minister can get things done.

In reality the leadership of the church rests with the power that controls the purse. If the minister can control it indirectly, he can have his way. But since he is the logical, professional, and trained director, he ought himself to control the finances directly. Where this is done, as in the Roman Catholic Church and certain foreign churches, the results are inevitably beneficial. Where it is not the case, as among most of our Protestant churches, there are always difficulties. As they are constituted, the Protestant churches strongly resemble a company of soldiers in which the captain is directed by the rank and file, a ship in which mutinous sailors have control, a business in which the workers direct the officers, a government in which a system of soviets obtains. Whatever may be said for the system, it certainly is not comfortable for the chief official.

IV

This lack of reasonable authority and power would not be so objectionable to most of us if it were not the direct cause of the poverty to which the clergy are subjected. In a community in which social status is determined by the amount of one's income and in an age when great wealth is so common that it no longer brings distinction, the small salaries paid to ministers are a cause and an evidence of the decline of the public esteem in which they are held. By education and experience the minister is usually equal to association with the best of his people. But it is difficult for him to feel quite at ease with men who pay their chauffeurs a larger salary than he receives as rector. They live in a different world.

I do not think that many of us ministers desire wealth. We preach enough against its insidious and weakening effects. We can do with plain things. We can get along without three months at Palm Beach in the winter, the spring in Europe, and a summer at Southampton. It would probably bore most of us to sit behind liveried footmen and chauffeurs in elaborate limousines. We would rather drive our own moderately priced cars. We actually do prefer plain living and high thinking. But with the tremendous advance in the cost of living and with little or no increase in the salaries paid to ministers over forty years ago, the economic condition of clerical families has become a problem. It is a constant problem. It robs the minister and his family of such reasonable happiness as those who look for spiritual riches rather than for material gains may justly expect. And when we know, as we often do, that the monthly check is handed out to us by a man whose capacity and business acumen are less than our own, and that we are living in a shabby house while he lives in a good one, that we are wearing seedy clothes while he has nicely pressed and carefully tailored suits, that we have to deny our children what his have for the asking, then the situation becomes

rather wearing. And the condition is not made any more tolerable by our being aware of the fact that the church is actually paying for the support of various distant functionaries and far-off missionaries a good deal more than it pays its own pastor. If this meant any real sacrifice on the part of the members of any church, it would be more endurable. But the amount people give is relatively so small in comparison to their incomes that the idea of sacrifice does not come up for consideration.

There are, no doubt, harrowing limitations in every profession and in all business. Shakespeare speaks of 'art made tongue-tied by authority.' But in the ministry there is an entirely needless barrier and crippling system that works inevitably for the poverty of the parson. It is the fact that the business — the temporalities, the financial control — is in the hands of the laity instead of in the hands of the clergy themselves. For the financial condition of a church is the certain index of its spiritual condition. Where a church is spiritually alive there is never any difficulty about money. Money will come in. And it is always the ministers and not the laymen who create the spiritual vitality of a church, who attract new members, and who move the congregation to contribute to the support of the work. It is a fundamental error to imagine that money is not an important part of church life or that it is something that in some way is so unholy that it has no relation to the works of the spirit. The offertory is the most immediate opportunity people have in a church to make any sacrifice as a result of their being moved spiritually. And the amount they give is the test of the effect religion has upon them. It is thus vitally important for a minister to know what is given and who has given it. That Protestantism fails to see this is its greatest tactical error.

And it is this error that accounts for the lack of consideration clerical salaries receive among Protestants. If the ministers handled the money themselves, they would see to it that they received decent salaries. And their security and contentment are of the first importance. Most of the evils to which the ministry is subject flow directly from this cause.

It is bad enough for the minister to have little or no voice in the direction of church buildings and equipment, to find his experience and technical knowledge of such things swept aside by members of a lay board or vestry who have no special qualifications in such matters. But it is worse for him to have to submit to the limitation put upon him by the lay committee that regulates how the sink in his kitchen shall be repaired, whether he shall have a gas stove or not, what kind of electric fixtures he shall be permitted to use in his residence, and the thousand other necessary details of domestic economy that other men regulate for themselves. The very men who niggle (there is no other suitable word) about such things in connection with churches would furiously resent just this sort of meddling in their own homes. They would laugh at the idea that any clergyman could come down to their office and tell them how to manage their business in even the slightest particular. But when they get on some church board or vestry, immediately they feel competent, and indeed divinely appointed, to do to the clergy what they never would permit the clergy to do unto them. It is an intolerable system. I have never yet met a minister who did not groan under it.

Let me quote from a letter that I have just received from a clergyman. I had advised him to resign. I knew

his miseries and the harrowing conditions under which he worked. This is what he says: —

DEAR PARRISH: —

You are right; but a man has to live, even at the sacrifice of a certain amount of liberty. I have children to educate. If I were alone, I would starve rather than go on. As it is, I feel that the Church owes me something, as I gave my life to her service. Her system is worse than dirty politics, but I can't change it, so I can only try for a better location. —— is probably all you say of it, and my sympathy is all with the late Rector, but where will you not find these 'little mousy men who are religious'? I have them here. They are terrible. I have suffered agonies at their hands. But I have learned how to handle them. —— and I have many a laugh at the little men, and women too. One of my strongest qualities is tact. I can get on with all kinds of people and at the same time thumb my nose at them. Etc., etc.

Yours,

—— ——

The writer of this letter was a charming young cleric some twenty years ago. He was frank, sincere, brave, enthusiastic, full of hope. See what twenty years of the Protestant system has done to him in a career in small towns. He 'has to live.' He gets on with people, but 'thumbs his nose at them.' One of his strongest qualities 'is tact.' Is tact a strong quality when it is the recourse of fear? Does a man really have to live? Are there no longer some things worth dying for? Can you imagine Saint Paul thumbing his nose at them?

But after such revelations I really ought to state that my own situation here has been exceptionally free from the common condition. My congregation, both rich and poor, were singularly intelligent, broad-minded, and tolerant. My vestry were for the most part men of large affairs who did not stoop to haggle over small details. I had a salary well above the average, and I had as free a hand as the limitations of the antiquated vestry system permitted in the administration of the church affairs. For the last eight years I acted as treasurer, and during that time the church prospered amazingly. The income was doubled, many improvements were made, and much property was acquired. All debts were paid promptly, and an enormous endowment was secured. There were no parochial disturbances or rows.

It would have been the normal thing to stick to the job, to join the procession of my predecessors and to merit a final resting place in the churchyard, a bronze tablet on the wall. But my heart is toward the great number of my fellow workers, the thousands of ministers throughout the country who have given their lives to the work of religion only to find themselves grinding at a mill, oiling a machine, limited and crippled by impossible and antiquated systems that hinder the free scope of the Gospel message. It is my conviction that we are on the verge of a new alignment, a great readjustment both in theological formulation and in ecclesiastical order.

V

After thirty years of the ministry I feel that I have a right to state some conclusions and perhaps to advance some remedies.

In general I am convinced that there is among both the laity and the ministry much more effort made to build up an institution than there is to find God. There is too much Churchianity and too little Christianity. Too much machinery and not enough Spirit. Success is measured not by the development of piety toward God and charity toward men, but by the vulgar

standards of the world — plenty of noise, notices in the newspapers, a booming organization in which one can rise to social prominence and to ecclesiastical preferment. It is my earnest persuasion that the need of our time is not so much the development of powerful ecclesiastical organizations as the realization of spiritual values. This is a matter of emphasis. But it is also a matter of reconstruction. To do this work ministers must be made free. They should be released from the necessity of building up these elaborate organizations of generally futile activities, of becoming merely a social centre, of straining every effort to raise money for the programmes of their governing officials, of laboring under the crippling limitation of a control by lay popes, small-minded men in petty offices. Their condition should be apostolic — very poor, if you like, but independent, with a sense of divine vocation, as officers of the Church Militant, courtiers of the Kingdom of God, messengers of the Great King. At the present time very much of the ecclesiastical mechanism with which it is attempted to get results of a spiritual nature is outworn. To attempt to use it is like driving a dead horse. It does more than cramp one's style; it is an imprisonment, cruel and stupid. Such a system should be shattered. It is in fact now falling to pieces and new systems are taking its place.

So I have resigned a 'living' which is not a life. I want more time for the larger effort. And already the letters are pouring in by the hundreds from ministers who want my job as being better than their own. Already I behold, like the priest of Nemi in Frazer's *Golden Bough*, the form of my successor climbing the temple wall, a sword clinched in his teeth, ready to take my place. It is a good place as things go. Poor man! He imagines that in getting away from his old environment and securing a new field he will find prosperity, contentment, and happiness. Well, he will not. These things come not from the outside conditions. They are within. I too know this well.

'Have you found peace, brother?' asked the emotional religionist of an ancient saint of God.

'No, brother,' was the answer; 'I've found war.'

And war it is, and ever shall be, even to the end.

THE POET'S NOTEBOOK

Across the illimitable hush of time
rings the march music of man.

Let not my to-day leave its tattered remnants
to narrow the passage of my to-morrow.

This morning I have my singer's errand
to the birthday feast of the honeysuckle.
Others must wait.

I am the south wind that do not claim honey from the flower,
but only its faint timid whisper.

While I was traveling towards you
Time was torturing its lute strings into tunes.
Its music comes when you are reached.

In your kiss, my love,
all my to-morrows merge in an endless to-day.

My songs are to own my debt
to the priceless hours.

Love tells me that death is some misunderstanding of life.

Life is a constellation,
an unplumbed dark strewn with starry moments.

The vast silence breathlessly waits through the night
for the flutter of wings in a little bird's nest.

My heart waits for love
as the blank page for the living line.

I ever wonder when I am before thee
why I was not made like a forest
that opens its heart in flowers,
like a star in its speech of flame.

I have loved you and I know
what is truth when it is seen.

Why go through life like a child who turns the pages of a book
and believes that this is reading?

The perfect doll is materially cheap, outwardly simple, essentially delightful.
The civilized doll counts its cost, is proud of its pose and forgets its play.

I make toys for Time, which, like a child, fondly handles them,
breaks them and carelessly forgets.

May the desolate ghost of the forgotten
cease crying to find back its body.

Echo, the ghost, is more dead than the dead voice,
for it is unreal.

Tiredness comes as a bride to the unyielding strength
to kiss it into a surrender.

Let me own my defeat to thee, my sweet,
and win thee in return.

The brooding blue of the sky listens to the babbling blue of the earth
in her sea.

My farewell hour stands before thee, beloved,
with its last lingering light and silent shadows.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

BELOW GROUND

BY NAHUM SABSAY

I

'An engineer and his helper are caught in a slide!' With the swiftness of fire on oil-soaked ground this news was spreading throughout the mine.

It invaded the drifts, the crosscuts, the stopes; it leaped from one level to another; and, in no time, arrived at the surface, where it entered the offices, shops, mill, yard, and all the dwellings of the mining camp, creating everywhere a dismal hush.

Underground all work had ceased. Throughout the mine the miners gathered into little groups. Those on the 800 level — the level on which the accident had taken place — were massed, each with a pick or a shovel in his hand, at chute 821, the only entrance to stope 82 on that level which the rock slide had not closed. Here they stood silently in a compact semicircle, the flickering lights in their caps and hands forming amid the blackness a large illuminated space. A few of the men, led by Scott, the shift boss, had already crawled through the chute, a short, cone-shaped passage, into the stope, carefully stepping over a freshly formed, still not quite settled, pile of rock. Stope 82 was an irregular underground excavation. Its uneven floor and rugged roof, both steeply inclined, were about forty feet apart and were, here and there, connected with each other by large and more or less vertical masses of ore, or 'pillars,' left in place temporarily in order to support the roof while the rest of the ore was mined out. This ore had been mined out some three years before, and since that time no work had been done in the stope, but now, when the mining on the levels above was completed and that part of the mine was nearly ready to be abandoned, it was decided to 'rob' the pillars — that is, to recover from them as much ore as the safety of the men would allow. Two days before the accident a pillar in the farthest and highest corner had been drilled and blasted. Great was the astonishment of the miners next morning when on entering the stope they found, instead of the expected forty or fifty tons of ore, nearly twenty times that amount of barren rock, which the blast had brought down from the roof. And what was still worse, the rock did not remain at the upper part of the stope, but came halfway down the slope, where it remained hung up and ready to slide again at any moment. Clearly, the roof was much 'heavier' than it was thought to be. All that the miners could do then was to leave the stope. This was on Saturday.

The following Monday, shortly before ten o'clock in the morning, James Arlin, the surveyor, and George Greenway, his assistant, entered the stope to take some measurements. Two Mexican miners who worked in the drift saw them crawl through chute 822. Two or three minutes later they heard shouts, which immediately were drowned in the rattle and crash of a rock slide.

They hurried toward the chute and, seeing that the movement of the rock

had not yet subsided and that the chute was already filled with it, but that it was kept from running out on the floor of the drift by a few chunks which jammed in front, they closed the chute gate to prevent any movement, and dashed, one to the right and the other to the left, calling to the other miners.

It so happened that the shift boss was near by. Taking with him half a dozen men and ordering the others to find the mine foreman and notify the office, he crawled through chute 821, entered the stope, and shouted. No one answered. He shouted once more, and again there was no answer. Then he began to advance slowly along the lower end of the stope. His men followed him, all moving cautiously and ready to jump aside at the first sign of a new slide. At first they walked over solid ground, but, approaching chute 822, they came upon the pile of rock which filled that chute and also the next, chute 823, and the ground between them. Somewhere under that rock lay Arlin and Greenway.

'She may come down again,' muttered Scott, staring into the blackness above. 'You go up, Jim, and see,' he added. And while Jim was gone Scott and the other miners began to look around for some sign of the buried men. They found nothing, nor did they hear anything.

II

Meanwhile Jim, whose little light could be seen higher up, bobbing now here, now there, shouted to his companions: 'Be careful! She is going to come! You better come up, Scott!'

Scott climbed after Jim. 'It looks bad all right, but it might hold.' Both descended.

Some more miners came up into the stope, bringing picks and shovels.

'Get out, you fellows, and wait in the drift,' ordered Scott. 'The stope ain't safe. You stay here, Jim, and you, Jack, and you, and you. . . .' He chose a dozen strong men — Americans, Italians, Hungarians, Mexicans — and put them to work cleaning up the place. This was not so easy to do. The rock could not be drawn out of the chutes from below, because that would crush the entombed men. Nor could it be shoveled in the usual way, that part of the stope being a long and narrow trough, one side of which was vertical and the other steep and high. There was no place to throw the rock. The only thing to do was to lift it, piece by piece, and carry it away. And that is what the miners began to do. They worked intently and silently, taking good care not to disturb the rock which still was moving under their feet.

And while they worked thus the foreman came, and with him arrived the mine rescue crew. The newcomers, assisted by the other miners, laid on the rocks two lines of planks, which made possible the use of wheelbarrows and shovels. The work went faster. Soon the space between the two chutes and beyond was cleared sufficiently to show that Arlin and Greenway were not there. That meant that they were in one of the chutes, or, if they were separated at the moment of the slide, that there was one man in each. The rescuers broke up into two groups, each surrounding a chute.

The foreman watched the men for some time; then, ordering them to quit shoveling, he shouted: 'Hey, Arlin, Greenway! — Arlin, Greenway!'

No answer. The miners listened and then resumed their work, shoveling and throwing rock eagerly, skillfully, and silently.

'Did you look at the rock up in the back?' asked the foreman.

'Yes,' answered Scott.

'How is it?'

'Not so good.'

'Let's go up and see.'

They picked their way up carefully, each carrying his light lifted above his head. In this manner they came to a large-sized boulder which leaned against a pillar, touching it only at one corner.

'How much rock,' the foreman asked, 'is back of that pillar?'

'Plenty.'

'Looks bad.'

As by command the two bosses turned around and looked at the men below. But all they could see was two dozen lights which moved steadily and systematically.

'Maybe we'll have to build a bulkhead,' remarked the foreman.

'Looks like the captain and engineers are coming,' remarked Scott instead of replying.

Indeed, four more lights had just come out of chute 821 and were slowly approaching the miners.

'Let's go down,' said the foreman, and, followed by Scott, he began to descend.

The newcomers were, as Scott supposed, the general manager, the mine superintendent, the chief engineer, and the stope engineer. They all approached the first chute, inquiring of the miners how things stood.

'Where are the bosses?' asked the superintendent.

'Here we are,' replied simultaneously the two, who just at that moment approached from behind.

The superintendent lifted his light on the level of Scott's face and said:—

'You are n't happy, Scott.'

'Oh, I am happy, all right.'

'You don't look it.'

'Don't pay any attention to looks, Mr. Denning.'

'Well, Dick,' the superintendent turned toward the foreman, 'what is the good news?'

'The rock up above don't seem good to me.'

'What about it?'

'Hangs on a hair.'

'Can we do anything?'

'We can build a bulkhead above us.'

'You think we need it?'

'We sure do with more than thirty men around here.'

'Let's do it, then.'

'Scott, you get some men in the drift and bring along all the timber and powder boxes you can get.'

Scott disappeared in the chute.

'How is the roof above us?'

'The roof here is all right; I looked at it when I first came.'

'What time were they caught?'

'About ten minutes to ten, from what these Mexicans told me.'

The superintendent looked at his watch and said: 'It's eleven now. They have been there already over an hour.'

'Guess they're done for.'

'Maybe the rock is packed so we can't hear through it,' suggested the chief engineer.

'The rock ain't packed. That's the hell of it.'

'In which of the two chutes do you think they are?' asked the general manager.

'Two Mexicans saw them enter through this chute here, and they say that they heard the rock come down right away. Looks to me like they are here.'

And as if to affirm his assumption one of the miners caught with his shovel the free end of a cloth tape line, the rest of which was tightly held by the rock.

'They're here!' exclaimed several voices at once.

'Better quit on the other chute and send out the men,' suggested the foreman.

'No,' answered the superintendent, 'we won't stop till we see them —'

He cut his sentence short and looked up in the darkness. The rest of the men looked in the same direction. They all heard a rustle there. And before this sound had died away two pieces of rock nearly two feet in diameter came rolling down and landed in the middle of the chute, where only a moment ago half a score of men had stood.

'That was a good one.'

'Missed by a hair.'

'Got out just in time.'

Still talking, the miners returned to their places.

'You better wait,' ordered the superintendent.

They waited a minute or two, but no more of the rock came down.

'Dick,' said the superintendent, 'get some more fellows to bring that timber.'

Soon after the foreman had left, Scott and his men returned, each carrying timbers of varying shapes and sizes. The bulkhead began to grow rapidly, and its usefulness was shown even before it was finished, when a few more chunks of rock, tearing loose somewhere above, came flying down and were stopped promptly by the mass of timber and rock.

III

The clearing of the chutes, on the other hand, advanced very slowly. It became no longer possible to use the shovels after the rock over the chutes was leveled to their edges. Nor could the men stand on the rock in the chutes, for this still kept on moving under their feet.

The work was awkward and fatiguing.

'We'll have to spell those men,' said the superintendent, and he shouted to Scott, who was still directing the erection of the bulkhead, to get some fresh men.

The new men arrived, and those whose places they took left the stope. The work continued in silence. The manager, the superintendent, and the two other engineers stood also in silence behind the men who were clearing chute 822.

'It will take them two or three hours, at that rate,' remarked Barr, the chief engineer.

'We'll be lucky to get them as soon as that,' replied the superintendent.

'Is that school-teacher — what is her name?' began the manager.

'Miss Bowman?'

'Yes. Were she and Greenway going to get married?'

'They have n't announced it yet. But that's what everybody thinks.'

'Poor girl,' continued the manager, 'she begged me to take her down with us.'

'She sure was n't expecting anything like this when I saw her going to the schoolhouse two hours ago.'

And again the four men became silent, each thinking his own thoughts, while the miners worked in front of them earnestly.

Suddenly they all became motionless and began to listen intently once more. The manager and his companions approached the chute, bent over, and listened also. From below, through the rock, moaning sounds came.

'Arlin! Greenway!' shouted the superintendent.

A feeble, strange voice came in reply. No one understood what it said, nor could anyone tell to which of the two men that voice belonged.

'Who is it?' once more shouted the superintendent after a few seconds of silence. His voice was quivering.

'Arlin,' came the faint reply from below.

'Where is Greenway? Is he with you? Can you hear him?'

'No.'

'Are you hurt?'

'Don't know. I'm squeezed on all sides awfully.'

'Cheer up, old man, we are coming.'

The superintendent stepped aside, and the men resumed their work with still greater eagerness. They worked silently, and silently the four engineers watched them. The foreman and the shift boss, who by that time had finished the building of the bulkhead, had also joined the group.

'There must be still twelve feet of rock over them,' remarked the manager.

'I don't believe we'll make it in less than a couple of hours,' said the superintendent. He was going to add something else, but he did not. Instead he turned briskly around and looked up the stope. The other men had turned around also and looked in the same direction. And there, somewhere in the darkness, was heard a rustle, the well-known sound of moving fine material, then the rumble of rock coming down, then a bombardment against the bulkhead lasting several seconds.

'It's lucky we got that thing in,' said the manager when the rattle ceased.

'Yes, it works all right,' agreed the foreman.

Once more the miners resumed their work, and once more they stopped it a few minutes later.

'He's talking again,' said one of the miners.

The superintendent approached the chute and cried: 'Hello, Arlin!'

'You make the rock move and then you let down the "fines." It's choking me.'

'All right, Arlin. We'll look out. How are you now?'

'Oh, not so good, but I guess I can stand it for a while.' He tried to talk cheerfully. His voice, however, and the intervals between the words betrayed much suffering.

A few more rocks came down and crashed against the bulkhead.

'She'll come down yet, sure as hell,' declared one of the miners.

'I'll bet you the drinks she won't,' replied the superintendent. 'Not for a good while yet.'

IV

Another half hour passed, during which the men removed some two or three more feet of rock. The farther down they went the more difficult it became to work. They no longer could reach the rock from the edges of the chute, but had to stand inside, and this forced them to move with extreme care. To make the situation worse the space in which they worked was becoming more and more narrow, and this meant that fewer men could work at a time. Then there were the fines which they had to keep from falling down. And this was a delicate affair. No matter how carefully the men removed the finely crumbled rock before lifting a slab, there was always enough of it left to sift through and torture Arlin.

Rapidly flew minutes, quarters of an hour, half hours, in this slow, painstaking work and eager watching.

From time to time, in order to break the pressing stillness and darkness, the superintendent would call to Arlin and would inquire how he felt.

'Like hell,' would come the answer. Or 'Cold,' or 'Thirsty.'

Arlin's voice was now heard more audibly, yet it was still feeble. He talked lifelessly, as if with much difficulty.

But all of a sudden he spoke with greater energy, which made all the men above start and cease working.

'I hear Greenway! He's moaning! Do you hear him?'

They heard nothing.

'No, Arlin, we don't hear him. Is he still moaning?'

'Yes, he is.'

'Does he say anything?'

'No. Just moaning.'

'Greenway, Greenway!' cried the superintendent. 'George, do you hear me?'

'No, he does n't answer.'

'Go after it, boys!' said the superintendent, and again they resumed their work.

Little by little another three feet of rock were removed. Arlin's voice was becoming more and more distinct, and he began to talk more willingly and more often. The men, without ceasing their work, replied, and even exchanged jokes now and then. The tension of uncertainty to which till now all had been subjected was broken, and all believed in an early rescue of the buried men. Even the continued movement of rock higher up in the stope bothered the men no longer.

'Mr. Denning,' Arlin called to the superintendent, 'what time is it?'

'A quarter to one,' answered the superintendent, looking at his watch.

'Mr. Denning, I hear Greenway talking. Do you hear him?'

'Yes, we do, but we can't understand what he says.'

'He says that his foot is squeezed and that he has a rock under his neck that hurts like the devil.'

'Greenway, Greenway!' cried the superintendent.

'Hello!' came a weak reply.

'Do you hear me?'

'Yes.'

'Cheer up, George, we'll get you in no time now. Go to it, boys!'

Crawling on their knees and brushing into the palms of their hands all the fines that they could scrape out around a piece of rock, the men lifted out carefully one piece after another. But still, in spite of all this precaution, the fines were working their way down.

'For God's sake don't let the dust come down! I can't breathe,' complained Arlin again and again.

The miners jested no longer. They worked in silence. Greenway cried out sharply, 'My neck! My neck!'

'It is two o'clock already,' said the manager. 'Do you think we'll be through by four? Should n't we give an order not to do any blasting to-day?'

'Looks as if we'd be through before that,' answered the superintendent.

The manager turned to Barr and Steele and said: 'I don't think there's any need of your waiting any longer. And you too,' he turned to the foreman, 'can go. Mr. Denning, Scott, and I will attend to the rest. Say something cheerful to that girl if she's still at the shaft.'

The two engineers and the foreman left.

V

Another hour passed; then half an hour more, and finally the men uncovered Arlin's hand and Greenway's head. Still half an hour later Arlin was freed altogether and taken on a stretcher to the surface. But Greenway for a long time remained in the chute, his right foot firmly held between two pieces of rock and solid ground all wedged together. Finally he too was freed and put on a stretcher. His eyes were closed. In the cage he opened them for a moment and said, directing his words to no one in particular: 'Please tell Miss Bowman that I'm all right.' Then he again closed his eyes.

Miss Bowman was still at the shaft. From the first news of the accident she had never left the place. At each hoisting signal she had moved closer to the shaft gate and had watched the rope go up. She never inquired of the

men stepping out of the cage what the situation was below, and even when the men of their own accord volunteered information, she listened with no sign of attention.

So far she had not missed a single cage, but when the one she was waiting for finally came up she seemed at first not to see it at all. Soon, however, she rose from the powder box on which she was sitting and approached the superintendent, who was first to come out of the cage. And he, as if not noticing the girl's gaze, turned away and picked up a shovel, which it was not his business to pick up. She looked at the manager, who was the next to leave the cage, her face losing the last tint of color.

'As you see, we got him out,' said the manager, trying to be cheerful. And, seeing that the girl was still gazing at him, he added, putting his hand on her shoulder: 'And he is not hurt so very hard — only all in. He'll be all right in a few days.' Then, turning to the superintendent, he asked: 'Did you let the men know that they can now fire?'

'Yes,' replied Mr. Denning, 'Scott is doing it.'

The stretcher was already out of the cage. Two men lifted it and started. Miss Bowman, the manager, the superintendent, and a few other men followed.

'How is Arlin?' the manager asked the doctor when they arrived at the hospital.

'He'll be all right. He got badly mauled up, but I don't believe anything is seriously injured.'

'And Greenway? Has the boy a chance?' again inquired the manager after the doctor had finished looking over the motionless man.

'He may have — for all I know. Should n't be surprised if he had.'

PUTTING IT UP TO THE COLLEGE

BY E. LYMAN

On the street the other morning I met my college president.

'Good morning. Pardon my apparent perturbation,' said he. 'I have been talking with an industrialist.'

'Did you solve his problems?'

'It was n't his problem, but my own, which makes it rather more difficult. You see, this industrialist has made a good deal of money by quantity-production methods. He has a sixteen-year-old son who is just graduating from high school this year, with high honors. Able, and apparently with a sense of intellectual responsibility, the boy seems rather unusual human material, even discounting his father's pride in him. The father is naturally anxious that the boy shall have the best education possible, not for any particular career, but for life in general.'

'Not an unnatural idea.'

'No. It is quite in our line, just what we claim we are doing for large numbers of boys in the liberal-arts colleges. So I suggested; but the father says he wants absolutely an individual education for his son, completely tailor-made.'

'Did you suggest private tutors?'

'He wants a college education with all its concomitants, activities, athletics, and all, but without losing his son in what Leacock called the "convoy system of education." He says that there are several colleges now where he can approximate his desires, but none where he can get a complete job to specification from first to last. He argues that he can go to any motor factory and, at a price, have turned out a motor capable of a specific performance. Our educational plants are as completely equipped as factories these days, and it is only a question of flexibility. We educational engineers with good material and on a cost-plus basis ought to be able to turn out an individual job superior to the usual quantity product.'

'Did he suggest a contract price?'

'I told him we were not cost accountants and he suggested ten thousand dollars a year — forty thousand for the boy delivered a superior product and properly hall-marked with a degree.'

'Did you answer him?'

'I did n't. And yet the request is such a perfectly natural one that I wonder it has not been raised before. It brings up a surprising number of interesting questions, even if I choose to sidestep certain perennial disagreements as to the definition of a liberal education. In the first place, we are infinitely better equipped to meet the question than we were ten years ago, what with the introduction of mental tests, personnel departments, general reading courses, honors courses, tutorial systems, and numberless other devices for loosening formal requirements for the worthy. We are much more sympathetic with extraordinary methods for the extraordinary case. And yet I had to tell the father that it would necessarily be an educational experiment and that we could not guarantee the results of the most careful individual treatment.'

'I presume he wished an ironclad contract specifying the exact intellectual dimensions of the product.'

'Curiously enough, he did n't. If he had, I could have avoided my difficulties without a confession of weakness. He knows Dasch of the Political Science Department. He suggested that with Dasch as personal mental guide for the boy, and with the full resources of the college available, he was willing to gamble on the success of the experiment. He said it was only getting back to educational fundamentals and to the original teacher-pupil relationship, and that we probably needed the touch of simplicity to leaven our formality. I spoke to Dasch about it.'

'How did he react to the prospect of becoming an intellectual chaperon?'

'He was enthusiastic. He says it is just the type of educational experiment he has wanted to make for years, that he is sure he can benefit the boy and at the same time gain some interesting side lights on educational methods. There are not many men on the faculty I should be willing to trust with it, but Dasch is broad and thoroughly sound, as well as inspiring and sympathetic in his teaching. He says the money will allow him to hire a substitute for part of his teaching and enable him to devote a considerable portion of his time to the boy. He says the substitute can take on new work as well and so strengthen his entire department.'

'Then you accepted the idea?'

'No. I am still hesitating. I am convinced that the experiment would benefit the boy, Dasch, the college, and educational theory itself. But I had two doubts — one a material one and one a curious ethical one which I am at a loss to evaluate. You see, ours is an

endowed college, which means that more than half its expenses are paid by donors, largely dead, who made gifts for the support of an education conceived of as largely social in purposes. Dasch's particular chair happens to be endowed. In diverting Dasch's time and other energies of the college to this purely individual experiment am I doing an injustice to the other students and to these socially minded donors? Or is there a sufficient social value to the experiment to justify me? I confess I am at a loss in weighing these intangibles.'

'You feel yourself justified in devoting a greater share of attention to other, more able students.'

'The chances of a social benefit are greater in educating the superior minds. If this boy were not above the normal I could never consider the proposal. Nor could the college make a practice of selling graduated education for graduated prices. But there is another, more practical consideration.'

'And that is — ?'

'You see, our degrees are conferred by the faculty as an outward and visible sign that the recipient has completed with certain specified grades a certain specified number of diversified courses taught in a certain professionally approved manner. How far can the faculty at Dasch's request and on his responsibility release this young man from the usual requirements? I do not even know how far Dasch will consider it necessary to formulate the young man's programme outside of the usual procedures. But if he does step outside, — and he will in some degree, — what method will the faculty have of testing the boy's adequacy at the end of four years? And after all the standard of the degrees is a faculty responsibility. We could not force the degree, whatever the quality of the boy's work or his mental progress.'

'Did you explain all this to the father?'

'I tried to, and left him feeling that colleges were rather inefficient organizations. And I think he rather enjoyed putting me in a hole. He regards my perplexities as an indictment of the whole educational system, and with the zeal of a reformer is insistent on my accepting his offer. Do you know, I am rather inclined to wish that I had never seen the man and his forty thousand dollars? It embarrasses me to refuse such a challenge, and I am afraid to accept. I wish someone would advise me before some other plutocrat makes a similar attack on the omniscience of the college. It is discouraging to think that any rich industrialist has the power to put such a poser.'

'I agree with you that his idea is provocative.'

'It is intended to be. Good morning.'

SWEETNESS AND LIGHT—SIXTY YEARS AFTER

BY JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

I

THROUGHOUT life we always, I think, maintain a peculiar interest in the men and books that deeply influenced our earliest and most formative years. No later work, however influential or revolutionary in our thought, ever attains to quite the same intensity of reality as those which helped to stir our minds in boyhood, when the whole world was opening before us, when thought was the great adventure, and when prophets commanded whole-souled homage. As it chanced, my own first decade was that which is generally accepted as the turning point between the old and the new worlds of thought. In America the Civil War was scarcely less recent, in Europe the pregnant Franco-Prussian War was more so, than is the Great War to-day. Carlyle died when I was three, Darwin when I was four, John Richard Green and Karl Marx when I was five, Matthew Arnold and Sir Henry Maine when I was ten, Browning when I was eleven, and Cardinal Newman and Tennyson a few years later. Dickens was but eight years gone when I was born, and Thomas Huxley and John Ruskin were writing when I was in college.

I have barely to-day touched my half-century, yet these names sound like a long-bygone age. In my boyhood, however, when I was keen on every new intellectual trail, their works were not classics or 'required reading,' but living voices to which I listened with the same sense of contemporaneity with which to-day we read Eddington or Harvey Robinson, Einstein, O'Neill, or Aldous Huxley. The life, however, which has embraced both Darwin and Einstein, Thomas and Aldous Huxley, has straddled, as it were, two eras in thought and civilization. A straddle is generally considered to be neither a dignified nor a determined position, but if it entails certain discomforts it also offers certain advantages, certain piquancies of comparison. Just as a man who knows only one country cannot be considered to know even that, so a man who knows only one era cannot savor its peculiarities with the same biting relish as one who has been a wider traveler in time.

Time, however, in a busy life is apt to pass imperceptibly, and I confess that it was with a good deal of a shock that I happened to note the other day, when engaged in the scholar's equivalent of big-game hunting, the glancing over of secondhand-book catalogues, that Matthew Arnold's most influential work, *Culture and Anarchy*, was published just sixty years ago. I had the sudden sense of being caught in the swift current of a river. I walked to my study window to look out and ponder.

In these present years of wanderings, my windows open on many scenes in many countries in the course of a twelvemonth, but at the moment my study overlooks Kensington Gardens, in which Arnold wrote one of his well-known poems: —

> I, on men's impious uproar hurl'd,
> Think often, as I hear them rave,
> That peace has left the upper world,
> And now keeps only in the grave.

If Arnold found 'impious uproar' in 1869, the very mid-year of the Victorian reign, what would he find, I wondered, in 1929? What change, if any, would he feel called upon to make to-day in his philosophy, and how has the world moved with reference to it in those sixty years gone? Dickens, Darwin, Huxley, Green, Maine, and some of the others have conquered. The world has moved in the directions indicated by them. How about Arnold, who seemed to the cultured youth of the late-Victorian period perhaps the greatest prophet of them all?

One recalls his simple and singularly lucid prognosis and prescription for his own age, an age that to us now looking back seems itself singularly lucid and simple. One has to recall, however, a fact easily forgotten, that every age has its own 'uproar.' We have to be in it to hear it. Getting into an 'age' is a good deal like getting into a railroad train. As we see it first approaching, far down the track, it seems very peaceful. There is no sound, no tremor, only the ease of swift motion. It is only when we are traveling in it ourselves that we feel the jolts and jars, hear the whistle shriek, the brakes grind, the roar of the wheels, and the babel of unedifying conversation in the club smoker.

Even, however, if we are justified in conceding to our self-esteem that we have raised a good deal more of an uproar than was confusing the ears of Arnold, and that there may be more raving now than there was in 1869, it is to misconceive his philosophy to think of him as having given a simple solution for the problems of a simple age. His age was by no means as easy-gliding as the distant railroad train, by no means as stodgy and unstirred as the Georgian retrospect among the younger generation would make out. Arnold's doctrine, in spite of its emphasis on 'sweetness and light,' in spite of its being the mid-Victorian equivalent of 'highbrow,' was not intended for the scholar cloistered in an ivory tower, but for the man of action in the turmoil of a transition era.

That doctrine may easily be condensed to two chief points — the eternal contest between Hebraism and Hellenism, and the mediating function of culture, of 'sweetness and light.' The final aim of both Hebraism and Hellenism Arnold found to be the same, man's perfection or salvation, in spite of the fact that they approach the problem by utterly diverse routes. Hebraism lays the whole stress on doing, on the importance of the *act*, on religion, on strictness of conscience. On the other hand, Hellenism stresses knowing rather than doing, the whole rather than a part, spontaneity of consciousness. The 'uppermost idea with Hellenism is to see things as they really are; the uppermost idea with Hebraism is conduct and obedience.' Ideas of action and conduct fill the space of the Hebraist's mind. 'He is zealous to do battle for them and affirm them, for in affirming them he affirms himself, and that is what we all like.' The Hellenist, on the other hand, tries to apprehend the whole of life, to let no part of it slip, to stress no part to the exclusion of the others. He insists upon a flexible activity of mind, and so attains to that clearness and radiancy of vision, that intelligence and tolerance, which Arnold called 'sweetness and light.' Nothing, he states, can do away with the ineffaceable difference between these two approaches to the problems of life.

Both of these disciplines, as we may call them, Arnold saw were necessary for the development of man. If the

tendency of unimpeded Hellenism was toward rather a weakening of the moral fibre, that of Hebraism was no less inevitably toward an extreme hardening and narrowing of man's whole nature. Man's only salvation from swinging helplessly between these two poles was to be found in culture, which should not be a mere dilettante toying with art, but a disinterested aiming to see things as they really are, the effort to cultivate the best in all sides of man's nature. I do not think it has ever been noted that, whether Arnold was aware of it or not, his doctrine was exactly that of Kant, who in his philosophy placed the æsthetic consciousness at the centre to mediate between reason and will. Feeling, however, that in his own time the whole tendency was to stress the Hebraic side, the side of unthinking action, Arnold stressed the other, the side of 'sweetness and light,' and throughout his life in one form and another preached his doctrine of the saving grace of a mediating and all-embracing culture.

II

Amid the complete confusion of our present-day social, intellectual, and spiritual life it is certainly not necessary to bring out in any great detail the evidence that Arnold, unlike some of the more fortunate Victorian leaders of thought, did not point in the direction in which the world was immediately to move. Thanks largely to America, where the forces of the modern world have had their freest sphere of influence, Hebraism has conquered Hellenism with an appalling completeness for the time being.

Arnold clearly saw and constantly preached the essential difference between the machinery of life and life itself. It was not that he merely questioned the utility of physical machinery, although it is easy enough to do so. We may well ask, for example, in what lies the great advantage of being able to travel thrice as fast as our grandparents if, arrived at our destination, we do not know how to occupy the time 'saved' to as great advantage as they did? It was rather that Arnold saw all the institutional life of our time as machinery — our state constitutions, our churches, universities, libraries, and organizations of every sort. All these he found, of course, essential to life, but merely the tools of life, valuable only for their results, and not for themselves.

In this respect we have obviously gone directly counter to his teaching. We have come to worship our social machinery as an end in itself. Not only is every possible activity organized, which perhaps is to some extent unavoidable in our great modern masses of population, but, what surely is avoidable, we have come to lay more stress on the machinery than on the product, on the means than on the end.

Perhaps we may consider the five great educative influences for the life of the spirit to be one's daily toil, social intercourse, travel, education in its more technical sense, and religion. What of these to-day?

One's daily toil has always of course had for a main object the earning of a living, but it should have in addition an interest in itself. It is a mistake to think that such an interest can be aroused only by intellectual and not by manual work, but, in order that it should be, the worker must feel that he is creating something which he can see grow and develop as a result of his toil. In this respect there was never before, perhaps, a period in which work had less spiritual value for most people than it has to-day. The worker himself has been lost in the complicated

machinery of production, and in our worship of efficiency the machinery has come to be considered somehow such a desirable good in itself as to warrant any sacrifice in its name.

Social intercourse in the same way has succumbed to the machinery ostensibly provided for it. Clubs and organizations of all sorts for bringing people together are legion, but conversation has almost as completely disappeared as has letter writing between friends. We are so busy and wearied in rushing from one meeting to another that our minds themselves have almost entirely ceased to meet. It is not only in the hurry of great cities that there is no longer opportunity for friendly communion. For the inhabitants of innumerable Main Streets throughout the country, Monday night is for Grange, Tuesday the Red Men or Daughters of Pocahontas, Wednesday the Junior Mechanics or the Eastern Star, Thursday the Masons, Friday the Lions, Saturday the Rotary, to mention only a few of the provisions for social intercourse that have ended by destroying all real intercourse itself. There is no genuine depth or value to such gatherings — merely a sense of physical proximity to one's kind. For the life of the spirit they are utterly useless.

Travel, again, as its means have become multiplied and more accessible to all, has largely ceased to have the educational value it once had. Because one can make two hundred miles a day in a motor, people make it. Because one can cross to Europe and pass through half a dozen countries and back in a month, people do it. Let it not be thought that I am exaggerating. Ask any number of people what sort of motor trip they had, and all too frequently the answer will be, 'Fine! We did a hundred and eighty miles the first day, two hundred the second, and so on. No trouble. We were gone only two weeks, and covered nearly twenty-five hundred miles!'

An excellent guidebook to London, lying before me on my desk as I write, tells how one may see the city in one day. In the morning one is to go to the National Gallery, the National Portrait Gallery, Houses of Parliament, Westminster Abbey, London Museum, St. James's Park, and four other places. One is to lunch near Piccadilly. In the afternoon one goes to the Royal Academy, Wallace Collection, British Museum, St. Paul's Cathedral, the Law Courts, and drives through two parks and three important thoroughfares. If the traveler intends to remain overnight, the guide continues, he should visit the Embankment and attend a theatre.

This is not a joke. It is intended as a serious guide for 1929 travelers in search, presumably, of education and culture. Comment would be superfluous, but it is evident that the end of travel, the broadening of our minds, the development of our natures, has become lost to sight in the mere machinery of travel — that is, the physical transporting of our bodies from place to place.

Is not the same transfer of stress on, and interest in, the end to the mere means shown daily in our educational and religious systems? If one drops in to see a clergyman and inquire about his work, is not one, nine times out of ten, immediately shown over the 'plant' — the new parish house, the gymnasium and the swimming pool, the men's clubroom — or offered statistics? If one goes to a college, one is shown with pride the new 'J. Jefferson Jones' dormitory or the 'Simeon Smith' laboratory, or the new stadium or business college building. If we turn to the teaching from desk or pulpit, we find the same immersion

in the machinery of life rather than in life itself. The body, the 'plant,' is superb, but one too often looks in vain for the spirit of either Christ or culture.

Is not the reason for all this the fact that in taking the road that Arnold pointed out would surely lead to destruction, to anarchy, we have lost, with the loss of Hellenism, the power to see life steadily and see it whole? We see only parts, the physical part, the machinery part, and have failed to see the end of all these things, the full rounded life of the spirit for the growth of which alone these other things have any validity or value. Of what possible use is a machine, whether it be a dynamo or a university, unless it is to produce something of essential value for human life? Why waste that life on tending machines that produce nothing? Why travel sixty miles an hour if one sees nothing of the landscape, towns, or people on the way? Why go to five picture galleries, two museums, and two cathedrals in a day if one adds nothing to one's spiritual impressions — as one cannot — by doing so?

III

In seeking the reason of Arnold's failure more to influence his time and ours, I think we may trace it to the extraordinarily rapid increase in the influence of one force in the modern world to which he paid curiously scant attention — science, with its offshoot, modern business theory and practice. It is true that Arnold stood only at the threshold of the changes that science was to bring. In *Culture and Anarchy*, at least, he, in striking contrast to Tennyson, seemed wholly oblivious of the dangers threatening from a new quarter.

Science, which from one standpoint may almost be considered a traitor in the Hellenistic camp, would seem to have deflected the world toward Hebraism in two ways. In the first place, through the products of applied science, and business, it has provided man with an infinity of things of all sorts. Whatever may be the ultimate result, the dream that control over the forces of nature would at once make life easier for man and increase his leisure for the things of the spirit has to a great extent been proved wrong. It is true that in very many cases the mere physical labor entailed in an occupation has been lightened by the new inventions. On the other hand, however, man has been overwhelmed by the very multiplicity and variety of his new goods. These new goods differ in one marked respect from the old range. The old goods, such as enjoying the beauty of nature, reading, expressing one's self in one's work, 'making things,' playing music, conversing intelligently, looking at pictures or statues, studying, friendship, love, social intercourse, could all be had for little or no money, in civilized communities. The new goods, however, those provided by applied science and business, can only be had in exchange for money.

The consequence is that whoever turns from the old goods to the new at once increases enormously his need for money, and the financial pressure upon the individual becomes so great as in most cases to result in his complete absorption in providing the mere means for living, the accumulating of the things that belong to the machinery of life. So far from increasing the leisure for thought, feeling, and emotion, not only has the time for leisure been greatly decreased, but with the abnormal condition of exhausting one's energies in preparation to live and enjoy, instead of actually living, comes an abnormal mental condition which finds relief only in an excitable activity

instead of a normal savoring and enjoyment of existence.

Aside from the new inventions, such as motors, aeroplanes, and so on, of which the prime object is speed, the pressure of modern life due to science and business working hand in hand has greatly increased the whole tempo of life. We used to measure the hours. Now we live by the second hand. The spirit, however, cannot be hurried. We may get more quickly to the Grand Central and the 4.50 by the subway, but not to Heaven. Quiet and time are essential for the fruits of the spirit, whatever a Burbank may do with bulbs. I think it was Daniel Webster who once said that the most valuable thoughts he had ever had came to him while jogging on his nag from place to place on his court circuit. No such deep reflections could come to a modern judge covering the same distance in a tenth of the time at sixty miles an hour in a high-powered car. It has recently been well said of our age that it is 'restless, wide-ranging, enjoying pleasure and novelty, but moving in space rather than in time, dwelling on the surface rather than in the depth of things.' These characteristics we can trace, I think, clearly enough to that applied science that disturbed Arnold so slightly.

In another and equally important way science has deflected us from that Hellenistic attitude which, in one of Arnold's definitions, is the effort to see things as they really are. To do this is precisely what, until almost the present day, science has claimed for itself, and what even to-day most people think it does. The now deeply ingrained belief that not only has science a peculiar validity, but it gives us the entire truth regarding all aspects of the universe, has acted as a corrosive upon a very large part of the content of culture and the things that have contributed to man's highest life — literature, art, and religion. Much of all this has come to seem mere moonshine fancies when contrasted with the 'facts' of science, of which not only the validity, but the completeness, is not to be questioned whatever happens to any side of man's nature or whatever in that nature they leave unaccounted for.

A whole vast range of beliefs and values that were essentially human were wiped off the slate in the name of science. It is needless to catalogue them. The Hellenistic effort to see life steadily and see it whole on the human plane was replaced by an effort to follow a dance of atoms on the scientific plane. Human values became an irrelevant phantasmagoria. The universe was reduced to pure act. In place of the old dangerous error at the upper end of the Hellenistic scale of 'art for art's sake,' we reached the no less dangerous one at the lower end of the Hebraic, the 'act for the act's sake.' Hebraism, always more potent among the mass of men than Hellenism, has thus found itself since Arnold's day strengthened to a remarkable degree in both the practical and the theoretical spheres. Not only have the Hebraistic battalions been heavily reënforced, but in science, in the eyes of the public, they have apparently gained a recruit from the Hellenistic camp. The whole scene has shifted since Arnold. And yet was he not right? Is not culture, in its best and broadest sense, our only salvation? Can the present materialistic welter of confusion, if unchecked, lead eventually to anything but that anarchy that formed the half of Arnold's title for his work? If so, what of the future?

IV

It seems to me that our civilization may take either of two courses. The first may be indicated by a suggestion

made to Arnold by an American sixty years ago. This was that 'we should for the future call industrialism culture, and the industrialists the men of culture'; and then of course, as Arnold ironically adds, 'there can be no longer any misapprehension about their true character; and besides the pleasure of being wealthy and comfortable, they will have authentic recognition as vessels of sweetness and light.' We must confess that to a great extent our leaders in religion and education have seemingly chosen to follow this suggestion in their teaching of the American people. The Christian spirit has got so mixed up with 'drives' and gymnasiums, and culture with cost accounting and business English, that it takes a wise young man indeed to disentangle them in the face of the strenuous and muddle-headed efforts of his elders.

In many directions at present, however, we are getting suggestions which are not put forward by business men, clerics, or professional educators, and which for that reason, and because they are clothed in a semiscientific language, may claim more consideration from many. Thus a few weeks ago the noted French architect, Le Corbusier, speaking of bridges, steamships, and other engineering works, said they once provoked æsthetically a 'violent antagonistic feeling. They were deemed ugly. Yet these works to-day are acclaimed as admirable. A miracle has been accomplished, a spiritual revolution — "the spirit of the age becoming conscious of itself."' Others suggest that art is an affair of the whole organism and that the art of any age is intricately bound up with the nervous organization of the people of the age. Others, again, hold that the essence of art is one thing and the form another, and that for the future the essence may be permanently passing from pictures, poems, and statues to engineering works.

There is no reason why an engineering work or any other utilitarian one should not be beautiful. They frequently have been in the past, from kitchen pots to bridges. But one cannot help the feeling, in reading such suggestions as that the age is becoming conscious of itself in the sense of admiring its own works, that their authors are unconsciously engaged less in finding new beauty than in condoning our lack of it, though the suggestions are worth pondering. A friend of mine claims not only that a finely made carpenter's tool has a beauty of form of its own, which is true, but that he can get as much pleasure out of studying it as he can out of a Rembrandt. Our race has behind it a long history and a far longer development. From the days of the Quaternary epoch in Europe we have been making both pictures and tools, but it has remained for our own epoch to claim that a tool, however beautifully made, has the same spiritual value as a picture. It is true that the populace of Athens enjoyed spending its leisure in listening intelligently to a play by Æschylus, Sophocles, or Euripides, whereas the populace to-day prefers the horseplay or sentimental slush of the movies, but I do not think the way out of the difficulty is to say that watching a slice of pie jump across the screen or kisses in a close-up is as culturally or æsthetically valuable as the unrolling of fate in Greek drama.

The fact would seem to be that for the time we have lost our scale of æsthetic values, because we have lost our scale of values for the whole of life itself. An age which cares only for the speed of its locomotion and nothing for its purpose or destination is not likely to distinguish between a gasoline station and the Parthenon. We obviously cannot have a scale of values

unless we consider the whole of life, consider all the possibilities of man's nature, and reckon one against the other; unless we attain to that perfection which Arnold considered the end of culture — which is 'an harmonious expansion of *all* the powers which make the beauty and worth of human nature, and is not consistent with the over-development of any one power at the expense of the rest.'

V

Of course, the anarchy suggested by Arnold as the final outcome of a democracy devoted to a philosophy of doing, not of being, of action rather than of thought, of developing only one side of man's nature at the expense of all the rest, is not impossible. It has overtaken mankind many times before, and in our busy lives immersed in intense activity we need not believe that what has been can never be again. We cannot rely too blindly upon a moderate distribution of baby bonds, savings deposits, and a share or two of stocks among the populace. It is conceivable, in a civilization based on tensions between its members, resulting from trying to secure each for himself the largest share of material goods possible, that as the gap between salary or wage earners and billionaire proprietors increases it may some day, in an economic debacle, prove too wide to be bridged even by a baby bond.

On the whole, however, I do not think this is the direction in which we are going to travel, though I trust to neither the applied scientist nor the business man to divert us from it, useful as are the functions which each otherwise performs. It seems to me, however, that there are not a few signs in the social heavens that the times are changing and that Arnold's doctrine may come into its own at last.

For one thing, the constant stream of self-criticism that arises from the vocal and more thinking part of the American people at present, morbid as it may seem from one point of view, does indicate a deep dissatisfaction with life as it is now being lived by us. There is a widespread feeling that there is something radically wrong with that life, which feeling appears to centre in the demand that we should have more scope for the development of our own individuality, that we should somehow, vaguely as people may yet apprehend it, have a chance to *be* something rather than eternally to be *doing* something, whether for ourselves, posterity, or the Lions Club. In many households this is taking the form of refusing any longer to be dragooned by advertising and high-powered salesmanship into buying every new device that promises even the least contribution to amusement or efficiency. The very activity of the inventor and the business man may itself help in time to bring about our salvation.

For a while we lost our heads. The novel goods offered by the wonders of applied science have been like the glass beads and red cloth offered to savages. We have bestirred ourselves to unwonted exertions in order to get something to trade for them. But we are not savages. We have a long cultural history behind us. We have deep in us desires and cravings that cannot permanently be satisfied with beads and cloth; and there is a limit beyond which we cannot and will not work. If in the future applied science spawns out purchasable goods which business offers us at a rapidly accelerating rate, we shall, instead of trying to have every new thing that comes along, begin to exercise choice. Once we have discovered that among such a multiplicity of objects choice is inevitable

from all standpoints, such as capacity or willingness to work, room space, or even time to enjoy them, we shall become more individual, use our minds again, and once more take pleasure in expressing our own personalities. In trying to choose, in deciding what we really want, we shall discover that a great many things worth having are those that do not cost anything to speak of, such as reading, making our own music, conversation, and other old-fashioned things of the mind. Once the strike is on against working to the limit in order to buy to the limit, we shall begin once more to try to see life steadily and see it whole. With the dawn of that day, the pendulum will begin to swing again toward Hellenism.

Intellectually, also, I believe the way will be made easier by a better understanding both among scientists and among the public of just what scientific truth is as an interpretation of the whole of the universe. That understanding, as I have recently said elsewhere, is making rapid headway among many leading scientists, although the public may be long in following their lead. Once, however, the way is open for the reinstatement, not only in a human world but in the universe, of the purely human *values*, the door toward Hellenism will be swung wide. We shall once more see life whole after a dark night of the spirit.

In that day Matthew, or some new Arnold with more contemporaneity of reference and style, will become our prophet, for as I turn from his works to glance at the books on my shelves on economics, sociology, psychology, and science, with their sprinkling of Freuds, Watsons, and Heaven knows how many other 'modern' voices, I cannot see that there is, after all, any saner doctrine being preached to-day for the salvation of society or the inner peace of the individual than that preached by the apostle of culture sixty years ago. That doctrine is simply that if democracy is to be saved from anarchy it must be permeated through with 'sweetness and light,' understood as intelligence and tolerance; that this can be attained only by culture, and not by ceaseless economic activity; and that, eventually, people will not consider that life worth living or that society worth saving which does not allow them to live normally and fully with all sides of their being.

Arnold believed his doctrine worth fighting for through a lifetime. It is assuredly worth fighting for to-day, with far better chances of success, as I see them, from the probable trend of thought and history in the next sixty years than in those which Arnold faced. But if our leaders — our clergy, our educators, our industrial captains, our statesmen, and our writers — continue to preach the contrary one, that our satisfaction and salvation are to be found in *busyness* and things and a unilateral warping of our nature, then Arnold will indeed have been a prophet, for the second half of his title and thesis will have come to pass.

A DIVINE INTOXICANT

BY HUNTINGTON CAIRNS

PEYOTL, mescaline,
Culled from the cactus' spine,
  More precious far than red
  Roses — a whole long bed —
Offer me any wine,
Champagne, Spumonti, Rhine,
I'd never make a sign,
  Not unless someone said:
    Peyotl!

Often at Bacchus' shrine
Ribald I leaned with vine-
  Leaves in my hair — instead —
  Brown buttons round my head
Now seal me wholly thine,
    Peyotl!
I. V. A., in 'The Conning Tower'

THE good Padre Bernardino de Sahagun in the year 1529, at the age of thirty, arrived in Mexico — or New Spain, as it was affectionately and officially called — to convert the harassed Aztecs to the gentle teachings of Saint Francis. The reverend father was a learned man and he left behind him when he died at the age of ninety-one valuable histories written in both the Spanish and the Aztec tongues. He gave in one of his histories a description of a curious feast of the Aztecs — the Feast of Teonanacatl.

The first thing eaten at the party was certain black mushrooms, which they called nanacatl, which intoxicate and cause visions to be seen, and even provoke sensuousness. These they ate before the break of day, and they also drank cacao (chocolate) before dawn. The mushrooms they ate with syrup (of maguey sap), and when they began to feel the effect they began to dance; some sang; others wept because they were already intoxicated by the mushrooms; and some did not wish to sing, but seated themselves in their rooms and remained there as though meditating. Some had visions that they were dying and shed tears; others imagined that some wild beast was devouring them; others that they were capturing prisoners in warfare; others that they were rich; others that they had many slaves; others that they had committed adultery and were to have their heads broken as a penalty; others that they had been guilty of a theft, for which they were to be executed; and many other visions were seen by them. After the intoxication of the mushrooms had passed off they conversed with one another about the visions which they had seen.

Botanists of modern times, finding the description of the sacred mushroom in the padre's history, searched far and wide for it, and it was not until 1915 that the late W. E. Safford, a botanist of the United States Department of Agriculture, succeeded in identifying it with the mescal or peyote used by the American Indians of to-day. Mescal is derived from a rare cactus of the genus *Lophophora*, whose geographical distribution ranges from the southern border of Texas to Querétaro, Mexico; and the padre thus never laid eyes upon the cactus itself, but saw only the mushroom-shaped buttons cut from the top of the cactus and brought to the Aztecs by messengers consecrated to their task.

I

The peyote cactus (*Lophophora williamsii* or *Lophophora lewinii*) is a spineless cactus shaped like a carrot or turnip. The mescal button is the dried

flowerlike top of the cactus. The drug mescal should not be confused with the Mexican drink of the same name; the American Indian, in searching for a name to apply to the drug, called it 'mescal' because, like the Mexican drink, it intoxicated. The drug is known by a number of names, of which 'mescal' is the most common, though the designation 'peyote' is probably more accurate. The name 'peyote' is from the Aztec *peyotl*, which in the Nahuatl language means 'cocoon.' The Indians of the United States and Mexico who use it have different names for it. Among the Tarahumaris of Chihuahua it is known as *hikori*, among the Tepehuane of Durango as *kamba*, among the Kiowas as *seni*, among the Comanches as *wokowi*, and among the Mescalero Apaches as *ho*.

The peyote cult is widespread among the Indians and extends even to the tribes as far north as the Canadian border. To the Indians the cult is a distinctly religious one and the missionaries seem unable to break its hold upon them. The Bureau of Indian Affairs reports that 'to the missionary the use of peyote is paganism arrayed against Christianity — the power of a drug against the elevating influence of the Cross.' The early missionaries regarded the use of peyote as a sin comparable to cannibalism. Safford found the following questions in a religious manual published in 1760 for the use of the missionaries in their work with the Indians of San Antonio, Texas:

Has comido carne de gente? (Hast thou eaten flesh of man?)

Has comido el peyote? (Hast thou eaten the peyote?)

The Indians of to-day who practise the peyote cult have adopted, in the ceremonies connected with its use, many of the outward forms of Christianity. The following native account of the origin of the peyote cult, taken from Paul Radin's study of the Winnebago Tribe, shows plainly the influences of the Christian myths: —

> Once in the south, an Indian belonging to the tribe called Mescallero Apache was roaming in the country called Mexico, and went hunting in the high hills and got lost. For three days he went without water and without food. He was about to die of thirst, but he continued until he reached the foot of a certain hill, on top of which he could find shade under a tree that was growing there. There he desired to die. It was with the greatest difficulty that he reached the place, and when he got there he fell over on his back and lay thus, with his body stretched toward the south, his head pillowed against something. He extended his right arm to the west and his left arm to the east, and as he did this he felt something cool touch his hands. 'What is it?' he thought to himself. So he took the one that was close to his right hand and brought it to his mouth and ate it. There was water in it, although it also contained food. Then he took the one close to his left hand and brought it to his mouth and ate it. Then as he lay on the ground a holy spirit entered him and taking the spirit of the Indian carried it away to the regions above. There he saw a man who spoke to him. 'I have caused you to go through all this suffering, for had I not done it, you would never have heard of the proper (religion). It was for that reason that I placed holiness in what you have eaten. My Father gave it to me and I was permitted to place it on the earth. . . . Earth-maker is my father. Long ago I sent this gospel across the ocean, but you did not know of it. . . . I have placed my holiness in this that you eat.' . . . Then he told him to go home. . . . On his return he built a peyote lodge and for four nights he taught the people how to eat peyote.

The cult cannot, however, compete with such emotional extravaganzas as the native Shakerism. Its present popularity seems to be due to the personal ambitions of natives who

exploit it as a means of achieving success.

II

The use of the drug was first called to the attention of the public in 1891 by Mr. James Mooney of the United States Bureau of Ethnology, who had assisted in the mescal rites of the Kiowa Indians. Three years later Dr. D. W. Prentiss and Dr. F. P. Morgan were able to obtain a sufficient quantity of the drug to conduct experiments and were the first to observe its effects scientifically. Shortly after their experiments three men of marked ability — Weir Mitchell, William James, and Havelock Ellis — experimented with it on themselves and reported the results.

Weir Mitchell was the first of the three to experiment with the drug. About 'noon on a busy morning' Mitchell took one and one-half drachms of an extract 'of which each drachm represented one mescal button.' One hour later another drachm was taken, and at about four o'clock he took an additional half ounce. The experiment was highly successful. Gorgeous colors and wonderful shapes floated before his eyes. One vision impressed him deeply: 'An edge of a huge cliff seemed to project over a gulf of unseen depth. My viewless enchanter set on the brink a huge bird claw of stone. Above, from the stem or leg, hung a fragment of the same stuff. This began to unroll and float out to a distance which seemed to me to represent Time as well as immensity of Space. Here were miles of ripped purples, half transparent, and of ineffable beauty. Now and then soft golden clouds floated from these folds, or a great shimmer went over the whole of the rolling purples, and things, like green birds, fell from it, fluttering down into the gulf below. Next, I saw clusters of stones hanging in masses from the claw toes, as it seemed to me miles of them, down far below into the underworld of the black gulf. This was the most distinct of my visions.' The visions closed with the beach at Newport, the waves 'liquid splendors, huge and threatening, of wonderfully pure green, or red or deep purple, once only deep orange, and with no trace of foam. These water hills of color broke on the beach with myriads of lights of the same tint as the wave.' The physiological experiences were not pleasant, and he wrote that the show was expensive. 'The experience, however, was worth one such headache and indigestion, but was not worth a second.'

Mitchell was one of several medical men to whom the government had sent quantities of the drug for experimental purposes, and, after experimenting upon himself, he sent a supply to William James. James's experience was an unhappy one and he recorded it in a letter to his brother Henry. 'I had two days spoiled by a psychological experiment with *mescal*. . . . Weir Mitchell . . . sent me some to try. He had himself been "in fairyland." It gives the most glorious visions of color — every object thought of appears in a jeweled splendor unknown to the natural world. It disturbs the stomach somewhat, but that, according to W. M., was a cheap price, etc. I took one bud but three days ago, was violently sick for twenty-four hours, and had no other symptom whatever except that and the *Katzenjammer* the following day. I will take the visions on trust!'

In the spring of 1897, Havelock Ellis was able to obtain a small sample of mescal, and on Good Friday of the same year he prepared a concoction of three buttons and drank it at intervals between 2.30 and 4.30 P. M. He was the first European investigator to test its vision-producing properties. The experiment was conducted in the quiet

rooms in the Temple Ellis occupied when in London. His first symptom was a 'consciousness of energy and intellectual power.' Weir Mitchell had likewise experienced the same intellectual exhilaration, and had unsuccessfully experimented, during the course of the emotional state, with the writing of poetry.

Ellis's visionary experiences, unlike those of William James, were eminently satisfactory. 'Every color and tone conceivable to me,' he wrote, 'appeared at some time or another. . . . At first there was merely a vague play of light and shade which suggested pictures, but never made them. Then the pictures became more definite, but too confused and crowded to be described, beyond saying that they were of the same character as the images of the kaleidoscope, symmetrical groupings of spiked objects. Then, in the course of the evening, they became distinct, but still indescribable — mostly a vast field of golden jewels, studded with red and green stones, ever changing. This moment was, perhaps, the most delightful of the experience, for at the same time the air around me seemed to be flushed with vague perfume — producing with the visions a delicious effect and all discomfort had vanished, except a slight faintness and tremor of the hands, which, later on, made it almost impossible to guide a pen as I made notes of the experiment; it was, however, with an effort, always possible to write with a pencil.'

About 3.30 A. M. the effects of the phenomena diminished and he fell into a peaceful and dreamless sleep. He awoke at the usual hour with no unpleasant reminiscences. 'Only my eyes,' he wrote, 'seemed unusually sensitive to color, especially to blue and violet. I can, indeed, say that ever since this experience I have been more æsthetically sensitive than I was before to the more delicate phenomena of light and shade.'

Some time later he again put himself under the influence of mescal to test the effect of music upon the visions. 'The chief object of the tests was to ascertain how far a desire on the composer's part to suggest definite imagery would affect my visions. In about half the cases there was no resemblance, in the other half there was a distinct resemblance, which was sometimes very remarkable. This was especially the case with Schumann's music, for example, with his *Waldszenen* and *Kinderszenen;* thus "The Prophet Bird" called up vividly a sense of atmosphere and of brilliant feathery birdlike forms passing to and fro, "A Flower Piece" provoked constant and persistent images of vegetation, while "Scheherazade" produced an effect of floating white raiment, covered by glittering spangles and jewels. In every case my description was, of course, given before I knew the name of the piece.'

III

Since the experiments of the early investigators the properties of the drug have been further analyzed, and in the years 1926, 1927, and 1928 three monographs devoted exclusively to the subject appeared in three different countries. *Le Peyotl,* by Alexandre Rouhier, was the first to appear; *Der Meskalinrausch, seine Geschichte und Erscheinungsweise,* by Dr. Kurt Beringer, the second; and *Mescal: the 'Divine' Plant and Its Psychological Effects,* by Dr. Heinrich Klüver of Columbia University, the third. Dr. Klüver's volume was published in London. While the work that has been done on the drug has resulted in the accumulation of a considerable amount of material with respect to certain of its properties, there remain fields of psychological

inquiry that have not been touched upon, and it was with the view of testing certain of the lesser-known qualities of the drug that an experiment was conducted with the author of this paper as the subject, on March 24, 1929, in conjunction with one of the physicians of the Johns Hopkins Hospital.

About nine o'clock in the morning a dose of .3 gramme of the drug was injected intramuscularly. For a brief while there were no sensations; then began a slight nausea, which was relieved, save for a sensation of obstruction in the throat, by lying upon the back and breathing deeply. The pulse fell rapidly from seventy-two to sixty, accompanied, however, by no loss of bodily vigor, though for the greater part of the experiment I lay upon a couch in order to experience the full benefits of the drug. I was quite definitely aware, moreover, of an increase in intellectual force which seemed to disclose the fallacy of a philosophical argument of J. M. Keynes with which for the last day or two I had been concerned. This increase was, however, deceptive, as I learned the next day, for a reëxamination of Keynes's argument proved that its validity could not be impugned by the point suggested under the influence of mescal. Toward the cessation of the feeling of nausea, which lasted not longer than half an hour and which was accompanied by one or two spasms of the diaphragm but no vomiting, the visions began. Contrary to the experiences of other investigators, the appearance of the visions was not gradual, but began with the suddenness of an image projected by a stereopticon. Clearly, and at once, I saw a spiked cylindrical object of brilliant flashing colors suspended in a space of the deepest blue. The scene persisted for perhaps three minutes and then vision followed vision in indescribable and riotous profusion. For the most part the pictures were unrelated to experience and are impossible to describe, but occasionally, among the hundreds of images that appeared and changed and disappeared, there would occur some recognizable object: for a moment I saw a pearl of monstrous size and of the silkiest lustre suspended above two saw-toothed designs that moved back and forth across one another; I saw a room whose corners were nicely rounded, as were also the edges where the walls met floor and ceiling, and so startlingly immaculate was it that, had it not been composed entirely of multitudinously, deeply colored tiles set in constantly shifting patterns, I should have supposed it to be a room miraculously translated from one of the Utopias H. G. Wells has so often and hygienically imagined; again, great Renaissance picture tapestries of the finest detail and execution and marvelously rich with gold floated slowly upward, keeping time with distinctly audible music, which, I reasoned, came from a graphophone in a neighboring room, but which I learned later was only a product of my imagination.

But altogether, as I have mentioned, the pictures were, save for a few exceptions, indescribable. Nine tenths of the pictures were composed of geometrical forms which passed before the eyes in no uniform motion, but from left to right and right to left and up and down. At one time, for perhaps half an hour, there was a series of several hundred pictures of machinery, likewise in geometrical form and in violent motion, and at another time I saw hundreds of modern French paintings (influenced perhaps by a recent visit to a gallery devoted almost exclusively to such paintings) individually and in collections, but rich in color beyond the dreams of any painter. The visions seemed to approach a peak, accom-

panied also by a sensation of physical exhilaration or bodily intoxication, and at what appeared to be the maximum point there occurred the most satisfactory experience of the experiment from the standpoint of the loveliness of the visions. A delicious feeling of well-being and tonicity was suffused throughout the whole body. The picture that took shape was of incredible magnificence. I was looking into the depths of space — of a blue so vivid, so clear, that I seemed to see it for the first time, and to be conscious of it with an intense awareness equal perhaps to that of the mystics at the beginning of the Christian era who turned their eyes skyward and discovered, for the first time in the history of the race, the color blue, to which, apparently, all races had been insensitive, as if afflicted with a racial color blindness.

The overwhelming depth of the vision illustrated far more strikingly than would be possible by graphical representation the truthfulness of Spengler's observation that blue is the color of expanse and distance and boundlessness. Scattered in clusters throughout this space of blue were galaxies of golden stars that were, like the stars of reality, not disks, but points; and intermingled with the stars large orange and yellow nebulæ moved in elliptic and circular orbits. The nebulæ and stars were not projected against space as against a curtain, but inhabited it and made the picture as three-dimensional as a cube. Indeed, a characteristic of all the visions into which spatial qualities entered was their strikingly three-dimensional properties. Suddenly, as I watched the scene, I yielded to a belief that by an effort I could peer into the centre of space, and the stars and nebulæ, instead of passing from left to right or right to left as the other pictures had done, streamed by me, on either side, in a welter of gold and orange and yellow. But only for a moment. The scene changed and I saw the blue sea. A beautiful white wave came from across the wide expanse of water, curving counter-clockwise, and as it approached the foreground it broke and dissolved into soft and bubbly colors. Thereafter the visions declined in intensity and were composed largely of novel geometrical forms. My eyes, I found, were painfully sensitive to light. The visions, moreover, vanished upon opening the eyes and were not visible even in a room from which all light was excluded. Pictures continued to form, though more faintly as the afternoon progressed, until I fell into a dreamless sleep about 7.30 P. M.

In the morning, before the visions had reached their peak, the attempt had been made, with surprising results, to test the influence of music. Three graphophone records of pieces with which I was not familiar were played and descriptions of the visions that were induced or occurred while the music was being played I dictated before the titles were divulged. Schumann's 'Quintet in E Flat Major' was the first piece. Three distinct pictures formed: a pattern of flashing, gold inlaid, exquisitely decorated Turkish swords, golden stars in space, and two knights in full regalia with broad cloaks elaborately designed flung about their shoulders, charging each other upon great white horses. Rimski-Korsakov's 'The Sea and Sinbad' followed: at the first strains of the music a picture of indescribable loveliness formed; sea gulls flew in sweeping flights over a blue sea against a sunset of gorgeous colors. The gulls seemed to be riding upon the wind, which I felt could almost be seen. The picture changed suddenly and I was looking into the depths of a tremendous whirlpool whose sides, of a deep blue, were flecked with particles

of the brightest gold. As suddenly as this picture formed it was succeeded by a scene of tall waves proceeding evenly across the picture. The music closed, however, with a picture of lumps of sugar arranged in geometrical patterns. The last piece was the fourth movement of 'Scheherazade, The Festival at Bagdad.' Some time elapsed before any pictures formed, and then, indistinctly, there appeared the interior of a Gothic cathedral with a crimson throne high in the centre. This picture persisted for a moment, to be succeeded by a view of hundreds of women in Oriental costumes of no striking ornamentation spread in patterns over a brown hill and swaying gently to the music. This picture persisted throughout the course of the music.

IV

The intensity of the colors and the novelty of the visions seem to be the chief characteristics of mescal intoxication. Each picture is vividly colored and each color is as vivid almost as an arc light. Opening the eyes upon what would ordinarily appear as a colorful and lovely spring day, with the flowers in bloom and the green grass warm in the bright sunshine, discloses a world that is drab and dreary compared with the world seen with closed eyes. The visions, in the great majority of cases, were of unfamiliar scenes, over which little control could be exercised. I attempted, for example, to visualize a lake, and the picture that formed showed only the edge of a lake, on which a brown Indian sat in a brown canoe against a poisonously bright tropical jungle that appeared as if it might have been painted by Rousseau.

Whether the drug possesses any therapeutic value is not, at present, certain. Prolonged indulgence in it, however, is probably harmful, though this also is by no means certain. Among the Indians who use it habitually a shiftlessness of character and a lessening of resistance to disease have been observed by missionaries, and some cases of heart failure or hemorrhage while under its influence have been reported. Organizations of missionaries are actively engaged at the present time in securing the suppression of the drug, though whether they are motivated by a belief in the harmfulness of its physiological effects or by the fact that the Indians, so long as they continue to indulge in it, remain indifferent to the virtues of Christianity is not clear. At all events the Western States, under the exhortations of the missionaries and over the vehement protests of Indian leaders, are beginning to curb its use by legislation. The Paris press has also recently carried on a campaign to prohibit its use in France, where it has taken a strong foothold. Attempts have been made to suppress the drug as an intoxicant, and also under the Food and Drugs Act, but the courts have held that it is not an intoxicant, and as the Food and Drugs Act states that the term 'drug' 'shall include all medicines and preparations recognized in the United States Pharmacopœia or National Formulary' its use cannot be regulated under that act, since the United States Pharmacopœia and National Formulary do not recognize it.

The chief value of mescal seems to lie, however, in its use as an instrument for psychological and psychiatric investigation. The field of eidetic imagery in psychology and the psychiatric investigation of hallucinations may perhaps yield profitable results when studied in the light of the phenomena of mescal visions. Aside from the interest that may attach to the drug as a possible therapeutic agent, it also possesses an importance from the point of view of its educational effect upon

those who have once or twice been under its influence. Havelock Ellis has remarked that to be admitted to the rites of mescal is 'an educational influence of no mean value.' Certainly sensitivity to color and the capacity for its enjoyment are increased. Only those who possess robustness of health seem to be able to derive any enjoyment or benefit from it, however, and in that, as Ellis has likewise pointed out, lies the safeguard against its widespread use. Even where robustness of health is present, the subsequent physiological effects are too costly to admit for the civilized man, if not for the savage, more than one or two experiences with the drug. But to experience its intoxicating qualities even once is to look ever afterward upon the external world with at least a keener appreciation of color.

THE MIDDLE YEARS AND THE END[1]

BY HARRIET CONNOR BROWN

I

THOSE first years of ours in Iowa were the bitter years just before the outbreak of the Civil War (said Grandmother Brown). We were abolitionists, of course. It was bred in our bones to hate slavery. You might say it was part of our inheritance as children of the Northwest Territory. Both Dan'l's people and mine were clear on that point. We were accustomed from our earliest youth to seeing runaway slaves along the Ohio River and advertisements offering rewards to anyone who would return them to their masters. I remember seeing slave owners coming over from Kentucky with chains and whips, looking for their slaves, and my horror at the sight. I remember particularly one time when we were living at the Brice House, seeing a man there who had caught his slave and was taking him back handcuffed. The black man had to eat weighted with irons. Think of a nice little girl standing in the dining-room door seeing that pitiful sight! Someone said the other day that the negroes were better off in slave days than they are now. How could that be, when now their children are taught and they are treated like human beings? See what good ministers some of them are! One of them preached a fine sermon here in our Presbyterian church not so long ago.

Oh, I never could have been anything but an abolitionist, a Whig, a Republican.

Dan'l felt the same way. Once, coming home from New Orleans, he saw a slave sale in St. Louis, saw men and women exposed for sale on a block in front of the courthouse, saw the auctioneer trying their agility and running his finger around their mouths exactly as if they were horses. We all *hated* slavery. My father helped many a slave get away on the underground railway and Dan'l's folks did too.

[1] 'Grandmother Brown's Hundred Years,' from which the *Atlantic* has borrowed several characteristic chapters, is now published in book form. — EDITOR

Naturally our children imbibed our feelings in regard to the institution of slavery. That meant trouble for them almost from the first in the country schools of southeastern Iowa. Denmark was an exception with its abolitionists and fugitive slaves.

I remember how mad Lizzie was when some children at school called her 'a black abolitionist' and sang: —

> 'Douglas rode a white horse,
> Lincoln rode a mule —
> Douglas is a wise man,
> Lincoln is a fool.'

But when she wept about it at home Dan'l said, 'Why, of course you're an abolitionist — a black abolitionist. *You* don't want slaves.' He explained it all to her and she went back to school and said to the children, 'I am what you say I am and proud of it.' And when they'd abuse Lincoln she'd fairly yell and dance with rage. Lincoln did n't know she was such a booster. During the war there were continual rallies in Fort Madison and Denmark. Often a Copperhead would make a slighting remark about Uncle Sam or about Lincoln, a soldier would resent it, and then there would be a fight.

There were about as many rebels along the Missouri border as there were Union men. Our countryside was very unsafe in those days. Folks would drive off each other's cattle and steal anything they could lay hands on. When the Lincoln and Douglas campaign was on, Will and Charlie joined the 'Wide-Awake Boys' in hip-hurrahing for Lincoln. They'd get together down in Augusta and march back and forth, carrying lamps filled with crude oil. It looked rather pretty as they described figures in their marching. There was a tonguey lawyer over in Fort Madison making speeches for Douglas, but nothing he or anyone else could have said about how Kansas should come into the Union would have changed our boys' allegiance to Lincoln. They were thoroughly grounded in the principles of the abolitionists. Dan'l and I had read aloud to them Harriet Beecher Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, as it came out, serially, in the paper. They'd just get 'raring' mad over that story. And over in Denmark there was a good man named Cable, who had known their Grandfather Foster back in Ohio and worked with him helping slaves get away. I remember his driving over to our farm one day and telling us about his experiences. The boys sat on the edge of their chairs taking it all in.

It seemed afterward as if we had seen that war coming all our lives, but at the time when Fort Sumter was fired upon we were as excited as if the course of events had been wholly unforeseen. Feeling against President Buchanan was very strong with us. He was clearly a Southern sympathizer. He had allowed the Treasury to be robbed.

Lincoln's call for volunteers reached many of our folks in Ohio, but our own particular family in Iowa was hardly subject to call at first. Will was only fourteen years old when the war broke out. But before it was over he and Dan'l both went up to Burlington to enlist. I could n't eat that day. I felt that it was no worse for my men than for thousands of others all over the land, but oh, how glad I was when they came home again after only a day's absence! Both were rejected. Dan'l had broken his arm and shoulder when he was a young man and they had been so set that he was never again able to straighten out his arm completely. And a chisel had fallen on Will's bare foot when he was a child and cut off two of his toes. The doctor had sewed them on again, but Will had worked one toe free from the bandage so that it turned under his foot. He could never have tramped like a soldier.

Oh, that was a dreadful war! Soldiers were n't provided with doughnuts in those days. Often they had nothing but wormy hardtack and black coffee. The worms would float to the top of the coffee, but the best they could do was to skim them off and swallow the coffee thankfully. They used to beg in their letters for onions, for most of the soldiers got the scurvy for lack of fresh vegetables. Like the Irishman, they might have said, 'I prefer onions to strawberries; they 're more expressive.' No one sent them things in packages or cans; we did n't have canned goods in those days. No one knit socks for them. We scraped lint for them; now army surgeons use absorbent cotton.

I had no sons in the ranks, and I had only one day's experience. I don't know anything about the real agony of war mothers. In the World War a neighbor's son came in to tell me good-bye. A tall, straight, fine-looking young man — the work of a good woman. Is n't it terrible that he was there to be shot at?

II

As time went on, we became quite prosperous on our farm. The thing that set us on our feet was cheese-making. Our neighbor, Mrs. Andrews, had a little vat big enough to make small cheeses in. I borrowed it once and made a few. I pressed them under the fence rail with a weight on top, and they were very nice. It put Dan'l in the mind of cheese-making on a larger scale. He concluded to sell the fine carriage which we had brought with us from Ohio and so seldom used and to buy cows with the money we received from the sale. He added to our herd until they brought us an income of about $300 a month for cheese. The 'Dan Brown Cheese' made quite a name for itself in southeastern Iowa.

Cheese-making itself was not heavy work. A boy could do it. The hard part was caring for the cows and milking them, and the older boys did that. Gus stayed in the cheese house more than any of the others. One thing that I did not like about cheese-making was that it kept someone at work every Sunday. We could n't let all that cheese spoil, and the cows gave milk on Sunday the same as other days.

I found it interesting to watch the process of cheese-making. We used to strain the milk, put the rennet in, and then go to breakfast. When we had finished breakfast, it was time to cut the cheese lengthwise of the vat, then crosswise; later to drain off the whey, gather the cheese into hoops, and cap it. One has to be awfully clean with cheese, scraping out the corners of the vat thoroughly in washing it, or the cheese will be sour. I never made the cheese; merely fixed things so that they 'd be clean — the vat, the frames, the cloths — and so that the work would be easy.

Oh, yes, I did make one cheese. It became a family joke: 'Mother's Cheese.' I read in a magazine that one could make good cheese of skimmed milk, and I followed the recipe. When I thought the cheese should be ripe, I tried to cut it — but, goodness, it would n't cut any more than a piece of wood. So Charlie tried to cut it, first with a knife, then with a hatchet, finally with an axe. Half he gave to Dash, the dog, who was delighted, at first, to have for once all the cheese he wanted. But Dash grew quite melancholy working over that cheese. He had it around for months. He even buried it in a manure pile, hoping to soften it, but his hopes were never realized. The boys used to pass the other half at table to all newcomers. It looked like cheese, it smelled like cheese, — an elegant smell! — but it might as well have been rubber.

As we became prosperous, I did not become more reconciled to life on our Iowa farm. I took satisfaction in the improvements we had made, but it seemed to me that our life grew more burdensome each year. The family was larger. It seemed to take more strength to keep things going, and I had lost some of my courage when our little Lottie died. And I could n't see much opportunity in that part of the country for my children.

I look back to those years on the farm as the hardest years of my life; but there are, of course, some happy memories of the life there. Always where there are growing things — plants and children — there is beauty.

I think it was the coming of the piano that made the big change in our lives — the change that eventually led us away from the farm. Will and Charlie were young men by this time, reaching out towards a life of their own. Restless. Looking for entertainment, of course. Fine-looking young men, both of them. Both were fond of horses, and each wanted a nice team to drive. They used to go over to Stevensons' a good deal, where there were young people fond of music. One son played the violin, another the bass viol, a daughter the piano. Will would mount his horse and ride over with his fiddle under his arm to join them, and Charlie was off with a horse or team to see his sweetheart, Lyde McCabe.

Why, Will even wanted to have a horse to go off riding round on Sunday. Charlie was of a more serious nature and would n't have done that, but Will would. It got so that when Dan'l wanted a horse he almost had to ask the boys for it. He threatened to sell the horses. And one day there drove into our yard a strange man and woman, agents for the Chickering piano and the Wheeler and Wilson sewing machine. We made a deal with them for a piano worth $700. Father turned over in payment a team of horses worth $150 (a fine scheme to keep the boys more at home) and the rest in cash, including $300 that had come to me from my father's estate.

The day that piano was brought in was a great day. We sent word to the Stevensons to come over and bring with them Libbie Knapp, who was going to school at Denmark Academy and played the piano. How we made the welkin ring! The Stevensons could read music. Will could n't read a note, but once he got the melody in his head he could keep up with anybody. We played and sang for hours that day, and the old lady who had sold us the piano leaned back in her chair, listening to us and watching us all. Before she left, she suddenly pointed to Charlie Stevenson and Will, saying, 'I want this boy and this one' — Charlie to help her sell pianos and Will to sell sewing machines.

Well, they were ripe for such offers.

Charlie Stevenson and Will went with Mrs. Cole to her headquarters in Milwaukee. She kept Will there until he learned all about sewing machines. Then she gave him a horse and wagonload of machines and sent him through the country to sell them. He spent a couple of years driving thus over the State of Wisconsin. Charlie and he met regularly at the county fairs and then they had a great time, Charlie playing the piano and Will the violin. They drew crowds of rubes around them, and then they 'demonstrated' the sewing machine.

After that, Will never went back to the farm for any great length of time. He went to firing on the new railroad that ran between Fort Madison and Keokuk, but not for long. About that time he heard that a bookstore in Fort Madison, having a branch store in Keokuk, was for sale. He remembered that on a farm just outside of Fort

Madison lived Libbie Knapp, whom he had known at Denmark Academy, and he persuaded Dan'l to buy the bookstore in the hope that he would let him run it.

That fall we all moved into town except Charlie. We were all glad to go, even Dan'l. Gus had broken away the year before and gone to Fort Madison, where he got a job in Schaefer's drug store. Charlie was married the January after we left, Will the next June. Dan'l took Will and Gus into the bookstore with him and rented the farm to Charlie for five years until Charlie could finance the purchase of a farm of his own in Missouri. Then Dan'l sold the farm for $10,000.

I've often thought that a considerable part of that $10,000 surely belonged to me, for all our married life I was just saving, saving. We should n't have had anything if I had n't been. The secret of the whole thing was just dimes, dimes. I never got anything I did n't need, and when I had it I took care of it. A neighbor who saw me patching an old dress said, 'I'd never try to save an old calico dress!' Well, *I* would. I'd save anything that could be used. Our neighbor Mr. McChord said to Brother John: 'Some of the rest of us could own a farm and store and move into town if our wives knew how to save the dimes as your sister does.'

We received $10,000 for a farm that had cost us only $3500. But it had cost us, in addition, fourteen years of our lives and most exhausting labor. It had been little better than a wilderness when we took it; we left it in a good state of cultivation. Those fourteen years seemed a long time to me, a big price to pay. We had buried there two children, and our youth was gone. Eight months before we left the farm our last child was born there, a boy whom we named Herbert Daniel.

When I felt the first birth pangs at his coming I was on my knees scrubbing the pantry floor. To give him birth caused me almost as much suffering as my first child had caused. But he was the last.

I was nearly forty-three years old and my hair was gray by this time. My neighbor Mrs. Johnson said she'd be so ashamed she would n't know what to do if she had a baby after her hair was gray.

Only — I'm proud of the baby of my old age that Mrs. Johnson told me I ought to be ashamed of. He's a useful man down there in Washington.

III

Fort Madison in 1870 was a town of perhaps five thousand people, with about forty saloons and no plumbing. It was hot in summer down there between the river bluff and the river. Only two or three families had then thought of building up on the hill. But, after the farm, it all looked good to me.

It was several years before we had a home of our own again, and for the first few weeks we lived on Front Street. The life on the river fascinated me. Steamboats carrying passengers and pushing raft boats plied up and down the stream, and I was never tired of watching them. I would get up in the night when I heard a boat coming; I used to think it a beautiful sight to see one steaming up the river all aglow with lights. Come to think of it, the very first electric lights I ever saw were on a river steamboat.

Then we lived for a couple of years in a house next to Dr. Toof, the dentist, on Third Street. Dr. Toof stuttered. He came across to get some water from our well one day when I was on the back porch cutting Dan'l's hair. 'Th-th-at's the w-way you s-s-ave your d-d-imes, is it?' he ha-ha'd as he went

by. Why, of course I always trimmed Dan'l's hair and beard. I cut the boys' hair also as long as we lived on the farm. I did it well, too.

When Herbert was about five years old we bought this old home, and I have lived here now for over half a century. It had been built in 1841, the year that the Court House was erected. Two stories in front, one at the rear. Back of that were the washhouse, woodhouse, and stable with a warehouse above. Gus said that the house 'looked like a cow lying down.' It was n't much. We bought it of an old seafaring man who had a wife as rough in her speech as he was. When I made some criticism of the house she said, 'I'm not selling you the damned old house — I'm just selling you the lots.'

Those *were* beautiful. The trees — fine old oaks full of squirrels — would have made any corner beautiful. Then Dan'l planted a maple tree at the back which shaded our kitchen nicely for years and years. I hated to have Gus cut it down when he made over the old house. Herbie — the little baby boy — had held up that maple tree while his father was planting it. But it offended Gus; a limb fell down and broke his bird basin. He tore down the grape arbor, too, that used to flank the house just outside the dining room, and he closed up the well. I think the way we had it, with the brick pavement and the grape arbor just outside the dining room, was nice. It was pleasant and cool to sit there in summer and look out into the depths of the garden in the days before we had given Will two of the lots to build his house on, when the garden really *was* something. 'T was a beautiful place those first ten years.

The corner of the fence was just full of roses. And to the left of the house there was a row of hollyhocks; they were like great double roses. At one time we had quantities of sunflowers at the back. I remember how Herbie trimmed our Jersey cow from horn to horn with little sunflowers, a wreath around her neck and a girdle of big ones across her back. Then he drove her down to the watering trough in front of the *Democrat* to show her off.

We always kept a cow, of course, and a few chickens and turkeys; at first also some white pigs and a hive of bees. I was amused one time when we had nine little turkeys. Coming home from church on Sunday morning, I found the whole nine sitting in a row on the front porch as if waiting for me. We ate some of them, but Herbie did n't like the idea. 'It's just a shame to pet them and then *eat* them!' he said. He was like Lincoln with his pig. We had one turkey that kept going over into a neighbor's yard where there was a high bunch of weeds, higher than your head. The turkey made her nest there. Dan'l told the neighbor about it and asked him to spare her, but he was a sour old man; he cut down the weeds and spoiled her nest. She flew up on the fence and never would come down to eat; stayed up there until she fell off dead. I had no idea a feathered fowl could be so sensitive, but she was.

I could n't do much in the next dozen years. During the whole of Herbie's childhood I was a poor sick thing. And so there were a great many days and weeks at that time when I lay in bed all day with only my baby boy to keep me company. For a good while, life seemed to pass me by. I felt old and worn, and I thought that I looked prematurely old. My hair was white. Stung by Mrs. Johnson's amazement at my having a baby after my hair had turned, I dyed it, using a recipe that I found in a paper.

Yes, I was just silly enough to do it. I continued to keep it dyed for a while after we came to Fort Madison. And then I suddenly came to my senses and

saw that my face did n't match the dyed hair. A servant girl who came to us stared at me and then at Dan'l. 'Be you his wife? I thought you was his mother,' she said. She had only one eye, but she should have seen better than that! I decided to let my hair be any color it would. But I suffered a lot in my pride before I had it all white again. Slowly, so slowly, the clean white streak got wider and wider, while the rest was a dirty green.

I got rather melancholy, being in poor health, and alone so much. And I was n't happy in my church associations. I wanted to unite with the Presbyterian church where I belonged, but I had persuaded myself that it was my duty to go with Dan'l to the Baptist church. When we were living on the farm, a minister of the Baptist church came out to the schoolhouse near by and preached. Dan'l and Charlie united with the church. Later, Will and Charlie and Dan'l and I were all immersed in the Fort Madison church. In black alpaca slips, with bare feet! Why, the whole front of their rostrum was a bathtub!

Dan'l was religiously inclined all his life; seemed to like to go to church. All his people were Universalists, but at Amesville we went often to the Presbyterian church.

I thought it did n't make much difference what church we went to, so long as it was a Protestant denomination. But I always thought that the Close Communion of the Baptists was wrong. I used to wonder what I'd do when my mother came to see us some Communion Sunday, and, because she was a Presbyterian and not a Baptist, would have to be excluded from the Communion table where Dan'l and I would be welcome. I worried about it quite a bit. And then, when such a Sunday came and we were on our way to the Baptist church in Fort Madison, a terrible rain cloud appeared in the sky. We whirled around and drove home again. And that was the way of that. Afterward, in Fort Madison, Sister Ann and her husband, both Presbyterians, were visiting us on Communion Sunday. When they got up to go out, I went with them, stared at by the whole congregation.

It's just like this: We've no right to say who is worthy of Communion. If Jesus were here on earth now, there would be a multitude following Him all the time. Just as there was then! Every request a poor soul made of Him was granted. No place would be big enough for the crowds, unless it would be the park. He would bid them all come to Communion. It's what the heart feels that counts. It reminds me of what Hedel Schultz, a girl that worked for us, said to me. She had been to confession. 'God is the only one that can forgive our sins,' I told her. She answered: 'Mrs. Brown, you don't know how I am inside. I'm praying when I am peeling potatoes.' I've had so many Catholic girls working for me who were exemplary in every way that it does n't become me to say anything against Catholics, even though I am a Presbyterian. There was Mary Voight. I said to her: 'Why, this is n't Friday! You've eaten no meat. You've hardly touched your breakfast.' And she answered, 'Well, Mrs. Brown, if you must know, I'm fasting while I pray for a friend.' Now that's *real.* Ah, there's lots o' good in Catholicism. Remembering Lent's a mighty good thing. And so I decided that Close Communion would n't do for me. It is n't right to say who shall and shan't commune. Let God be the judge!

There's so much I don't understand in all the churches. I pass it over. I just live by what I understand. I understand what love means — that's enough.

No, I wasn't happy among the Baptists! I was very unhappy. But all the time I did my duty. Dan'l was a pillar of the church for many years and I stood by him, going to meetings when I felt able and feeding generously all the brethren he brought home. All the visiting deacons and itinerant preachers stopped with us when in town. It makes me think of what Georgiana Rochester said when my brother drove her home from a party and the chickens all began to fly as they turned in at the gate. 'Dear me! They think it's a preacher coming!' The fatted calf we killed for preachers in those days was usually fried chicken.

For a while the Baptist minister and his wife lived at our house and boarded with us. They did a good deal to wean me from their church. In the first place, Brother Jones — that name will do for him as well as any other — was always preaching Temperance and he was one of the most intemperate people I ever saw. He used to get all tea'd up on tea — the strongest anyone could drink, cup after cup. And then how he'd carry on, berating everyone! He had ten weeks of 'protracted meeting' that winter; about wore us out, scolding and scolding. One night he got hold of a nice comfortable text. It was so restful for a change that I rose in meeting and made a speech myself, saying that we were so glad to be praised a little after having been scolded so much. Once, while he was having meetings, Gus had a carbuncle and I stayed to dress it. I came in late. And then Brother Jones knelt down and scolded away to the Lord about my being so late. That's no way. God is Love. He does n't rave and go on at us like that.

My dissatisfaction with the Baptist church worried me for years, but finally I made up my mind to go back where I belonged. We were visiting a cousin, Sarah Glazier, who had married a man named John Patterson. John had been brought up a Quaker and had the nice Quaker ways. He led the Wednesday night prayer meeting, and on the way home he and Dan'l lingered behind, talking together. Next morning Sarah said to me: 'Dan'l told John that he expected you would leave the Baptist church and go back to the Presbyterian, and that if you did he meant to follow.' Well, it did n't take me long to change over after that.

IV

It took years to work out my church relations. In the meantime I had a long struggle with ill health. My little boy Herbert was my closest and most constant companion in those difficult years. I was n't equal to any more hard work. When I could sit up, I occupied myself as usefully as possible with my needle. I made hundreds of yards of carpeting. At one time I had four rooms and the stairs and the hall upstairs all covered with my own carpeting. I was particularly proud of the stair carpet. I made it so that the stripes — of bright colors — ran up and down the stairs. I bossed the weaving of it, invented a special way of having it done, and got the woman who did it to follow my instructions, so that every step looked just like every other one. I've had more people admire that carpet and wonder how it was made!

While I sewed, Herbie was always at my side. He was the best-natured child I ever saw. One result of his being by my sick bed so much was that he learned to spell at a tender age. It was one of the games I had to think up to keep him amused. He soon knew all the letters on his blocks. Then I began teaching him to spell the names of things around the room. Before he was five years old he could spell about two hundred words — hard words, too, like 'bureau,' 'cupboard,' 'biscuit,' though they were

words that he used all the time. And so it happened that he spelled the town down when he was only five years old.

You see, they were having a spelling bee in the Court House. Herbie heard it talked about. It seemed as if, just then, all the energies of his mind were directed to knowing just how every object he saw or used was spelt. I sent him to the store one day on an errand and watched him go through the gate, hesitate, and come running back to me. 'What's the matter now?' I wondered. 'It takes a *g* to spell "gate,"' he said. 'What for a *g* to spell "gnat"?'

I listed the words that I knew Herbie could spell, and I said to Gus: 'Now I want you to take Herbert to the spelling bee. You tell Mr. Johnson, after the school has spelled, to call off these words and hear the baby spell.'

It was a warm night and the windows were open. After a while I could hear a terrible stomping and shouting. I said to myself, 'They like the baby's spelling.' And so they did. But Mr. Johnson had n't done just what I had asked. He had put Herbie in the class with the others and then he had given the class Herbie's list of words. One after another missed a word and sat down, and finally Herbie stood there alone — or sat, rather, for Judge Van Valkenburg held him on the desk, standing beside him. 'Good for you, Herbie! Don't be frightened!' he kept saying. And Herbie was n't the least bit frightened, but spelled steadily away, not only the words others had missed, but all on his list.

Then some of the people said he had no right to the prize, as he did n't go to school. But Mr. Johnson said that that made his right all the better. The prize they gave him was a handsome book, *Peeps Abroad for Folks at Home* — with his name in it and the date, 1875. He has it yet.

After that, Herbert used to ask: 'What for does John Van [as everybody used to call Judge Van Valkenburg] say, "Hello, Noah Webster!" when he meets me on the street?' 'I suppose it 's because Noah Webster made a dictionary,' I told him. Well, mothers are foolish things. They 're so wrapped up in their children.

Herbert was a strong believer in prayer when he was a little boy. There was a man named McCutcheon who used to work for Dan'l, selling sewing machines. Dan'l had added to his bookstore and picture-framing establishment an agency for the Domestic sewing machine. McCutcheon drove around the country with a cart and a couple of ponies selling machines for Dan'l. In the final settlement between the two, Dan'l was left with the ponies on his hands. One of them was a very fine little creature — we called her just Pony. But the other, named Bronco, was much inferior — a mustang with an ugly disposition. Dan'l tried hard to sell the ponies and get his money out of the deal. But Herbie had set his heart on having Pony for himself. His father would n't listen to him; said he could n't afford to lose the sale — could n't afford to keep a riding horse for Herbert, anyway. But Herbert never gave up hope, and he prayed steadily.

One night Dan'l came home saying, 'Well, I sold the ponies to-day.' 'Don't tell Herbie until morning,' I begged him. 'It will spoil his night's sleep.' The next morning I went into his room before he was up and said, 'Father sold the ponies yesterday, Herbie.' 'Then I'll have to pray some more,' he said, and down he flopped on his knees. The man who had agreed to buy the ponies backed out at the last and refused to take them. 'See?' said Herbie. 'I prayed.'

But still Dan'l would n't listen to his pleading. He decided to send the

ponies down to Charlie's for pasturage. Herbert took them, riding one and leading the other. It was a distance of about thirty miles. I felt a little anxious about letting him go alone, but the pony he rode was gentle; Herbert was a good rider, and was familiar with the road. He got the ponies there safely and came home again. He went on praying. He had only been home a few days when one morning there came a telegram from Charlie saying that Bronco had been struck by lightning. Herbert's excitement was intense. 'There, Father, you said that if anything happened to Bronco I could have Pony!' And so Dan'l gave in at last. I guess he thought it useless to hold out any longer, if the Lord was on Herbie's side (said Grandmother).

Epilogue

The years slipped past. One decade followed another — the seventh, the eighth, the ninth, the tenth. It was Grandmother Brown's hundredth year.

The cold April showers held back for Grandmother's centennial. Her day dawned clear, if not bright, amid a week of heavy downpour. One could believe that spring, at last, was on the way.

Birthday greetings began early. Although one of the oldest towns of the Middle West, Fort Madison had never before had an opportunity to honor a centenarian. At ten o'clock, the hour when Grandmother was born, the city bells and factory whistles proclaimed, by order of Mayor Tower, their joy in wishing her a happy birthday. Church bells added their jubilant clamor, Protestant and Catholic bells alike. Dear Grandmother got a big thrill, as did we all, from the three minutes of riotous sound. 'But then,' she said, naïvely, 'I really don't believe I have a single enemy in all this town and I know that I have many friends. The people of Fort Madison have been very good to me. Their loving-kindness makes me very happy.'

First, a radio concert came through the air from Davenport, the announcer telling all listeners that in Fort Madison a sweet old lady was celebrating her centennial and listening in at the morning concert. And then the boys of the high-school band called at her home and were escorted upstairs to the hall outside her room, where they played several selections. Afterward they crossed her threshold and each shook her hand. 'I made them a little speech,' she told me happily. 'Such nice young boys!'

Presents poured in. Telegrams and letters came also from old friends, tributes from business associates of her sons whom she had never met, greetings from clubs and associations. 'Just see!' she exclaimed. 'Here's a letter come by air mail. Isn't that wonderful? I think of the rhyme about Cyrus Green and his flying machine. They laughed a good deal then, because flying would n't work, but they would n't laugh now.'

Rapidly the room took on the aspect of a débutante's boudoir. The Ladies' Aid, the Missionary Society, and the Social Union of the Presbyterian church each remembered her with floral tributes. The King's Daughters sent her a hundred sweet peas. The Daughters of the American Revolution gave her a potted plant. The laundryman wrote his felicitations, and a watchman at the ice company sent her flowers. The man who cuts the grass contributed a piece of delicious cake from his own lunch basket. A colored messenger in the departmental service at Washington bestowed on her a picture of the Lincoln Memorial. But of all the gifts and greetings none meant so much to her as the telegram from South Dakota: 'Dear Mother and All: Con-

gratulations on one hundred summers to you. Wish we could have all been with you on such a rare occasion. Your boy Willie and family.'

The eldest son had suffered a third stroke of paralysis, and Grandmother Brown had been told that he had decided it would be imprudent, in view of his uncertain health, to attempt a long journey.

She might, not unnaturally, have forgotten her nap that exciting morning. But she did not. When the time came, she shooed everybody out of the room and composed herself for slumber. When she awoke, she dressed herself handsomely, unaided, in black lace for her birthday party.

'Why, Grandmother,' I said, 'I thought you wanted to be dressed in the black satin you wore at Adelaide's wedding! And she's brought the fichu for you to wear.'

'Yes, I know,' she answered. 'But I found that I should have to have the black satin altered if I wore it again. What's the use of bothering people?'

And indeed it would have been a carping critic who could have found any fault with Grandmother's appearance when she was fully dressed. On her feet the new slippers with their smart tulle bows which Adelaide had given her; at her breast the lovely corsage of orchids which Cousin Angie had brought her all the way from Philadelphia; about her shoulders the rich silk shawl with its lavender embroideries which Cousin Frankie Golden had sent her from Indianapolis. 'The Fosters are all proud. They like their Sunday clothes,' Grandmother once told me. And at age one hundred she herself had her pride in looking nice.

'You are beautiful, Grandmother,' I told her.

'My child, you've kissed the Blarney stone. Beautiful — with all these wrinkles?'

About one o'clock the guests began to gather in the lower rooms of the house. Six tables were spread for the birthday feast. Children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren, cousins, and in-laws, we made a company of forty-two — not counting Jimmie, who, at eight months, was considered better off at home than at the party with his parents, Edward and Alice.

When all was ready, a son and grandson picked up her chair and bore Grandmother down the stairs. At the foot, she was carried between an aisle of great-grandchildren who sang, kindergarten-fashion, 'Happy Birthday, Dear Grandma, to You!'

She was seated at the centre of the long hostess table in the dining room, her own born children grouped around her, their wives attending; Gus presiding at one end, Sue at the other; Grandmother's one daughter sitting opposite her, the oldest son present at her right, the youngest at her left; the three visiting cousins having seats of honor beside Gus and Sue, the rest of us mixed in between. The decorations followed a scheme of pink and white. The centrepiece was a gift from a noted candy manufacturer of Boston, a fragile ornament made to look like a great rose, its graceful petals stretching halfway across the table, a single pink taper rising above the bloom. 'Lift the petals and there's candy enough to supply a multitude!' explained Grandmother with appreciation. 'And just think, with all its delicacy, Jennie and Charl conveyed it a thousand miles in perfect condition!'

In the bay window of the dining room a long narrow table was laid for the nine youngest guests, all under twelve. There Bessie's pair of little girls kept company with three brace of small boys, Dan's two, Lynn's two, and Adelaide's two, with Frank's seven-year-old, Billy, thrown in for good

measure. And at the other four tables in the parlor the guests were grouped according to their generation, great-grandchildren of high-school age at one table, grandchildren of college age and of middle age at other tables. 'Herbert said to me,' I afterward heard Grandmother tell a friend, '"Just see, Mother, what you have started!" And I want to tell you that, as I looked over the company, I was not a bit ashamed of my work!'

As soon as all were seated, Herbert asked his mother to say the blessing and to say it loud, so that all could hear. The admonition was scarcely needed, for the strength of Grandmother's voice was one of the marvels of her personality. A moving prayer she made, with thanks to God, first of all, for music — the children's singing having stirred her heart; then thanks for family and friends, for favors of the past and future; a plea for 'guidance in ways of righteousness'; a prayer for reunion in Heaven, where nevermore partings shall be. When she had finished, all sang, some of us with parched throats and wet eyes —

> 'My country, 't is of thee,
> Sweet land of liberty!'

Since the above was written, Grandmother Brown has slipped from the clasp of Time. Toward the end her will to live weakened. Her body might have functioned longer had her spirit so inclined. But when one has finished all one's tasks, and survived every contemporary, what motive force is there to keep one going? It was partly because I saw this lagging of the spirit that I began to write these reminiscences. I wanted to put down in Grandmother's own speech for the benefit of her children's children her comments on a hundred years of history; but, more than that, I wanted to set Grandmother herself a constructive task, to give her a new interest in life.

Between the birthday parties in celebration of the completion of her ninety-ninth and the completion of her hundredth year, I sent her chapter after chapter as I put them together from the notes I had taken down at her side, and she returned them to me with occasional corrections and additions, sometimes after conference with her oldest son. When she saw her own words typed, she had doubts about the propriety of having told so many intimate matters, but we reassured her.

She was in good health and spirits in April of 1928 when the hundred-and-first anniversary of her birthday arrived, but, at her own request, there was no family reunion. About this time I tried again to interest her in the story of her life. 'Herbert has shown our book to General Dawes,' I wrote her. 'The Vice President of these United States is a busy man, presiding over the Senate by day and going to dinner parties at night, but sometime between these activities he has read your story. He says that he has read every word of it, and some of it he has read aloud to his wife. He knows that Ohio country almost as well as you do, and is proud, like you, of the part his forebears played in its development.'

Then Grandmother wrote: 'I have some beautiful, fine white wool, and I will make Mrs. Dawes a shawl, since she likes my story.' And so, at the age of one hundred and one, Grandmother Brown found herself another task.

On January 8, 1929, 'contentedly weary of life,' aged one hundred and one years and nine months, lacking only a day, she fell into her last sleep.

(*The End*)

THE BALANCE OF POWER IN GOLF

BY BERNARD DARWIN

THE American golfing authorities have lately decided to adopt a rather larger and lighter ball. The British authorities, having for some time coquetted with the idea of this new ball, have decided to give up their dangerous flirtation and cleave in virtuous orthodoxy to their present love. It is possible that America may retrace her steps or that Britain may come late and penitent to the change. It is likewise possible that each may stick to its own resolution, believing itself right and the other country wrong. That is likely enough; in spite of Mr. H. G. Wells, who wants us all to forget our nationalities, countries have a habit of believing themselves to be right. It is perhaps the more likely because, in this case, each country may be for once justified in its belief. The lighter and larger ball may turn out to be well suited to American courses, which are comparatively little afflicted by winds, while our British seaside winds might blow it so tempestuously to and fro as to make the golfer's life too hard to bear.

I am personally a little sorry that our authorities have not shown more enterprise in this matter, but I do not feel strongly about it and am not going to discuss all the pros and cons. I only want to mention one of the arguments, which is apposite to the title I have chosen for this paper. That one is that the new ball will do something to restore the lost balance in golf. This argument was very well stated by my friend, Mr. W. C. Fownes, when he was President of U. S. G. A. I cannot give his actual words, but I hope I can give something of their effect. In any sport or game there is an ideal balance which should be maintained between the two parties. In sport it is, as a rule, between the hunter and the hunted. If the fox always gets away it is poor fun for the hounds and so for their followers. It is equally poor fun if the fox never has a chance. Pickwickian students will recall Mr. Winkle's plan for improving his shooting by means of a stuffed partridge on the top of a post to be shot at from gradually increasing distances. They will also recall Sam Weller's comment: 'I know a gen'l'man, Sir,' he said, 'as did that, and begun at two yards; but he never tried it on agin; for he blowed the bird right clean away at the first fire, and nobody ever seed a feather on him arterwards.' This anecdote earned a rebuke from Mr. Pickwick, but Mr. Weller was in fact stating very well the case for the maintenance of a balance.

I

In most games the balance is one to be maintained between attack and defense. The defense must not be an impregnable stone wall, neither must the attack be a devouring flame.

I have read in an American magazine, and read with great interest though with inevitable ignorance, that the laws of American football have several times lately been changed because either attack or defense was too palpably

having the best of it. It is the same here in England with cricket. Given dry weather and a hard wicket, the batsman has dominated the proceedings. He has not always made runs quickly, for which the unscientific onlooker, who likes fun for his money, might forgive him; but he has stuck and stuck, defying the bowler and gaining now and then a painful inch or two, so that one unfinished match, unfinished even in three days, has followed another. This year an experiment has been tried, as far as first-class cricket is concerned, in the form of a slightly enlarged wicket and an alteration in the law making it more difficult for the batsman to defend his wicket with his legs. So far the result seems satisfactory and, despite dry weather and hard wickets, many more matches have been finished. The balance has been redressed to some extent in the bowler's favor. It would be impertinent for me to talk about baseball, which I have only watched once or twice with an excited but uneducated eye. So I will only diffidently add, by way of illustration, that to the English spectator, accustomed to a leisurely long-drawn-out innings, the balance seems too much in the pitcher's favor.

Golf differs from these other games in this, that the balance has to be maintained, not between the two opponents, but between man and Nature. It is only incidentally that man plays against his fellow man. He plays primarily against Nature, who provides the course and its hazards and the wind that blows across it. In her provision of the course she gets constantly more and more assistance from her ally the architect; he reënforces her and makes her more formidable. Man takes as his helpers the club maker and the ball maker, and the ball maker has been so efficient an ally that, in many people's opinion, Nature has been getting the worst of the struggle, whereby it has become a duller one. The balance, these reformers allege, wants readjusting. It cannot be any further readjusted by the lengthening of courses or the multiplication of bunkers, lest the game become a weariness of the flesh, and therefore, they say, it must be done by means of the new ball.

One great difficulty in all these questions, whatever the game, is to decide for what particular class of player to legislate. The professional billiard player has to be restricted in all sorts of ways lest he go on scoring from sunrise to sundown. The amateur of average incompetence strikes the stars with uplifted head if ever he makes half-a-dozen scoring strokes in succession. In first-class cricket, as I said, the bowler has terribly uphill work; in village matches wickets fall before his attack like corn before the sickle. And so in golf, what particular class of golfer are we considering when we say that the game has become dull through the disturbance of the balance?

Let me give an egotistical little example, which other golfers can easily translate into terms of their own experience and their own courses. Where I play at home there is a hole which I personally take leave to consider the worst hole in the world. It is supposed to be of just such a length as to give the really long driver, the unquestioned 'tiger,' the advantage that is his due. The green is on a plateau, built out in something the shape of a gun platform from the side of a hill. The ground short of the green is on a considerable slope and at the foot of that slope, as also below the green, are cavernous bunkers. I am not tigerish enough to reach that green with my tee shot. My truly hit ball flatters for a moment, only to deceive; it never quite reaches

the green — it trails away down the slope into a bunker. Even if it does not actually reach the bunker, I am left with a hideously difficult pitch to play up on to the gun platform.

I suppose that to Mr. Bobby Jones the hole might make an appeal. His ball would carry so far that the slope would have no effect on it; he would be on the green every time and get his three, and, for all I know, he would deem that hole one not merely of majestic and imposing appearance, but also one to reward real merit. The hole seems harmless and even perhaps rather amusing to those golfers whose driving is perceptibly less tigerish even than mine. They do not drive far enough to run down that slope into the bunkers, nor to get a difficult approach: they have a simple straightforward mashie shot; get their fours and think it all very capital. The Green Committee have made by way of experiment a forward tee to this hole. From it *I* can reach the green, and I am bound to say that, when I see my ball soar away over the treacherous slope to end in triumph on the plateau, the hole seems to have a certain quality that — well, in short, it is not such a bad hole after all.

But what about those still humbler ones who have been getting their fours so happily? Now their lot becomes as mine was from the back tee and they all think it the worst and unfairest of holes. Of course, a really good hole should be a good hole for everybody. I only mention this bad one in order to point my question. For which particular class of player is the balance to be adjusted? It is so dreadfully natural that we should all answer it from our own point of view. The poor never can really sympathize with the rich in finding an investment at once safe and remunerative.

II

When the balance is maintained with an ideal nicety, golf is a very great game. I never saw a finer illustration than Hagen's last two rounds at Muirfield this summer when he won our Open Championship for the fourth time. Muirfield is a long difficult course; its greens were fast and, now and again, slippery to the verge of trickiness. The wind was blowing hard. I have read some accounts of that day's golf, one or two from American pens, describing the wind as a hurricane, the conditions as appalling and cyclonic and I know not what. I have not those writers' command of language and I allowed myself the freedom of saying that they talked nonsense. The wind was a very strong wind, but it was not a tempest, nor a hurricane nor a tornado. The fight between the man and the game was a glorious one.

Hagen, at his very best as he was, assuredly could not make Muirfield look easy, but neither could Muirfield make Hagen appear to be struggling. If, as one waited for him to play, one put one's self in his place and imagined one's self confronted with his particular shot, one did realize that, for ordinary mortals, golf on that course and in that wind was too severe an ordeal; but for Hagen the balance was perfect. He had to bring forth all his powers, but nothing impossible was demanded of them. He had two 75's — just the right score, it seems to me, from the point of view of that ideal balance, not too high and not too low. It was a very fine score, the best of the day, but it was only one stroke better than Johnny Farrell's 75 and 76; it was not, to draw on the most lurid vocabulary I can muster, either 'uncanny' or 'superhuman.' It represented one of the best of golfers tested by conditions

worthy of his strength and his skill. But I freely admit that for most other people, even very good players, the test was a little too fierce, and for the ordinary rank and file of golfers it would have been altogether too much.

Let me give another example, one in which the balance was all too much in the player's favor. Mr. Bobby Jones won our Open Championship at St. Andrews in 1927 with a score — which would beforehand have been deemed incredible even for him — of 285. If Bobby had been asked whether he found the golf easy he would no doubt have mopped his brow and indignantly denied the accusation. Golf can never be easy, in one sense, in a Championship; there is the unending strain — the whole pack of pursuers, like so many ravening wolves, chasing the leader and ready to profit if he stumbles. The golf, however, was easy in this other sense that few of the holes demanded, of such a golfer as Bobby Jones, the putting forth of any supreme effort or the exhibition of all the golf that was in him. He had, of course, to make a continuous effort, but the individual shots he was called on to play were easy shots for him — a tee shot with a good margin of room and no wind to deflect the ball, a pitching shot played with some lofted club on to a comparatively slow green. There was nothing in the conditions to sift the wheat from the chaff. All that the greatest golfer in the world could do was to continue to play ordinary, simple shots just about as well as they could be played, hoping that now and again he would play one so exceptionally well as to gain a clear stroke, hoping also that now and again his competitors would make a mistake and play the easy shot badly.

Had there been a proper seaside wind and had the ground been reasonably keen instead of damp and slow with a kind of sullen slowness, we should have seen a very different contest. Bobby would very likely have done just as low a score, perhaps even a lower one, but how much more enthralling would have been the doing and the watching of it. We should have seen him using that wind so that it became his slave while it was humbler folks' master. We should have seen him not continually playing one high pitching shot with monotonous accuracy, but having to use the ground as well as the air, and playing strokes of varying elevation, sometimes a pitch-and-run, sometimes a purely running shot in order beautifully to circumvent the banks and braes which make the great fascination of St. Andrews. We should also have seen him take his wooden club through the green more often, instead of only twice in each round at the two long holes, and there is no golfer with soul so dead that he does not thrill at the sight of a full brassy shot. As it was, we saw the best of all golfers play the best possible golf suited to the conditions, but it was not, and could not be, golf in its fullness. The champion was too good for the game, which was not worthy of him.

It would, however, have been at least reasonably worthy of us, my reader, if I may do myself the honor of playing you on level terms. We should have found the holes tolerably long and our natural weaknesses would have introduced all the element of variety that we needed. We might have perceived, as in a glass darkly, that we were not being very highly tested, that we ought to be doing a good score even if we were not. We might have murmured that all this talk about the extraordinary interest in the approach shots at St. Andrews had been exaggerated. Still nobody watching us would have said that the game was

obviously too easy for us. For whom is that blessed balance to be adjusted?

III

The weather is bound to upset the balance on occasion. That cannot be helped. Indeed it is one of the charms of the game, and we would not have it otherwise. Leaving the weather on one side, the golf architects are nowadays doing their best to put it right. Once, in more primitive times, they used to blockade the tee with ramparts stretched across the course and generally make life a burden for the poor wretch whose loftiest ambition is not to top the ball in front of his nose. Now they hold, rightly, that the duffer's incompetence brings its own sufficient punishment with it and that those ramparts which make him miserable are of positive assistance to the big driver, since they help him to judge his distances. They set themselves to punish the slightly erratic shot of the strong player. They bunker the left-hand side of the fairway at long range from the tee, because the virile hook is the fault of the strong man; the anæmic slice can be left to look after itself. They do not rob the long hitter of his advantage, but they insist that he must be accurate as well as long. As far as in them lies, they play the part of that admirable thief, Robin Hood, who, so we are taught, took from the rich to give to the poor. Their intentions are excellent, their ingenuity great, and they do accomplish something, but the duffer is not always capable of taking advantage of their kindness. He will insist on getting into the bunkers that are meant only for his betters, and he gets into them with his second, or even his third, shot, whereas the great man gets into them in his first. This is, alas, the world of the big folks and nothing can alter that. Perhaps it is even unreasonable of us to expect that the game should be made as easy for us as it is for Mr. Bobby Jones. At any rate it never will be.

This question of maintaining the balance in golf arises also in another form. There must be, one supposes, an ideal proportion between the long game and the short. Whether better or worse, it is surely a little different to-day from what it once was. To-day it is not in the least inconceivable that a round of golf should be played in which half the strokes are putts. A fine golfer may take his thirty-six putts, which is usually regarded as at least decently steady putting, and get round in 72. This is a very different state of things from that in the days of the old feather ball. Let us take an example from the oldest golf club in the world, Blackheath. Up till 1840 the Blackheath Course consisted of five holes and each of the five was over four hundred yards in length. In 1818 a certain Mr. Laing, a medal winner, made a bet, recorded in the Club annals, that he would 'drive a ball five hundred feet, he having the chance of ten strokes to accomplish it.' We know, then, that a good drive under favorable conditions — for no doubt Mr. Laing picked his wind and his ground — was between 160 and 170 yards. Those five holes were therefore all of them long holes. How long they were we can judge still better by the medal winners' scores. Three rounds of the course were a medal round and the winning score was always well over 100, often round about 120, sometimes higher. When for the first time twenty-one holes were played in place of fifteen, the winner took 176 and one persistent gentleman returned 203. Doubtless the greens were much rougher than they are now and more putts were needed, but a medal winner, whose total score was 120, assuredly cannot have taken sixty

putts on fifteen greens! Let us assume the greens were bad and he a bad putter. Let us give him forty putts, and even so he took eighty shots, twice as many, to reach the greens. The balance between the long and the short game was utterly different from that of to-day; those of us who are constitutionally bad putters think it was better.

It may be said that this is such antediluvian history as to be negligible. Perhaps it is rather old, but in much more modern times the long and the short game bore a rather different proportion to one another from that of to-day. Those of us who played with gutties can well remember the time when 84 or 85 was no bad score and an Open Championship could be won with a score well over 160 for two rounds. Though the greens were not so good as they are now, they were fairly good. Granted that the average number of putts taken was rather higher than at present, the number of shots spent in reaching the green was decidedly higher. There were such things as genuine three-shot holes, and the brassy was anything but atrophied.

IV

This question has lately been discussed over here, because a correspondent in the *Times* raised the old question of a larger golf hole, and one of his arguments in its favor was that it would restore the balance between the long and the short game. The subject is one resembling that of the giant gooseberry, which has often been the prop and stay of editors; it always produces a crop of letters. One of the most interesting and authoritative letters came from a highly distinguished Scottish lawyer, Lord Dunedin. He would not have it that the balance used to be different. Here is what he said of the larger hole's advocate: —

'He begins by exaggerating the old state of things when he says that the holes with the old balls took three or four to reach. Taking St. Andrews as the links where there has been the least change in the position of the holes, it was always possible to reach the longest hole in three. . . . It is true that in the old days it took, on an average, more strokes to reach the hole than it does now. But then he assumes the putting conditions were the same. They were not; they were absolutely different, owing to the roughness of the green. . . . I have no hesitation in saying that twenty yards from the hole was the equivalent of forty yards now . . . so that just as in the long game it took on the average more strokes to reach home than it does now, so on the putting green it took more strokes on the average to get down. In other words the balance between the long game and the putting was precisely as it is at present.'

Lord Dunedin's opinion is worthy of the highest respect, and he has been a member of the Honorable Company of Edinburgh Golfers for sixty-one years. I cannot cope with so long an experience and I am sure that much of what he says is true; it is very easy to exaggerate the difficulties of the old gutty game and the powers of the modern ball. Even so, however, I do think that he puts his case too high and that putting has assumed a distinctly greater proportionate importance.

To say this is not necessarily to believe in the gospel of the larger hole. I believe that, were the hole increased, the good putter would remain good and the bad putter bad. The only thing that would change would be the length of what is vaguely called a short putt. To-day the ball is — often erroneously — deemed to be dead at two feet or so from the hole. With a larger hole it might be deemed dead at four or five or

six feet, but the great body of bad putters would continue to miss putts at that paltry distance; they would continue to attribute their failures to bad luck or bad greens, and would call gods and men to witness that this wretched, niggling business of putting played too large a part in the game. That, at least, is my own conviction, but it may be quite wrong and other people who hold diametrically opposite convictions may be quite right.

The curious thing is that, at intervals, people with missions crusade wildly in words on behalf of the larger hole, but nobody — save, I believe, at one enterprising club in the State of Maine — has ever taken the simple step of trying one. Some day it will be done and then we may have a little practical knowledge to go upon. Personally I am not anxious for the trial of any tricks. Once we start tinkering with the fundamental institutions of the game, goodness knows where we shall stop. Golf may not be perfect, but it is a very good game as it is, and experimenting with it may do much more harm than good.

I quoted Sam Weller before; let me end with some words of wisdom of his father's: 'Vether it's worth while goin' through so much, to learn so little, as the charity-boy said ven he got to the end of the alphabet, is a matter o' taste. *I* rayther think it is n't.'

THE TRADER'S WIFE

Part Two

BY JEAN KENYON MACKENZIE

I

HARFORD settled into the canvas chair that so neatly fitted the sides of his canoe; he savored the morning air of the journey with intense appreciation. He had such a passion for the forests of Africa as he could never have acknowledged, and when his little fleet left the open water for the glassy surface of the Gungwe River he was struck to the heart with a pang of delight. Here the mangrove trees were a hedge about the great park of the forest; the tide was near the full. On a full tide the canoes came to be amid high ground, the mangroves were great trees; in that narrower way the first lustre of the day was lost; the singing ceased, and Harford recognized the familiar rhythm of the journey.

He returned from his solitary excursions to the thought of Lucy's probable miseries during the furies of the day, when the sunlight would flow like a river above the brown water, when with the turn of the tide the obscene roots of the mangrove trees would stand above the slime gnarled with oysters, when the débris of the flood delayed in the ooze would give off the odor of Africa, and the great heat would press upon the canoers in their hollowed tree.

Lucy sat in a canvas chair before him; he saw the back of her wide straw bonnet and her skirts crushed into the narrow compass of the canoe. She bit a pencil and wrote on a pad upon her knee. Every crocodile sprawling on a stone amid-stream and slipping like spilled water back into the flood was a wonder to her. The sinister green lip turned by the brown water against the paddle delighted her. Now and again, when a monkey spread himself like an arabesque, small against the wall of the forest, the paddlers pointed to it, responsive to her zest. She immortalized the monkey then and there with a fine phrase; she wrote about the great and awful forest, the majestic river, the noble savages that bent to the oar. And suddenly she drooped under the sunlight that thrust a wedge between the dark shadows of the river banks. Harford called a halt at the village of Zamaliga. The canoes turned into a bywater that led to the invisible village.

Through a green tunnel of forest they came to a muddy ooze left by the tide below the bank of Zamaliga. Seven men came out of the village stockade; leaning on their spears, they observed the canoes. Those paddlers who were of the clan of the inhabitants of Zamaliga shouted to them, and the villagers, with a marked and lofty deliberation, stepped out into the ooze. They drew up the canoes; one of them picked Lucy from her chair and set her carefully on the high ground. He left a stain of palm oil on her dress. The forest shed a green stain on her. Her skirts, spread over her hoops, were too wide to pass the narrow way that entered the village; those who watched the strangers through the gun holes in the walls of the headman's house saw her remove her cage of reeds — her laughter woke the village of Zamaliga. Lucy passed into the rectangular clearing, so mediæval in its aspect, of the long narrow village, where she burst upon the vision of the old headman who had come out to greet the white man. From each of the little huts, so low under their cover of palm thatch, a leg was thrust, a head, and a body followed; the clearing, full of sunlight between the walls of the forest, was suddenly stirring with brown bodies. There was a shout from end to end of the village, and a question — was it a lad or a woman?

Lucy, weak with laughter, stooped to the entrance and drew her skirts after her into the headman's house. The headman observed her gravely; he saw the Big Massa spread a grass mat upon his bamboo bed. The woman — for he was assured by the rowers, some of whom were his own people, that this was a woman — lay laughing in the cool gloom of his house. 'She is strong for talk,' he told himself. He went out under the eaves where he kept his call drum and beat a message summoning his women from their outlying gardens — these people must be fed, he knew. 'There are strangers in the village,' cried out the beaten drum. The headman would have liked to inform his neighbor headmen of the wonder of his guests, but there was no phrase in the old drum code that was adequate for this novelty of a white woman, lying in the palaver house of the village, laughing and chattering.

Lucy looked at the rafters; they were studded with little plaintive skulls of animals, brown and varnished with smoke — reminders of the hunt. She saw the fetish images, like dolls, seated on high standing drums in the corner; she averted her eyes from their obscene gestures and their curiously vital and significant faces. The shock of their vitality was without meaning to her. The clutter in the hut, of spears and guns and dogs and hunting nets, did

not arrest her. The sound of drums, the heavy air in that brown interior, the warm thick peanut porridge that Atemba brought her and that Harford bade her eat with the bread from her basket, presently made her drowsy, and she slept, lulled by the crowd and the chatter.

The square of golden light that opened on the street was darkened by grave and curious faces; one and then another body entered, the men breeched with bark cloth, the women with bustles of dried grasses. They held their bustles against their thighs as they put their legs over the high threshold. Their heads were dressed with feathers and with disks of brass. They were entirely preoccupied with their scrutiny of Lucy pale in sleep; they understood that this was the white man's woman; they would have rejoiced to see her without the many complications of her coverings, which yet were much to be coveted. Their murmurs in Fang were anatomical in trend; Harford heard them. He wondered to find himself standing guard over a wife in a Fang palaver house, and he greatly wondered to see her sleep there like a veteran.

That night Lucy slept in the bottom of the canoe. The river ran among hills; there was a mist above the river, and a moon gilded the mist. Harford dozed in his chair; the rowers in shifts made against the current; passing canoes hailed them and were hailed again — the word of Hallifodi's white woman went up and down the river in canoes, and women in villages Lucy was never to see spoke of her daily for many days. The articulate curiosity of the women of the tribes of that river did much to stimulate Harford's trade in those first months of his trading. Through his sleep Harford heard his rowers sing a ballad of the white man and his white woman: —

'*Hé-yé-é!* Her eyes are like the eyes of the wood dove!
Hé-yé-é!
Her hair is soft like the hair of the monkey!
Hé-yé-é!
Her husband crossed in a canoe to get her!
Hé-yé-é!
And to her father her husband gave an ivory!
Hé-yé-é!
An ivory as big as your thigh, O Hallifodi!
Hé-yé-o!'

II

On the third day Lucy woke very early in the gray dawn. In the pallor of the morning, and dark against the pale stream of the sky, the trees were full of the furious contention of parrots. That matinal domestic disorder startled her; she could not think where she was that there should be a river of sky above her and her face wet with dew. There was Harford, and his face was not set toward her. The canoe floated toward a landing, a little jetty of logs thrown out against the stream. Trees hung about the water; the river might have been a little lake. A great rectangular clearing was a breach in the forest — the walls of the forest stood sheer about four or five acres of cleared ground that sloped to the river. Along the bank and not more than fifty feet from the water's edge there was a square high stockade. Above this, and on the upper stretch of the clearing where the ground was level, there was a cabin in a compound with a withy fence about it — this was Harford's house and factory. Lucy saw that her husband stared at the lower stockade; he stood in the canoe still staring; he wavered and sat down. He asked a question of his headman, who told him that this was De Sopo's barracoon, built in the last dry season; that De Sopo had sent his slaves away by canoes that made one of the Spanish ships.

The barracoon was empty, but the scent of it still hung on the air. Harford

was surprised and disheartened; all his plotted future darkened and lost its zest; his distaste for the Trade turned then and there to loathing, and his pleasure in clean barter — which had attracted him as an experiment and a venture — seemed to him now a childish dream, doomed to fail. He could have overturned the canoe in his spleen, but there was Lucy ready to stir herself, to ask her million questions, and to laugh in the face of Africa.

He did not tell her that the barracoon had been built in his absence; he looked at her harshly, begging her to remember that she was in a canoe, and not be throwing herself about. Lucy laughed. She hung on her husband's arm, climbing the slope of the hill on the little footpath that skirted the clearing and that was too narrow. It was still dark in the forest, and a smell of mould as old as time seeped through that enormous wall.

'Is it not strange, Mr. Harford,' Lucy asked him, 'that I, who was born in a city and lived in Newport all my life, should have my own first home in such a wild and lonely place? Is it not romantic?' Her husband did not answer her — he was looking grimly at his 'factory.'

The little cabin, built on stilts and made of wide plates of the bark of trees, stood with its eyes shut in the clearing. Yellow ground was beaten hard about it. At the foot of the stairs that led to the verandah an old Fang caretaker with a broom of twigs was sweeping away what was not there — his Big Massa must see for himself that Ntu Ela swept always and forever the ground that was his care. From one of the lesser cabins behind the factory Harford's carpenter came out to greet him; he was a mulatto from the Gold Coast. He told his wife later that his breath had gone straight away from his body at the sight of the white woman.

The door of the cabin was painted green — a green door! And not another in a thousand miles. Nor any other stairs in that forest. The carpenter who had made the stairs could make anything; he began at first glimpse of Lucy to devise a dress for his wife — wide like Lucy's. He opened the door of the house; in the trade room there were shelves, empty now, and a long counter. He threw back the wooden shutters; he had made these too, and admired them greatly. Off the trade room a door opened to a smaller room. Lucy saw there a slatted wooden bed, and against the wall three wooden boxes laid one above the other; she knew them for shelves, and her mind, weary with wandering among the strange things of the forest, came to rest in that room. Harford could not have guessed how much it was for her a nest. She would not see the house for the poor bleak thing it was — she curtained it and carpeted it and furnished it, and all in the moment the carpenter took to show Harford the bar he had put across the door that opened to the storehouse behind the counter. By a crazy mirror on the trade-room wall she smoothed her hair — laughing at the broken face it gave her.

Harford, standing under the eaves of the house he had thought to live in by himself and where he had thought to be the only trader, looked down the hill and into the barracoon — he could see it plainly. The high stockade of trimmed and sharpened staves was empty now, the ashes of its many little fires cold on the ground. He communed with himself; his wife, calling him, woke him to a forgotten presence. He saw her freshly against the background of the place to which he had brought her: her hardihood and vigor struck him, and it came into his mind that she was a singularly fearless woman. He remembered her lying asleep under the

mists and the moonlight in the bottom of the canoe — impressing upon his inattentive memory an indestructible image, more beautiful than she had seemed to be.

They sat at a table on the verandah. Atemba, having mysteriously achieved a checkered cloth of red and white, served them, as he had learned to do, with what food was to be had, and the acquired arts of Taylor's steward. Behind the constant fabric of Lucy's chatter Harford heard the drums of the neighboring villages. Up and down and across the river, in villages under the cover of the forest, the Fang were drumming out the news that Hallifodi had come back with much goods for barter. Noon, he knew, would find his yard full of his neighbors. Up the path from the river, as his men brought his canoes alongside, others of them carried his bales of cotton, his bales of dried fish, his cases of rum. The great busyness of trade began to furnish his clearing with clamor, with odor, with humanity. Fortified by food and entirely engrossed in the disposal of his goods and the greetings of the headmen who pressed upon him, he was suddenly happy after his own fashion.

Harford was a born trader. He spoke the language of those with whom he traded; he had observed and he practised their customs in trading; he knew their tempo and was neither too swift nor too slow in his greetings and his bargains; he was habitually grave, but he had a reserve of sardonic humor which came into service at a moment accurately timed and effective. He was severe. For these traits he was well liked, and he was not disliked for his moody humors.

The old tattooed shrewd Fang headmen came to greet him now in their patriarchal groups, accompanied by young men beating drums, and young men carrying spears, and keepers of dogs in leashes of three, and women with painted headdresses whose bustles were painted, too. All these people welcomed him, not alone because he was the purveyor of extraordinary novelties, but because they liked him. Was he not their father, returned from paths upon the sea? And had he not passed over the tribe of the Mpongwe, defying their old taboo that none should trade with the Fang but a son of a beach tribe?

They were consumed with a passion of curiosity about Lucy. Looking at her, they sighed with wonder, snapped their fingers, and slapped their thighs; she saw herself in all those brilliant eyes, adequately mirrored and approved. Chickens were brought to Hallifodi, tied by their feet and hanging head down; fish in green leaf packets were diverted from the cooking pot; eggs — because the whites like eggs — were taken from under outraged hens; corn, peanuts, hands of bananas, honey in gourds, wild fruits of the forest — all these were brought, and not without a mingling of reluctance and calculation, to please their white man.

The trade goods were under cover before night; a Fang youth taught by Harford to keep tally had his tally ready, and it was correct. The key was turned on the heaped disorder of the storeroom; the canoe men, who would come for their pay in the morning, wandered off to the villages where they would eat and sleep; the guests, still sighing with acclamation, went away in their tribal groups.

It was cool in the empty clearing. Harford sat on the steps of his house, which looked west, smoking his pipe, dressed once again in no more than a shirt and trousers. Atemba brought good Fang chop to the red and white tablecloth. Lucy, pale with a long day of effort and minus her hoops, was too bewildered and weary to speak, and

peace fell upon that little group — so small, so dominant, and so lost in the forest. The dark settled in, and Atemba lit a lantern. Lucy leaned her head on her hand — she was devising a dress that would fit the circumstance. Harford was half asleep when his wife told him that their bed was ready; he had not thought to find a hammock for himself among the loads, and he lay down beside Lucy in the small dark room where he had bunked in times past, and which was already furnished by his wife's undisciplined presence. He felt a movement of tenderness for her fatigue, her innocent trust and courage, her facile abandonment and passion. But when she slept and moonlight fell upon her white arms and her bundles of dark hair, and her clothing hung in billows against the wall, he was oppressed; he rose and went out.

The shadow of his house was black under a blazing moon; silver struck the plumes of the banana trees that stood about his clearing; to the west and down the hill the river wore its veil of mist, and white in the moonlight was the empty yard of the barracoon. He stretched himself in his old canvas chair. The river was audible, and from the villages came the incessant trouble of the dance drums. His circumstance was perfectly familiar to him; nothing of it claimed his attention; every element in it released the man in him that Africa had made in fifteen years.

He thought of De Sopo as he had known him five years before; the two of them were then in the Trade, Harford with a firm of New Yorkers — the last of slave trading for him. De Sopo had been with a group of Portuguese, dealing directly with Bahia. These operations had been off the Muni River, which was then little visited by the British Patrol. De Sopo should be in his early thirties now — grown perhaps, Harford thought to himself, a tricky and a dirty fellow. He would be upriver now, dealing with his slaving chiefs; doubtless he would expect to be lodged when he should come down to his barracoon and while he was holding his kaffle for shipment. Taylor had spoken of De Sopo as shipping with him, but Harford had not thought to ask where he held his slaves. None of the Fang had spoken of the barracoon; it might be, as Harford knew, that they supposed De Sopo to be a partner with himself — there was nothing to forbid. He had spent a year in making his clearing and in building his houses, in establishing his trade among the Fang, and in that time he had not bought a slave, though many had been offered him. But the Fang would not so easily disassociate a white man from the Trade, and he must take his measures before De Sopo returned with his new cargo. He considered abandoning this clearing for another, turning over in his mind the locality as he knew it. But he came to the conclusion that he must dispose of his stock before coming to a decision. And he slept under the shadow of his eaves.

III

The Southern Cross leaned to its setting. It was the month of March; the rainy season was near. In the villages the people were making a magic for the felling of trees. Soon Tolo, the constellation of the Hare, would incline to the roofs of the houses in the early dark — then the sons of the Fang would burn the trees they had felled to make their new gardens. Their women would plant the seed, and all the things of man known from the birth of men would go forward. Yet there were these new things in the forest — a trader who did not barter for slaves, and a white woman. Strange things, not to be explained.

On a day soon after, Efa Ngoto, with a small company of his young men, came to Harford with a slave. The fame of Harford's goods was irresistible. Efa had no ivory, but he had a girl who had been left in pawn with him by a friend who was now an enemy. She was not a tractable girl — she was given, rather, to audible rehearsals of her irregular position and her grievances. Harford, leaning on the rail of his verandah, heard the account of her virtues as a fine working woman, obedient, sure to breed, for she had done so. He listened to Efa's offer of exchange for the customary tale of goods. He waited with his acquired and admirable patience until Efa had come to an end of oratory and flourishing of his staff. The girl, drawn forward by a bamboo noose about her neck, leaned back against it. Lucy arrived to exclaim and question — and little did she guess how her husband cursed in his heart these rifts in an established contact, based on understood intonations and intervals.

'When the sun is in the middle,' Harford told Efa, 'I shall call upon the drum all real men of the forest. And when they shall have gathered in answer to my drumming I shall tell them the way and the kind of my trade — what I shall buy of the tribe of the Fang. Return then with your brothers.'

At five o'clock of that afternoon Harford's clearing was filled with headmen and lesser men; with dogs and dog bells; with spears, staves, and guns; with headdresses painted green, yellow, white, strung with beads, studded with shells, buttons, and brass; with bodies painted with clay, with ochre, and with the crimson powder of the camwood tree; with bodies breeched in bark cloth, naked bodies, and bodies striding in leopard skins.

Lucy on the verandah was perfectly silent because Harford had begged her to be so; she put a little parasol between her face and the setting sun and was the more observed for this. She admired her husband deeply, approving the silence with which the noisy crowd attended him when he rose to speak. She could not know what he was saying, but she saw him call for the slave girl who had returned with Efa, and who was drawn by the leash into the centre of the group. The girl hung back, intimidated for the moment by the public eye. Harford untied the cord about her neck, telling Efa Ngoto that there — so far as he was concerned — stood every slave girl that was brought him for purchase.

'I will give you for your ivories,' he told them, 'the right count of goods for an ivory, and all the goods fine. But do not wake me in the night to sell me a slave, thinking, "He is a man who will not buy a slave in the daytime, but when night comes he will buy a slave." Do not call me in the morning to sell me a woman who has run away at night and whom with the dawn you have overtaken and said to her, "Aha, you who run away! I shall take you to the white man, and try running away from him!" Do not hasten back from your quarrels with your enemy tribes bringing young men with you, thinking that I will buy them. Never on any day, rainy season or dry, will I buy a slave from you; and any slave that you bring to my factory in bonds I shall unloose with my own hand and you may deal as you can with the one that stands free. As for your own slaves that you have in your own towns, deal with them after your own fashion — what have I to do with them? Have you heard?'

'We have heard!' The automatic response in its unison and volume startled Lucy, unused to these conventions. A chief rose to ask. What of the barracoon that the white man had

built at the foot of the hill and that he had already filled with two fillings of slaves? How were they to understand a tribe of men that both did and did not deal in slaves?

Of white men, as of black men, Harford told them, there are tribes and tribes, customs and customs. De Sopo was of a slaving tribe. For himself, whose name was Hallifodi and who had been a slaver in his youth, there was now a strong, unbreakable, and permanent taboo without end — he would not slave.

'It is for him taboo!'

Harford knew suddenly that he had said the inevitable, convincing, and last word; he was for the Fang disestablished as a slaver, and that by the logic of a word. His humanity was, moreover, established, for was he not a man with a taboo? A small square bottle of rum went by the hand of Atemba to the hand of every headman, and the palaver was done. In clannish groups and with many words of farewell and of begging, the Fang went away from the clearing. Harford was well pleased and happily complacent; he rehearsed his speech in part to Lucy, but he did not tell her what he had said when he loosed the rope on the neck of the Fang girl, and Lucy did not know then, or ever, that her husband was a man with a taboo. But Atemba heard, and understood, and he saw the girl released.

IV

Lucy had not worn out her first pair of kid shoes when the first rains fell. Harford had put her in a little cabin of one room, built for herself and removed from the smell of salt fish and the constant coming and going of the Fang. Curtains hung at the windows, native mats woven of grass were laid on the floor, and this was made of planks that Harford had had brought upriver. The rough little house, with its thatch of palm mats, its rude shutters, and its green door, delighted Lucy beyond reason; it preoccupied her; she saw it as exiles see their shelters that are achieved at strange expense. She felt for it a mystic attachment that was the beginning in her of the inevitable action of African exile. At night on her slatted bamboo bed in the dark she saw in her mind her little house flooded with light and she rejoiced in all its least arrangement.

Her delight in it was shared by the Fang women who hung about the steps and who saw it after their own fashion and with an excessive admiration. They appropriated to themselves Lucy, on the score of their common sex, and her house as the house of a woman; their innate hardihood overcame their timidity; with a growing boldness they flocked to the spectacle of the white woman with her long hair, her slim waist, her mincing airs that amused them, her excess of clothes that became a legend. Groups of them standing on the ground before her house would summon her in their loud laughing voices; they would question her in the modified tender idiom that the Fang people reserve for children, and her answers in their own tongue, imperfect and halting, pleased them, increasing in them the conviction that she was a child and the legitimate object of their facile maternal solicitude.

Harford, busy with his own affairs, would be roused by their shouts of laughter, and would look out to wonder at the sight of his wife, in a white dress without hoops, leaning over the rail of her little verandah into a group of the dark bodies of women — tattooed, oiled, painted, turning up to her their faces all smiling and lit with a tender amusement. Their certain uncouthness, their obvious diseases, the known suspicion of cannibalism that hung about the

tribe, seemed then to be overlaid by an affinity between women, powerful and touching.

The first rains had not fallen before Lucy ventured into the nearer villages, following Atemba along the tunneled paths of the forest that debouched from a green gloom into the intolerable light of the clearings. A wooden stool would be set for her in one and another of the huts of the village; the clay floor would be swept in her honor; warm curiosities would play about her. Daintily she would taste from a folded leaf the mushroom soup or the fish stew that was the best of the village fare. The headman, getting word of this, would saunter down the clearing to put his head in under the eaves of the favored house, to wonder and laugh at the sight of her; and her personal importance, somehow slipping away, would reëstablish itself and would embellish her.

She would come back from these excursions with extravagant talk of the charms of Fang babies, and smelling of the fires that burn on the floors of Fang cabins. And she began to write romantically about her life in the forest. Harford, going about the clearing, would see her sitting at a table she had made of boxes; he knew, he thought, the sort of thing she would be writing — remembering the book of hers that he had read before he met her. He had admired it, liking an authoress to be romantic and sentimental. He remembered that he had read it in a lonely deserted fort on the Gold Coast, sitting in a large, dusty, and empty room, reading Lucy's impossible tale in a small pool of light from a lantern. He had got it from the captain of a ship out of Boston. Life had been at the slack with him then, between two adventures. It was small time he had to be reading now, for his trade was going well, ivory was coming in, was being weighed and sent down the river to Taylor. The Fang of the river valley — the headmen and their favorite wives — were decked in the colored calicoes of his trading; they were drinking his rum and eating his salt fish in all the villages; matches were struck in huts where the fire stick had been the only use; fishhooks were betraying the fish in the river, and gunpowder from Hallifodi furnished the horns of the hunters. Gifted cheats were busy devising ways to overreach him, and he was divining their villainy; all was as it should be in the factory of Hallifodi on the Nkomo River.

A leopard stole a goat that Lucy had meant to milk; Harford had a fever and resented his wife's care; a thief was found to be digging through the ground below the level of the storehouse where Harford kept his reserves; and Atemba was snake-bitten. But Atemba recovered, Harford recovered, the thief was apprehended and put over the log — Harford calling upon the headman of the recreant's own town to beat him. Only Lucy did not entirely recover from the wound of her husband's ill-humored and morose convalescence, when he had shut his door against her, begging her to send Atemba to serve him. She had then wept bitterly and had written a letter home — speaking of the great loneliness of her life and the unlikeness between men and women in their characters and habits. And indeed it would seem that she was right, for when she sickened with the fever, as she presently did, she accepted her husband's ministrations gratefully, and wrote about them at length in another letter and another vein. It is not strange, therefore, that Lucy's friends were later divided in their understanding of Harford's character and conduct.

With the passing of time and the falling of the rain, Lucy's letters ceased. Atemba, who was fascinated by the travels of her hand upon the page and by the marks she made, felt aggrieved; her ink, he told her, was drying. He begged her to teach him to write, and so for a little time she did; Harford would see Atemba's face happy and intent above his slow-traveling hand. But Lucy wearied of the teaching; a languor grew upon her in that small house which was shut in by the dark walls of the rain. Atemba thought, 'She should visit her father's town.' She complained to Harford of the roaches, of the rats that rustled in the leaf thatch of her cabin. There were a hundred roaches on her wall of an evening, she said, and the rats carried away her stockings. She sickened of the daily fare and lost her zest for invention. At the height of the rainy season, when the great rains swept daily through the clearing and fell enormously on the roof, she had black-water fever, and for two nights Harford tended her without hope. On the third night he slept; there was no lantern lit in the white man's clearing, and Lucy, convalescent, lay in the sinister trough of a gray weakness, watching the moonlight on her bark wall.

It was a grievance with her, after this illness, that she had lost track of the days of the week and could not be sure again if it were Sunday or another day. Incessantly she struggled with this problem, calling on Harford to solve it for her — endlessly tracing her way back to a known day and baffled always by her weakness. But with the dry season she forgot this and other obsessions; the falling of the sunlight among the last light veils of rain flooded her with joy, and she came back to her housewifery and her visits in the villages.

It began to appear to Harford that her recurrent fevers were anticipated by an increase in her vitality — she would then be restless and her initiative would revive; she would go nutting with the Fang women in the forest or swimming in the river to the sound of their joyous cries. He grew to dread these adventures and her returns from them. Lucy dragging her skirts in from a native village, her hair smelling of wood smoke and her eyes already shadowed with illness, was a provocation to Harford; he then felt a strangeness in her and his face was set against her. But Lucy pale and listless, recovering from her fever, following after him for company and in gratitude for his care of her, touched him; he softened. He could then suffer it that she loved him devotedly. He was grateful to her that she spoke less often; he would find it in his heart to talk with her, recounting the day's business and the gossip of the neighborhood, and Lucy would listen in a happy languor.

V

Harford was a careful master and his clearing was well ordered — a white man might come upon it unannounced and there would be no scurry there to shame the factor. But no white man came until, on a day in January, De Sopo arrived in a canoe and was at the door of the factory before he was observed.

It was noon. Lucy and Harford sat at table under the eaves of the factory. Lucy, when she saw a white face, felt such a surprise as was painful; she put her hand to her hair and smoothed her dress; she remembered the holes in her shoes and that her skirt was short after a fashion she had devised for her isolated circumstance. She was pale and intimidated, letting her husband do the honors, and these Harford

extended without zeal. With the lapse of time he had ceased to take account of De Sopo; Mpongwe traders in passing had told him that the Spaniard was in his own town beyond the sea; and latterly Harford had heard that he was operating in the Muni River, as the dangers of the Trade were now excessive in the Gaboon estuary. The barracoon, so long idle, had ceased to spoil Harford's every prospect; grass had grown on the floor of it, and the roofs of the thatch shelter that ran along the inner wall were falling under the weight of sweet-potato vine. It was a deserted clearing, soon to revert to forest.

And here at the door was De Sopo.

He was thinner than Harford remembered him to be, of a bad color, and nearly bald. His manner, Harford was bound to agree, was correct. He had heard from his paddlers that Harford had a woman, and he had supposed this to be a Mpongwe woman, such as he himself had. She was with him now; coming in on his heels, she spread out for him a deerskin stool she carried, and then stood against the wall. She was a dark creature, slight and round, without a trace of tattoo, her hair without beads and pinned with a gold ornament; her square of cloth, violet-colored and bordered with red, was tautened under her arms. Harford wondered where De Sopo had got a girl of her quality. Atemba, who was bringing food to De Sopo, observed her and was by her observed. Only Lucy, looking at her with great pleasure, did not know that she was De Sopo's woman; she did not understand why De Sopo, presently, and when he had found himself in a family, sent her away. She went away down the steps into the violent light of the clearing and down the path to the canoe; but Harford sent Atemba after her to bring her back into the hut of the headman's wife, where she would be fed — if indeed she would eat the food of a Fang woman. Lucy watched the two black people, single file, stride away with an African elegance.

De Sopo, who spoke to Harford in Spanish, spoke to Lucy in beach English, and the corruption of this speech offended her. She made little out of his assurances that he 'catch plenty nigger, fine too much, never die for canoe, never kill him for gun, make him fine journey two-three moons, keep him now ship live for come. Catch him ship plenty quick.' She did not understand when he offered her a fine girl pickaninny, half grown. And later when he went away, and when she would have asked Harford her thousand questions, — the tides of her vitality having risen under excitement, — he was moody and taciturn. He followed De Sopo down to the river, and told him that he could not have him in the house. The Spaniard must sleep in the villages until he should have a shelter of his own.

(To be concluded)

BLACK SONGS

OLD MISS POLECAT

Old Miss Polecat switch down de road,
A-steppin' and a-mincin';
She don't look to right, she don't look to lef',
She keep straight on, sartain sure of herse'f —
An' she mighty cornvincin'.

Young Mr. Hound come a-spankin' along,
As brash as a b'ar;
He sniff at de wrong wind, a-turnin' de corner,
Don't see Miss Pole till he right smack on her,
Den — he jes' ain't dar!

Old Miss Polecat push down de road,
A-steppin' and a-mincin'.
She got grand manners when she feelin' mild;
But whedder she cyalm or whedder she riled,
She mighty cornvincin'!

BLACK CAT

Don't never cross a road what a black cat cross —
'T ain't nothin' but sorrow, 't ain't nothin' but loss.
Brindle cat, spotted cat, dem's all right;
Safety in a yaller cat, blessin' in a white;
But de black cat ructious, wid a bristle in his tail,
He fotchin' for de Debble, and he better not fail.
De black cat travel wid his belly in de dus';
He gwine whar he gwine, and he gwine kase he mus'.

Black cat, black cat — when he cross yo' track,
No matter whar you gwine,
To a dippin' or a dyin',
No matter whar you hurryin',
To a marryin' or a buryin' —
You better turn back!

MORE RAIN, MORE REST

De rain been a-rainin' for a week an' mo';
It splarshin' in de gutter, it sousin' at de do';
It mumble at de winder, it bumble on de eaves,
It make long steppin's in de honeyshuck leaves.
We cyan't bug 'taters, and we cyan't thin corn;
Dar's gwine to be a famine, jes' as sure as you born;
But de Lawd he sen' it, an' de Lawd know bes',
So set on yo' backbone an' let de Lawd bless.
Mo' rain, mo' res' . . .
Mo' rain, mo' res'.

Old Mr. Crow got de croup in his ches',
Old Mrs. Turkey Hen a-drownin' on her nes';
Rain, rain, rain, an' de rank weeds growin' —
Dey cyan't be no harvest whar dey ain't been no hoein'.
But de sweet water drummin': No use for to fret,
Set peaceful in de cabin while you got a chance to set;
Set happy in de cabin wid a song in yo' breas' —
De Lawd brung de rain, an' de Lawd know bes'.
Mo' rain, mo' res' . . .
Mo' rain, mo' res'.

NANCY BYRD TURNER

MAGIC DANCES

BY ROBERT DEAN FRISBIE

I

AFTER many years' residence among savage people I have come to believe that with them the correlation between imitative magic and its desired result assumes a far more conscious form than among civilized people. When a primitive man dances to arouse the love instinct in his chosen woman, he is vividly aware of the purpose of his dance. Likewise, when the Danger Islanders — the last of the Polynesians who have not been utterly 'denativized' by the missionaries — chant their long romantic songs, they believe their description of a blissful state for the dead is actually evoking such a state. The Danger Island woman chants over the dead body of her husband: —

Close to the sky-eyes of the night,
Dancing with the souls of dead warriors,
You shall sail away in the canoe of the sky God,
In Taua's canoe to the home of the trade wind.

And even at the present day natives declare that without these chants — and dances too, for the chants are accompanied by a rhythmic movement of the body and arms — the dead man's soul would meet with but a poor reception in the hereafter. And moreover, though the chants are no more than an imaginative prospect of the future state, the natives believe so implicitly in them that even the missionaries have failed to cast them upon the rubbish heap to which bigotry has long since consigned Polynesia's vestiges of a beautiful civilization.

I have lived on Danger Island for many years, the only white inhabitant, isolated from the outside world until it has become no more than a faint memory. I have almost forgotten that I am a foreigner; and yet I have not become as a native, but have merged into an even more isolated state; for I feel myself an exotic thing, quite alone in a strange land — I belong neither to the world beyond nor to this tiny island world. I am alone, except for my books, and even they belong to another sphere, for they are mostly old, musty ones, written by men long dead, — Lamb, Boswell, Mungo Park, Borrow, and the like, — and they have created a fantastic world, ever changing as I slip a volume back on its shelf and choose another. Twice a year a schooner comes, bringing supplies for my trading station. Then the captain will glance at me in a quizzical manner, as though about to ask, 'How in the dickens can you stand it alone on this miserable little island?' But he never asks that question, and I do not bother to tell him that I am dancing a magic dance as the natives do, only that in my dance I sit very still on a quiet night to lose myself in wandering thoughts on my version of Elysium — childlike, believing that the exemplary Paradise I evoke will not dissolve with other dream-built castles.

II

One clear moonless night I left my verandah to walk along the lagoon beach. Passing beyond the village, I presently came to a deep bay some

quarter of a mile across. The water lay cool and beguiling before me, of a light baby-blue where it shelved over the coral sand, to deepen gradually to a dark sheet sprinkled with the dancing reflections of the stars — or the 'sky-eyes of the night,' as my neighbors call them. Hardly aware of the action, I tucked my *pareu* between my legs, waded into the bay, and swam leisurely toward the opposite bank. I could see coconut-shell fires flaring in the village behind, and as I moved through the water a phosphorescence rose like sunset clouds in my wake. When halfway across I heard from the bank ahead a measured beat, which I recognized as the clapping of hands. Guessing what it might mean, I swam faster, and, reaching the beach, slipped through the groves, following the sound of the clapping.

As I neared the outer reef I could hear the intermittent rumble of seas and the wind murmuring its interminable song in the fronds. Through a gap in the swaying palms I caught a glimpse of the Southern Cross, tilted to westward as though the body of the Saviour were weighing it down. The constellation of Argo rose above, a wreckage of masts and spars, looking as if it had been flung into that calm empyrean haven from the turmoil of some Euxine gale.

Soon I came upon four people in a little glade; they were in the midst of a magical ceremony. One was an old woman who tended a fire; two other grandams sat facing each other, clapping their hands, while in the space between them was a brown baby, of perhaps five years, dancing. There was no laughter, nor even a smile to break the intense seriousness of that ritual, for the child was imitating the exotic dances of the women, so that some day she would grow into womanhood and become a desirable thing — she was foreseeing a felicitous future, thereby to assure such a future.

The old women leaned forward, fixing fascinated eyes on her as they muttered a song so old that it is doubtful if even they understood more than the general sense of it. The little girl danced tirelessly. Her tiny hands would fly to her hips as she wriggled through a movement voluptuous for an older woman, but only pretty for her. Then her hands would join daintily above her head, and, gazing at some imagined lover in the overhanging darkness, she would repeat, step for step, the movements performed by the older people on the great fête days.

I did not eavesdrop long, for it came strongly to me that here was something far more sacred than the church lore which is so assiduously crammed down my neighbors' throats; I slipped away, with reverence and awe upon me. Since that night I have often wondered if the child knew the meaning of her dance — knew that it was as truly imitative magic as the dance of the warriors who celebrate a victory before the battle is fought. When musing thus, I have remembered my own childhood, when everything was acted in a land of imagination long before it was experienced in reality. I have remembered how girls play with dolls, and how boys play at soldiers, and how when left to themselves they are quite as serious as the little island girl who was playing at love. Only in the latter case the brown girl, in spite of her years, must have been aware of being in the midst of a magical rite which would gain her a fine husband when she grew older. She had been told that by playing at love she would eventually obtain love.

III

I saw a far more spectacular dance a few months ago, when one moonlight

night my store boy, Benny, induced me to leave the comfortable atmosphere of my house and books.

Benny led me to a moonlit fairy glade, where we lay on a knoll under the pandanus trees. Before us was the glistening coral sand leading down to the sea, where land crabs scuttled at the water's edge and hermit crabs peeped from their shells. The odor of roasting fish rode on the wind that crooned a drunken lullaby in the coconut trees. The sea hiccoughed on the reef. The woods were alive with unfamiliar noises. Inland hovered the dim silhouettes of thatched houses, where old folks, afraid of the spirits, crouched around tiny fires.

Across the glade, limned against the moon-paled sky, was a naked brown-skinned boy, perched on the end of a dead pandanus limb high up off the ground. He was as silent as the Sphinx. A baby moon shone over his shoulder, illuminating his profile. Once he stood erect, yawned, stretched himself, looked about, and then resumed his squatting position. He was like a young cock roosting before the moon.

Under the trees, by the beach, was a grass hut with the land side open. Before it flared a fire of coconut shells, its white flame casting shadows on two ancient men who squatted near by and roasted fish.

Suddenly the almost palpable silence of the groves was shattered by the shrill cry of a boy who came leaping through the glade, waving a flambeau as he yelled that the old women were coming — coming to dance in the moonlight!

Benny edged close to me. Touching my arm, he warned me to lie low among the shadows, and when I had done so the wind trembled with the boom of shark-skin drums, and the old women came dancing into the moonlight.

They formed a double line down the glade, dancing to a rhythm beaten out by old men. Some were lean and some were fat; two of the youngest held babies in their arms — late-born babies of gray-haired mothers. Bones rattled and heads bobbed as they danced a witches' rigadoon — grinning, grown-old sirens with toothless gums and limp-skinned faces; fat old grandams unsteady on their feet; and, to lead them, a dear old lady bedecked with a flower behind her withered ear and rags of lace hanging from a mildewed dress. She shrieked the orders of the dance in a ducking-stool tone as she wriggled in sensuous movements, barren of their significance. Children played in and out of the line, screaming an accompaniment to the old dames' cackle, and sometimes imitating the dance. The boy gazed down owlishly from his perch before the moon. One of the old men let his fish burn on the coals as he watched the dancers, muttering that he could remember the day when they were hard-breasted young virgins. He turned to grin at the other old man, and then cursed as he picked his scorched fish from the fire.

'My grandmother dances well,' said Benny, pointing to an old lady at the end of the line. I kept my answer to myself, for the truth was that she seemed a trifle dense. She did not follow the movements of the dance. When other bony arms shot out, hers remained by her sides, or rocked at her breast in a cradling motion; and when other fleshless hips gyrated, she did a tottering *pas seul* of her own. She gazed starward, smiling weirdly, unconscious that she was alone in her dance. Her dress hung in rags to her feet, and there was a wilted flower stuck jauntily in hair damp with fish oil.

It happened that one hoary old crone saw me where I lay among the shadows. She came hopping to me with the self-confidence of the beautiful

— for perhaps in the magic of the dance even she thought herself young again. Before I was aware of it she had pressed a kiss on my cheek. Her lips were cold and harsh, but in her rheumy eyes still burned a vague fire.

One by one the old women withdrew into the shadows of the groves, until only the one dense old crone danced on, unaware that she was alone. Still she gazed at the stars, and still the weird smile lingered on her lips, as she tottered through a spectral reel, rocking her body in a vaguely remembered way. And oh! I wish you could have seen her there, etched against the crisp midnight sky, with the Magellanic clouds over her head, and below them the star dust. But suddenly she stopped to look about her, and lo! she was alone in the world. The woods slept in asphodel silence; the boy had slipped from his perch, and the moon had sunk into the sea. The old men's fire was dead, the thatched huts had crumbled into the darkness, and even the land crabs and hermit crabs were asleep. A harsh wind blew through the old woman's bones. She trembled. The solitude frightened her. Crying plaintively, she ran into the woods to find her old companions.

That, too, was a magic dance. It was the only dance of the kind I had ever seen, though undoubtedly it was common enough in the old days. As we walked homeward I asked Benny why these women tired their old bones in the seductive movements of the love dance. Benny explained, and then I understood that it was the same form of magic the little girl had practised, only where she had been looking forward to life the old women were looking forward to death — preparing a paradise for themselves by moving their withered limbs through the dance of love, as they will again when they are

> Close to the sky-eyes of the night,
> Dancing with the souls of dead warriors.

BALKANOMANIA

BY STANLEY CASSON

I

ANYONE who has been to the Balkans knows how magnetically he is drawn back to the countries that border those snowy mountains. There is some wholly inexplicable claim on all who have been there that makes them always want to return. I do not pretend to explain it. It is not the Ruritania atmosphere, nor yet the intriguing complications of Balkan politics, nor even the certainty of seeing the Middle Ages alive in the twentieth century, that is the lure. It is something far more light-hearted, something that appeals to one's sense of humor and love of beauty at the same time, for, once in the Balkans, one never ceases either to laugh or to wonder at the things that one meets, the extravagant situations one encounters, and the unbelievable paradoxes of these lovely mountainous lands.

A friend of mine who has lived his life in the Balkans was traveling a few

years ago in brigand-infested Epirus, in western Greece. He was on foot in a lonely pass when from behind a bush a wild and picturesque rascal leapt formidably. 'Halt!' cried the rascal. 'I am the famous brigand, Stephanos!' My friend did nothing, but admired the brigand in silence. Again Stephanos issued his challenge. This time my friend offered him a cigarette, and the brigand, more faintly and with less conviction, repeated his war cry. 'Tell me all about it,' said my friend soothingly, and in perfect Greek. 'I am an Englishman and deeply interested in the history of your country; take a cigarette — they are good ones.' The brigand underwent a transformation. He broke into laughter, apologized profoundly, and smoked. 'I thought you were a Greek or an Italian,' he replied. 'Had I known you were English I should have greeted you as a friend.'

Now this is a true and accurate story. It cuts to the very heart of modern brigandage — for the most part. Greek brigands are a race that is on the increase rather than the reverse. They are no myth, but to Greeks an intolerable nuisance in the western mountainous regions. In Epirus they operate near and round the wealthy towns of Janina and Argyrokastro and accumulate vast sums of money. But the technique of their profession presupposes a native material upon which to work. With anything else they feel in deep water and a trifle shy. Even last year, when I was in Greece, two notorious brigands, during the course of the general election from which Venizelos emerged in triumph, abducted two parliamentary candidates who were going the rounds of their constituents. The wretched men were taken into the hills and held to ransom for the prodigious price of fifty thousand pounds. The ransom was paid and they were ultimately released. It was then discovered by the authorities that the brigands were but the employees of a limited-liability company whose headquarters were in Janina, the directors being the mayor, the local chief of police, and several of the leading citizens. Shares were believed to pay an easy 50 per cent dividend. But there was more even than this. One of the captured candidates was the extravagant grandson of a very wealthy Athenian lady. He was known to be in debt. Unkind tongues suggested that either he was also one of the principal shareholders or he had made an arrangement of fifty-fifty with the brigands — for his ransom was paid by his grandmother!

Now this is the raw material that goes in part to form the lure of the Balkans. To live in such entertaining lands means never to have a dull moment. Nothing is really what it seems; it is a permanent *Alice in Wonderland*. To describe the atmosphere as *opéra bouffe* or *Chocolate Soldier* is to miss the very kernel of the thing. It goes far deeper. It is the element of perpetual surprise that is what enchants. Every corner hides something new; the dullest man you meet may have a life of astonishing romance. And this is true of every citizen of every Balkan state. You are never certain of what his past life or his real profession or his real sentiments are. But to you, as an acknowledged foreigner, he is invariably hospitable and charming. I always remember the courtesy of the Serbian police official who, when I first visited Serbia in 1913, examined my passport with the minutest attention, read it carefully through, *upside down*, and handed it back with a graceful and dignified gesture of understanding and approval. Or the other official on the same trip who, reading the right way up, was only able to decipher the sentence, 'We, Sir Edward Grey.' 'You are Edward Grey?' he asked me.

I replied in the affirmative to avoid further delay. 'Pass through, then, Edward Grey,' he replied kindly.

II

But there is a very clearly marked line of demarcation between the true Balkan state and the Balkanized and semi-Western state. Once at the Balkan frontier you know in an instant. From Hungary to Rumania, for instance, is a voyage from the one world to the other. Hungary, despite all its extravagant Occidental vulgarity, is not and will never be really Western, but it is certainly not Balkan — far from it. It is an unpleasing crossbred.

But get out of the blue Orient Express at Arad station on the Rumanian frontier, sniff the air, and you will know in a trice that you are in the Balkans. You will at once observe the exaggerated severity of the customs officials to the travelers who are their own compatriots and the surprising leniency toward yourself; their interest in the more unusual objects in your possession and their apologies for the disturbance they have created. Outside you will hear the soft chatter of the charming Rumanian language and see the sentries all smoking cigarettes happily at their posts. Then suddenly you will hear one of the soldiers start a song in the indefinable lilt of Oriental music, there will come to you the scent of some wine that you have never scented before, a herd of sheep will be driven up to the platform so that the shepherd can see the train, and you will feel once and for all that you have left another world behind you.

Or land at a Greek port and see how, as you lean on the side of the ship, the foremost boatload of rascally luggage porters will pick you out as soon as you are in shouting distance and decide to fasten themselves to you as being the most promising foreigner. Try how I may, I have never succeeded in obscuring the foreign character of my appearance — and I have always fondly believed that my face was ordinary enough to be mistaken for Russian, Serb, German, English, or French. But the men of the Balkans know the differences of movement and gesture that make their world distinct from mine. With every movement and look I give myself away, just as in fact a man of the Balkans, however he be dressed, gives himself away to my now more experienced eye in the streets of London. In the Balkans there is a set of gestures indicative of thought that are completely and fundamentally different from those in use in Western countries. Many are of Oriental origin, some Slavonic, but there are others that are of immense antiquity. The gesture of beckoning, which we more recent people hardly ever recognize, consists of a motion of the hand downward and toward the body. I have found that very same motion represented on Greek sculptured reliefs of the sixth century before Christ.

Or take the Turk, the most silent of the Balkan peoples. He can carry on whole conversations without sound. A Turkish friend of mine showed me once how two men could recognize each other in a café, converse for five minutes by gentle movements of hand, of eyebrow, of lip, and of shoulders, in such a way that a Westerner would hardly notice that anything had passed between them except the barest recognition. No wonder the Balkan states are the ideal breeding ground of conspiracies and secret societies, where means of communication are so often those of silence and gesture. The gestures, too, are so restful and convenient. I early learned the conventional Balkan movements that indicate refusal or negation, and those for agreement and affirmation. They are mere movements

of the eyebrows and save endless trouble. They are accepted at once. The Balkans are not like Italy, where a thousand No's are treated as an affirmative and persistence is the basis of success. One gesture in the approved native fashion and the hawker, tout, boot shiner, or flower seller goes his way and worries you no more. That is, to me, one of the principal advantages of the Balkans. No one worries you too much. Italy is exhausting in its futile bickering and bartering; the ear is stunned and the eye shocked. But in Greece, Turkey, or Rumania a decision is a decision, provided it is made in the fashion of the country. A little knowledge of gestures is worth months of study in a difficult Balkan language.

But once a decision is made it must be kept to or your reputation is lost forever. An Englishman I know went once to the bazaar at Constantinople and bartered for a piece of silk. The vendor's price was fifty dollars. My friend said that it was ludicrous and that he would give one and a half dollars. This he said to stop the transaction and get on to the next shop. But it was, after all, a definite offer. The vendor closed at once and held out the silk (which was probably worth one dollar). My friend then said that he did not want it after all. Never have I seen a man so outraged as that silk merchant. He was really angry and swore never to trust an Englishman again. And *he* was the one who was acting correctly. An offer to purchase, if accepted, must be followed by a completion of the deal. That goes to the very roots of Balkan bargaining. It is the only serious act in a long series of quarrelings, insults, hesitations, heartburnings, and enticements.

I am a firm believer in the honesty of the ordinary Balkan citizen. There is a certain code of honor which seems to me to be common to all Balkan states and never found quite in the same form outside them. Roughly it amounts to this: If you and your property are at the mercy of any ordinary man whose vocation is not brigandage, he will never take advantage of that position. You may have left all your valuable luggage lying on the railway platform, but no one will touch it if you are not there to defend it. But once you are there any Tom, Dick, or Harry will do his best to abstract it from under your nose. I have had my pocket picked more than once in Balkan towns, but there always stands out one remarkable occasion when, on a voyage to Athens, I left in my hotel room at the little town of Chalkis a gold watch of no little value. I discovered my loss when almost at Athens. On arrival, knowing what was the right course, I telegraphed to the hotel to send me my gold watch. It arrived the next day by special messenger. I often wonder whether I should ever have seen it again if I had left it in any of the world-famed hotels of Europe proper.

So, in business dealings or in bartering, show yourself a fool or a knave and a knave greater than yourself will cheat you. Have your proposals clear-cut and definite and you will never be worsted. An antique-monger will ask you a hundred dollars for a thing worth five. If you beat him down to ten you may imagine yourself a fine fellow. Then later you discover the real value of your purchase and you call the vendor a scoundrel and a thief. But it is you who are at fault, for, all the time, he was ready to sell it for five dollars, if only you had been competent enough to find that fact out. Meantime he regards you as a fool, which indeed you are. But the method of bargaining is always simple. No extraneous elements are brought in.

The Balkan method is not quite the same as that of the Oriental proper.

The Balkan makes no appeal to pity; he rarely summons his ancestors to witness or his starving family and straitened means to assist. He is out for a bargain just as you are, and stakes his all on persuading you of the supreme merits of the goods he offers. If he can persuade you that their merits are greater than in fact they are, then he is merely succeeding as all good business men succeed in all ages and all climes. I have been more swindled in my own country than ever in the Balkans. So often in the antique shops in some small English town I have softened my heart to some story of family illness or oppressive taxation or recent bereavement. How often in London will you see 'Premises coming down: lowest possible prices,' or 'Salvage Sale.' I know of one shop in west London that has announced its imminent collapse for fifteen years, and I am a Londoner and can tell you where that shop is! But the Balkan trader would be shocked at such methods. He would think them dishonest. 'If you can't sell goods on their own merits, or above them, by your own unaided skill, then do not sell at all' would be his verdict.

III

I have seen the Balkan people during Balkan wars, during the European War, and in times of peace. During a Balkan war I always felt that they were in their element. During the European War they seemed like children in the midst of a riot. All the patriotism, all the bigotry, all the hatred, malice, and spite that can be found in people whose institutions are largely mediæval, came to the fore in the Balkan wars of 1912 and 1913. All the splendor and pageantry of mountain fighting and all the individual heroism and individual cruelty of Balkan peoples had free play during these unhappy years. I saw Greece, Bulgaria, Serbia, and Turkey at their best and their very worst. But in the Great War, when Turks opposed British, Bulgarians opposed British and French, and Greeks and Serbs fought side by side with Allies against Bulgarians and Germans, they were like little children playing at a game they did not understand with weapons they scarcely knew how to use. Each Balkan state at war came to rely upon her elder brother to show her the way to play this intricate game. For game it never ceased, somehow or other, to be until the end, when the price had to be paid by each for the entertainment.

Yet the antique combats that were graced with the name of 'wars' in 1912 and 1913 remained all the time their *beau idéal* of what war should be, and the bulk of Balkan peoples to-day still think the same. Their mental attitude was rather that of the Saracens, Crusaders, and Russians who complained, when the scientific Byzantines repelled them with Greek fire, that it was not fair play; they had come, they said, to fight and be fought, not to be roasted alive by inventions of Satan. And the confusion of races and tongues was such that at many places Bulgars fought against Bulgars, Serbs against Greeks, Rumanians against Serbs or British. I remember one prisoner, taken on the British front in Salonika, who had served in the Turkish army in 1912 against the Serbs, then, after the cession of a part of Macedonia to Bulgaria in 1912, in the Bulgarian army against the Greeks. Later that territory was occupied by Serbs in 1913 and he fought against Bulgars. Finally in 1915 the Bulgars overran it again and the poor bewildered creature found himself fighting against British troops. I shall never forget his relief and happiness when he was taken prisoner and his joy when I gave him a

pot of jam, which he ate in one rapid mouthful, for he had not seen jam for two years!

More compelling still, as an illustration of how the Balkan and European wars left these unhappy peasants lost and bewildered, was the case of the mayor of the little village of Orliak, in the Struma Valley. We had occupied the valley and formal notice had been sent to the mayor that no wine or spirits were to be sold under any conditions whatever to the occupying troops. Needless to say, within twenty-four hours a dozen or so foolish British soldiers were found hopelessly and utterly intoxicated by raw spirit. The mayor was seized and thrown into rigorous imprisonment for a week — *pour encourager les autres*. At the conclusion of his captivity he demanded to see the officer who had condemned him. The officer, curious to know the reason for this morbid desire, granted the interview. 'Sir,' said the mayor, 'I have sought you out to tell you the story of my life.' The officer wilted a little, but, much intrigued, continued the interview. 'In 1911,' said the mayor, 'I was the head of this village, then under the comfortable but severe rule of the Turk. I am half Greek and half Bulgar. Whenever anything went wrong in my village the Turks cast me into prison. In 1912 the Bulgars came here and occupied the valley and, when irritated, cast me into prison. Later the Greeks came and drove them out, but followed the same rules in their treatment of me. Then in 1916 the French army of General Sarrail came, found some fault with my administration, and imprisoned me under most unhappy circumstances. Now the great British army, renowned for its justice, has come here and cast me into a dungeon. Sir, from all these, my experiences, I have at last come to the conclusion that I must be an *evil man*. I will repent.' And he went away. Half scoundrel, genial and childlike, this cheerful man's life may be taken as the epitome of the life of almost any inhabitant of Macedonia and of all too many of the citizens of Serbia and Rumania. After years of reshuffling they were, during the Great War, literally thrown into the whirlpool. Only now are they at last settled with some semblance, however fleeting it may seem to them, of stability.

As with citizens and mayors and local notables, so it was with towns. How well students of international affairs know the names of places that have figured large in treaties! The Enos-Midia Line, which has so often been the boundary of Turkey-in-Europe. The Sanjak of Novibazar (which our Foreign Office once thought was a prince). The Dobrudja, partitioned and repartitioned. They are now names in textbooks, mere myths in international affairs. Yet each name implies villages and towns that suffered incredible ills from being the pawn of politicians. Devastation has followed in the track of each equitable arrangement.

One case more poignant than most came my way when I was traveling in Thrace in 1921. The Greek boundary against Turkey had just then been fixed as running from Enos, and including it, northward to Adrianople. Enos, a Greek town at the mouth of the Maritsa River, of great charm and interest, had fallen to the Greeks again. I went to stay there some months after it had come into Greek charge. It was a heap of ruins, for during the war the Turks had cleared it owing to fear lest the Greek inhabitants should communicate with British ships off Samothrace. Four or five years of evacuation had allowed the place to crumble into ruin, which the Turkish soldiery had increased by stabling their horses in the exquisite Byzantine churches and by

pulling out rafters from houses to serve as firewood. It was one of the most pathetic places I have ever seen, yet in one of the most beautiful situations in the whole of the North Ægean. The newly returned Greeks were hard at work on a provisional restoration of the poor battered village. First they had restored the largest church, set up the altar, and opened it for service. Then, with the cardinal centre of the new village established, they had opened a school, settled a schoolmaster, and then finally, to complete the three essentials of any Balkan village, opened a new, clean, and attractive café. Peasants had crept back to settle and rebuild their shattered houses, police were stationed in the village and a garrison near at hand, for the Turkish frontier was still only a few miles away and bandits were still loose in the wild uplands of Turkish Thrace. Slowly the little townlet was reviving. Then came the disaster of 1922 when the Greek forces were driven by the Turks out of Asia Minor. With the disaster came a readjustment of frontiers in favor of Turkey. Again the unhappy village of Enos came to the fore as the pivot of a new line. The Greek frontier was pushed back across the river only a few miles west of Enos. And the work of reconstruction was once more undone. The poor settlers who had crept back to their homes were once again driven off into the wilderness to resume their age-long trek as refugees. The newly built church was abandoned, the school and the café. I have not been back to see this poor village again. I have not the heart. But without doubt its churches are again stables, its school bedecked with crescent flags, its café now filled with Turks, and it has once again relapsed into the somnolence that overwhelms all Turkish villages. Its ruins will now never be rebuilt again. Nor will Turk or Greek ever feel safe there, for at any new disturbance of frontiers Enos will play its poor part. There is no hope of stability for its inhabitants, nor any rest.

This is only one of many frontier villages. They all fare alike. None except refugees of long standing will venture to settle in them. And they, nomads bred by European diplomacy, are resigned to a brief stay and thankful if they can get a year's respite here or two years there from their continual wandering.

Another sign of Balkan troubles that any traveler by railway can see at any time in any Balkan state is the ruin that periodically has overtaken all bridges and viaducts. Look out of your carriage window as the Orient Express passes over the Save at Belgrade; look again as you cross the Vardar at Hudova near the Serbo-Greek border. Look from the coast train that goes from Salonika to Adrianople as you cross the Struma at Rupel Pass. Look as you sit for twenty minutes crossing the great Danube mouth in the Dobrudja by the world-famous Cernavoda bridge, the pride of Rumania. At each place you will see rising gauntly from the river bed old rusting fangs of earlier bridges. Some have been blown up four and five times in the ten years from 1912 to 1922. Each explosion has echoed to a different war cry, each crash been greeted with the cheers of a different army.

IV

We live in quiet and restful lands where these regular convulsions are never felt and we cannot realize how to Balkan peoples the sword is always hanging over their heads. If you were to psychoanalyze any Balkan peasant his reaction to the word 'bridge' would be 'dynamite'; to 'frontier,' 'ruin'; to

'Peace Treaty,' 'refugees.' And all the time he is cheerful, simple in his loves and hates, guileless and full of humor.

I remember three visits I have made in three totally different settings. The first was in a fishermen's hut on the border of an inland lake on the Serbo-Greek frontier. The second in the mountain hut of Greek shepherds on the island of Skyros. The third in the white-washed house of an Alsatian farmer in the Banat on the Rumano-Hungarian frontier hard by the River Maros. The men all had something in common, something intangible, friendly, philosophic, and profoundly interesting. I felt somehow entirely at my ease with all of them, far more than I should ever feel if dropped suddenly into some French or Italian or even English village.

My arrival at the fishermen's hut was to me unforeseen. I had gone inland into a waste and unoccupied region with the intention of spreading my bed in an old station house on an abandoned railway line, not far from Doiran. I arrived at sundown to find my station house a heap of ruins. I had relied on its being still there, for I had stayed in it a year before. But ruin moves fast in the Balkans and now it was no more. The sudden darkness of Balkan lands fell and there I was benighted. My eye caught a small hut of reeds on the lake-side. I entered and saw three men seated round a large and friendly fire that was on the floor and filled the hut with pleasant but acrid fumes. On the fire was a dish of lake fish, odorous and appetizing. Without explanations and without more than a few words I was made to understand that I could remain there as long as I wished. The three men were Greek-speaking Bulgarians, but one of them was deaf and dumb and his speech consisted of one of the most remarkable gesture languages I have ever seen. Graphic beyond description, I soon learned it. It would have been comprehensible to any citizen of any Balkan state, but probably meaningless in any other country. I knew enough of Balkan ways and Balkan tongues to learn it with the help of the other two men. We talked in the evenings — for I stayed there a week — of every subject under the sun; of the ways of fish, the mechanism of watches, and the habits of the wolves which every now and then were visible on the hills outside. We talked of wars, of politics, and of food. These men lived entirely in the present. They had no plans, no hopes, no fears, and no ambitions. They were simply waiting for the wheel of fortune to allot them their next move, whereas I knew my every movement for many years ahead — at least in outline.

In Skyros I spent a similar week with men totally different in birth, in education, and in race. They were all shepherds and all of one family. Five nephews and one aged patriarchal uncle made up the party. They had left their homes below on the coast town of the island and come up into the hills for the summer to tend their sheep. The old uncle ruled with a rod of iron. Smoking was forbidden; we rose at four-thirty and went to bed at eight. Like all Greeks, they were incurably curious, bursting with conversation, and utterly friendly and polite. We talked for hours every night. We fed with wooden spoons from the same bowl. When the uncle was away we shared clandestine cigarettes furtively. When we slept we each climbed into a bunk which was fixed to the walls. We laughed without ceasing at many things, and at sunset we sat outside to see the incomparable view of rocky island, distant peaks of Pelion and Ossa, and turquoise sea. We drank no wine because there was none to drink.

The local monastery was the only emporium of wine and we were far from it; besides, I think the old uncle disapproved.

All these young men had been soldiers and had fought with Greek forces during the European War. One had been where I had been, another had gone as far afield as Odessa, where a lonely Greek division was sent to help White Russians. But all the time I felt that they had no real interest outside their lovely island and their flocks and herds. They told me much that I had never dreamed of in the management of sheep and goats — how the shepherds have a separate cry for the sheep and another for the goats so that when the flocks are intermingled they can divide them into two. I watched them at work and saw how the sheep or the goats obediently but slowly separated themselves, grazing all the time, and in two flocks obeyed the orders. Dogs were merely the protectors of the flock and the finders of lost sheep. I saw one round up a wandering sheep, seize it, and rub its face in a muddy pool so as to teach it not to wander again. But the activities of the dogs cease at this point; they are not trained as ours are. The whole business really falls upon the shepherd.

I learned much from these men. Most of all I learned their pride in living their own life and their self-contained love of their hills and valleys and seas. They knew all about European politics and peace treaties and diplomatic moves, but they felt that such things belonged to a world apart. As every Greek to-day says, 'We live in Greece: you live in Europe or America.' The Balkans are a world apart.

In the Banat the setting was completely different. We had come by car from the Black Sea and were on our way to Budapest (it was two years ago). We had hoped to reach the frontier by sundown, but arrived half an hour late and found the frontier closed and the gates shut at the road across the bridge at Cenadul. We stopped in the little village, where Rumanians live side by side with French-speaking Alsatian Germans, who colonized these parts in the eighteenth century. We put up at the little farm of one of these Alsatians. The village was small, compact, and completely clean and tidy. I felt that the Balkans must be in the remote southeast far from this very Western setting. But we were at a meeting place of three countries, Rumania, Hungary, and Jugoslavia, and my host assured me that everyone in the village was trilingual. And the peasants whom I spoke to and asked about their land were no different from the Bulgarians and the Skyriots with whom I had stayed in earlier years. The heel of the Turk had touched the land. The great armies that went to burn Vienna in 1699 were still a power in the countryside. I felt their dead touch even as one feels it the length and breadth of the Balkans. All the night I was kept awake by a long howling cry that came four times every hour. In the morning I asked what it was. 'That is the man who stands on the church tower all night,' replied my host, 'to keep watch against fire and tell us that all is well.' Here was a Turkish or Balkan institution still living, while in most Balkan states it has died out. With it, too, was some memory of the muezzin on the minarets. And all these folk were colonists or refugees from different parts, though, in some cases, of long standing. Somehow or other the full atmosphere of the Balkans was here; the distant Carpathians supplied the mountainous setting and I felt that 'Europe' as the Balkan peoples know it was far off, even though a few hundred yards would take me into Hungary. Here was the

true feeling of instability and resignation to the vicissitudes of a life over which the ordinary citizen has little or no control.

Only a few days previously I had seen the same conditions of life, but exaggerated beyond anything one can see to-day in any other Balkan state. At Silistra on the Danube — a town captured and recaptured time and time again in every Balkan war — the peasants are Turks, simple unthinking survivals from the seventeenth century. They are more Turkish than any Turks of to-day. Their mosques and mullahs still remain supreme, for they have no Mustafa Kemal to deal with them. The peasants are far swarthier and darker than any Turks of Constantinople; they are the dull unimaginative Turks who, as soldiers, conquered half Europe two centuries ago. Now they stay here, isolated from their fellows, surrounded by the activities and ingenuities of a progressing Christian people. No one worries them, no one educates them, no one now wants to eject them. They are like old lions with their claws cut and their teeth drawn. Picturesque beyond description, they still retain the costumes of over a century ago and the indolence of ages. They are useful and harmless citizens, and for them and all the Turks of the Dobrudja the King of Rumania has built a brand-new mosque at Constantza on the Black Sea. But between this Turkish corner of the Dobrudja and the neat pastures of the Banat there is really very little difference. It is the presence of the Turk which has contributed so largely to keeping the Balkans Balkanized! These Dobrudjan Turks of the lower Danube are the last surviving Turks in Europe outside the present boundaries of Turkey, anachronistic and attractive, antique and harmless, the last survivors of a mighty army of occupation and oppression.

V

Recent repatriations and migrations have cleared Macedonia of Bulgars and Turks, left Thessaly and Crete free of all Turks, and resettled in Macedonia and western Thrace the tens of thousands of Greeks who came pouring from Asia Minor, from Turkish Thrace, from Pontus, and from the Caucasus in 1922. New types of Greek have invaded Greece — Greeks who speak a Cappadocian dialect that no one understands, Greeks who speak and read only Turkish and whose very Bibles are written in Turkish script, and even Greeks whose chief tongue is Russian or Georgian. I have spent long days with all of them. Some of these new types are finer than any found in Old Greece, all are strange and out of the world. The Caucasus is, after all, another Balkans in spirit as well as in appearance. Spiritually all are at home in their new setting, though in fact they are none too happy with their immediate neighbors.

I spent three weeks in 1921 with a party of Greeks of whom half were Thracians and half Caucasian Greeks. They could not converse in any tongue but Turkish because their dialects were so different. Their manners, their gestures, and their habits were also totally different. The Caucasian Greeks, who spoke Russian, Georgian, and Greek equally well, had the heavy lumbering walk of the Russian peasant. They still wore Russian boots, for most of them had served in some Russian force during the war, and they had kept their kits. The Thracians were a quick, alert folk, chattering and disputing, Greek to the core, Turkish only in veneer. The two brands did not agree and were often at blows. All alike looked back with regret to the rich pastures and cornfields they had abandoned for the untilled Macedonian fields they had been given.

But on one lovely moonlight night I saw them at their best. A full harvest moon turned their fancies to music and the Caucasians danced a strange solemn dance to the accompaniment of a single-stringed violinlike instrument that wailed melodies that were neither Russian nor Turkish, but compounded of the wild hill melodies of the Caucasus and the dirges of Central Asia. They were children of lands far wilder even than the Balkans, and lovelier.

That same night the presence of the real Balkans made itself felt. As we sat and smoked between dances we suddenly heard a scamper of horses, which we could not see, for the moon had set. 'They have broken their hobbling,' said one, 'and will return by morning.' Morning came and there were no horses either near or on the most distant horizon. Nor did we see them again. My friends soon grasped the situation and accepted it as a *fait accompli* as soon as it was grasped. What had happened was that border thieves had come over the Serbian border, which was only two miles away, and had swept our horses away with them, as skillfully as Scottish mosstroopers. Afterward I remembered seeing, as I was walking near the frontier the day before, a fierce dark man, who carried a rifle across his saddle. He had passed me on the road, eyed me with disfavor, as I him, given no greeting, and ridden on. He was the outpost of our horse stealers. But they were not my horses, so he had no compunction in stealing them. To me he might, as a poor benighted foreigner, have been merciful. Certainly he did not rob me on the road, and his rifle against my small automatic made his chances easy. Now I understood why every shepherd in those parts carried a rifle.

I have attempted to catch the indefinable Balkan atmosphere in a few brief histories. I cannot express it in any other way. I have a thousand other instances by which to illustrate it, each different to the other, and yet, somehow, I have failed to isolate in language the common quality that underlies the facts so as to give the essence of the thing. All I know is that there is an unfailing charm about everything Balkan. It is more evident when you see it dying. Montenegro to-day is a sad and moving spectacle. Cettinje, most romantic of all Balkan cities, lies dead, its king gone, its legations closed, its palace derelict. The peasants still linger, the most picturesque of all Balkan peoples, but their day is over. They now have stability and the certainty of peaceful cultivation of their lands. Their country is now absorbed in the comforts and consolations of a larger land. They remain now as a thing for tourists to wonder at, a show sight of 'what the Balkans used to be,' in chars-à-bancs that come winding up the impregnable military road from Cattaro and Ragusa, bringing them fresh from their comfortable steamers and trains. Here, if anywhere, you can see a Balkan state from which the charm has been driven, which does not lure you back again, and of which in the sultry cities of Europe the memory does not rise fragrant and humorous, a little sinister, but always cheerful. True Balkan lands call one back, and the call is peremptory, harsh as the brass bugles of their toy armies, but friendly, hospitable, and comforting.

A FRENCHMAN LOOKS AT FASCISM

BY MAURICE BEDEL

I

You know it too well already from the photographs — that face with its frowning brow, its fiery glance, its firm-set jaw with lips tight closed on a brief and irrevocable command. It is a mask that says, 'We must be firm, we must be hard.' You run against it wherever you turn in Italy — in newspaper offices, tea rooms, barber shops, telephone booths, in the corner tobacco shop, and in the literary salon of Grazia Deledda. Its expression fairly haunts you. You wonder if he still wears it when he sleeps. But does he sleep? Even for minutes, does he ever put aside this rôle of a demigod propelled by a violent destiny?

I assure you that when he receives a Frenchman he is quite another person from the one in the portraits. I have seen him smile and heard him laugh; and then, I assure you, his features soften, his jaw relaxes, and he expresses himself with the gentlest voice imaginable, in a delicately modulated French that is almost like singing. No, he's not a man who spends his life in a gloomy palace checking off lists of victims, nor yet on a balcony haranguing black caps and tricolored banners in convulsive strains of oratory. He came forward to meet me, stepping lightly with almost a dance step, elbows out, shoulders poised, gliding across the carpet of his huge office with the grace of supple muscles and well-oiled joints. We met in front of a celestial globe which stood on the floor with its stars twinkling in the soft light of the room, and it was across the stars that Mussolini offered me his hand.

Everyone who has been received in that room in the Chigi Palace has spoken of the bareness of the work-table. Not a paper, not a memorandum on it. This man does not write: he speaks, he gives commands. Attentive young men receive his orders and execute them. When I complimented him on the youthful zeal of his ministers and secretaries, he said: 'Oh yes, the young men work and obey quite cheerfully.'

He is truly a prince of youth, this man sitting opposite me in his high-backed chair, a prince who is severe but is worshiped none the less, who is stern in his demands but finds them more than fulfilled. It is on youth that he depends, and to youth he gives his favors. This moulder of souls needs new, fresh wax, and the Italian women have taken it on themselves to provide it.

'But women,' I asked him, 'have they no other mission than to guarantee recruits for the future militia?'

'Women,' he answered in his singing voice, 'are meant to stay home and bear children.'

A phrase from the *Arte Fascista* came into my head: 'The Italian palaces of the future will be peopled with large families, the children bare and bronzed like Africans, while their mothers keep even into old age the steely eyes that express their invincible will to love and to create.' Undoubtedly many fair Romans have eyes the color of steel,

but the glances that they cast are only the tenderest.

Mussolini has waved love aside from his programme of regeneration: I mean the kind of love with its train of attendant excitements which the stage and the screen have taught us to know. When he uses the word 'romantic' you can catch a suggestion of sarcasm in his voice. He laughs with a big, quiet laugh, is silent a moment, then goes on: —

'Since I forbade the newspapers to write them up, there have been hardly any crimes of passion or romantic suicides in Italy. You know the Italian press is the freest in the world.'

'That's obvious, Monsieur le Président.'

'Well, in spite of that, I had to suppress my brother Arnoldo's paper, the *Popolo d'Italia*, because it ran a story about a crime of passion.'

Mussolini grows more animated; I have opened a subject that is very dear to him. In a few imaginative strokes he gives a picture of suicide as practised by the disappointed lovers. His agile hands move swiftly over the table; he seems to be arranging a tribute of flowers around the desperate woman — I can see the tuberoses, the freesias, the white lilies, I can smell their scent of death; and now I can recognize the flask of veronal . . .

'. . . And you can imagine,' he says, 'that a story like that encourages other women to go and do likewise.'

This pitiless man has declared war on romance. He scents it out and tracks it down. Lovers no longer dare to linger in the shadow of the Pincian. Hard-headed young men, severe in their black shirts, would find them and drive them out. In the Roman cinemas no caresses are exchanged, either on the screen or in the kindly darkness of the auditorium. There are more important things to be done in this Seventh Year of Fascism: the soul must be subdued, the heart made hard. Made hard for what struggles, I wonder.

'As a result,' I said, 'Rome is a sad and solemn place to stay in.'

'Rome,' the Duce replied, 'will become the most highly moral city in the world, the city where public life and the life of the streets will have the most superior tone. Rome is the capital of more than one hundred and fifty million men.'

('He's anticipating,' I said to myself. 'But with the Italian birth rate increasing as it is . . .')

'Of more than one hundred and fifty million Catholics,' he concluded. (This was a bit of statistics that would surely delight the Vatican.)

The real result is that Rome is a city where you rarely hear the sound of open laughter, never hear a ragamuffin whistling in the streets or a light-hearted passer-by singing. Do you even hear voices speaking loud and free? I feel very sure that in the days of the Popes life was considerably more amusing. This 'superior tone' that the Duce boasts has a strange resemblance to boredom.

Mussolini the anti-romanticist is also, whatever one may expect, anti-feminist. In that he appears to be caught in a contradiction. Either the tender nonsense of love is permitted to woman, so that she lacks the time and inclination to meddle with public matters, or else her heart is guided by her reason and the good of the State appears all-important to her. It is notorious that in the countries where feminism blows strongest, romance is in least favor.

'You are right,' Mussolini says, returning to the leitmotif of our conversation; 'but motherhood turns women away from the need to romanticize their lives.'

And so in his fine handwriting, faithfully reproduced in millions of copies,

he broadcasts over Italy Hegel's formula: 'No man is a man who is not a father.' (*Non e uomo chi non e padre.*)

And is this commander obeyed when he preaches virtue to his troops? I want to believe so, because there is no topic in the Italian press so popular as the immorality of the neighboring countries, and he who points a finger at his neighbor's faults proclaims that he himself is spotless. Has Italy, then, become the gloomy repository of all the virtues? Above a land grown suddenly cold the sky remains too soft and fair to allow me to be convinced. But one could easily believe it if one reasoned from the particular to the general — from Mussolini to those who hear and obey him.

It is not to be denied that this man sitting before me is an exemplar of virtue in a city where so many emperors before him have surrendered to the facile temptations of victory. His worst enemies will not gainsay his forthright courage or his fine indifference to worldly goods, which always astonishes those who confuse power with avarice. For all his leisure he is known to have only his horse, his violin, or his rapid motor in which he rides across country on the fine straight roads which he is so proud to have provided for his people. That is the sort of leisure that appeals to him. Compounded of vigor and suppleness, able to master a horse or draw song from a violin, he can rouse a crowd to frenzy with his words or charm a visiting Frenchman with the gracefulness of his manners. That is the secret of his success and the gauge of his permanence.

As he appeared to me, Mussolini seems set to rule indefinitely. He has given his people the proud belief that they are regenerating Europe, and the will to sacrifice themselves for this belief. But how long will this leader, whom I addressed democratically as 'Monsieur le Président,' content himself with a title that sets bounds to his greatness? One perceives in him reserves of energy which horseback riding may not sufficiently tax. If he ends by wearying of his victory, that is only the common fate of victors. But if his troops grow tired of the inaction which an orderly Italy imposes, that will be something more serious.

So I listen to Mussolini's gentle voice talking to me of friendship, while my ears still ring with the death threats shouted last night under the windows of my countrymen by impatient youths who called on their chief for *action.*

II

A good housekeeper plans her menus with an eye to her family's health and tastes. Likewise the editors of Italian newspapers offer a daily fare designed to keep their readers in perpetual good spirits. As hors-d'œuvre, if I may say so, they serve up France — and they do not spare the pepper and vinegar. That is the everyday menu. For special occasions France becomes the *pièce de résistance;* once in a while it comes on as salad or dessert, but always there is some dish or other of Frenchman. Evidently we appeal to our neighbors' palates for gustatory qualities not supplied by Englishmen or Germans or even Jugoslavs. In short, we make a first-rate feature, bring in a steady clientele; and certain houses like the *Impero,* the *Tevere,* and the *Brillante* draw their greatest success from serving this specialty.

All this is to be taken with a grain of salt. I am eager to believe that our Italian friends as a whole are not deceived by the appearance of these dishes. The very excess of seasoning must make them suspicious of their quality. Nevertheless, and no matter

how skeptical its victims may remain, bad cooking always ends by affecting the stomach, poisoning the blood, and spoiling the disposition. This accounts for the fact that during my recent visit to Rome I often felt that the friendliness extended to me was touched with a silent resentment or a sort of secret reserve.

Forgetting as far as possible its political bearing, I have tried to find the reason for this. I believe I have discovered it in the Italians' ignorance of the true feelings which we Frenchmen hold toward them. Not long ago I heard an excited crowd of youths calling our representatives to account for a verdict brought by a Parisian jury; I saw our flag trampled on, placards carried through the streets insulting and threatening France, our innocent students at the Villa Medici spat at and called from their quiet pursuit of beauty with cries of vengeance. But these insults and threats proffered by adolescents made me think more of the antics of my own university days than of any deep-seated popular indignation. The public in the streets watched the demonstrations unmoved; street-car conductors and taxi drivers let the youths surge past without daring to interfere. And the only real victims of these disorders were the algebra, geography, and history that the young people left behind with an easy conscience while they ran through the Corso shouting their insults at France. I myself, caught in the unconcerned crowd in the Piazza Colonna, watched the parade go by without feeling anything more serious than curiosity.

How did it happen that I could hear my country insulted without plunging in with both fists against these bad boys? Simply because I could not take them seriously, because I said to myself, 'It's just a little attack of spleen, and will soon be over,' as I should have spoken of a small brother's toothache. But in holding this very frame of mind, keeping my usual placid temper, and telling my Italian friends how unconcerned I had felt all through these agitated days, I unconsciously touched the sorest point in their quarrel with us. 'You don't take us seriously,' they say. 'You don't realize at all the moral and material power of the new Italy. You underrate us — you must learn to know us better.'

That is one of their principal grievances. What are the others?

It is hard to make the Italians understand that we do not openly favor the anti-Fascist activities that are carried on in France. Recent incidents such as the clumsy and apparently prejudiced verdict of a French jury, the political murders committed on French territory by Italians against Italians, quantities of little daily happenings which pass unnoticed at home but are enlarged upon and broadcasted by the Italian press, all tend to confirm them in this error. Our inaction, they say, is the proof of our complicity.

'Drive our enemies out of your country,' they kept telling me. 'That will give us a proof of the friendship that your ministers are always talking about when they come to inaugurate a border station or dedicate a statue to Petrarch. Otherwise what good does it do us?'

'But France is a country where we still respect the law of hospitality.'

'All right; but make your visitors respect it too. Forbid their newspapers to appear, their committees to meet, their orators to speak, and their partisans to kill our partisans.'

I have heard this kind of talk almost everywhere — even from writers, doctors, scholars, artists, people who can be counted upon for a certain independence of spirit. They seem to have given their allegiance to the Fascist

régime voluntarily; their admiration for the head of the government has all the appearance of sincerity, and if they make reservations about his immediate followers, it is only to increase their praise for his personal qualities.

'What!' they say to me. 'Don't you prefer our government to yours?'

'It's not easy for me to sacrifice my liberty.'

'Liberty?' one of them will answer. 'What does that mean to you?' And he smiles maliciously. I can foresee the case he is going to make out: our parliamentary system, with the bad people making the laws for the good. . . . His tone of voice when he talks of our politicians is eloquent.

It is among the young people, naturally, that you encounter the most ardent admiration for Mussolini. Their words often border on a sort of mystic worship. What they said often made me think of Salvation Army preachers — or would have done so but for their expressive faces and lively gestures and the swift fluency of their speech, which was always there to remind me that this was the land of Boccaccio.

Among these solemn young people, orderly and determined, we French are regarded as frivolous, coarse, and dissolute. When I gently protest that virtue is still to be found in France, sprouting as free as violets in spring, my contradictors unfold their newspapers and proceed to show me the evidence. It must be confessed that our poor France has sunk very low. A Parisian banker is cited in bankruptcy: evidently French finance is rotten through and through. Our Minister of Labor, Public Health, and Security has caught cold: of course, he spends all his nights on Montmartre. A road worker is killed in Syria in an encounter with the police: that's the kind of civilization France is offering the Near East!

I was saying that all the harm comes out of the newspapers, and that bad cooking finally tells on the best of stomachs. The Italians complain that we do not understand them; but how badly they understand us! Yet the desire for good will is just as sincere on both sides. I can even say that I find something spontaneous and hearty in the friendship they offer us that no other races can make us feel quite so strongly. I myself was welcomed by them, fêted, honored, and covered with kindnesses so fine and moving that I am forced to believe they were intended for my country rather more than for me. They are aware of all the literary and artistic currents of France. Our authors are read in Rome, Milan, Turin, Florence, Naples, their works are talked about, studied in the literary circles, criticized in the journals. But what do we know about Italian authors? What do we do for them? There are other writers in Italy besides d'Annunzio and Pirandello.

I remember one of those evenings in Rome when a group of my friends were trying to find the cure for the irritation between our two countries.

'You must give more recognition to the greatness and beauty of our work,' they told me.

'I should like to,' I answered. 'But you must let us dance our own little jig without criticizing our music.'

It was a beautiful night and we decided to go and watch the moon rise through the cypresses of the Appian Way. A light carriage quickly took us there. The Campagna was bathed in a vast serenity. We said nothing, but our silence established a sort of sympathy between us.

'Oh,' exclaimed one of my friends who did not wear the Fascist insignia in his lapel, 'how good it would be to be good friends.'

I clasped his hand and there were

tears in our eyes. We knew that we were kept apart more by ideas than by feelings, that our hearts beat in harmony, and that there was no real breach between us.

III

After spending more than a fortnight in Rome, one feels the need of going out into the fields and breathing the country air. In the city the political atmosphere keeps your spirits in a sort of oppression which soon gives you, like any other prisoner, a craving to escape.

It was one of those November mornings of Italy that are washed in the softest of sunlight when I left gloomy Rome behind me and set out for the little town of Orvieto. My imagination and the eloquence of the Blue Guide held it before me as an infinitely precious and distinguished pearl set by the hand of God and the splendor of the Popes on a hilltop terraced with abundant vineyards. I was looking forward, as soon as the train pulled out, to all the joys of escape — I wanted to run from one window to the other, lean out in spite of all the warnings, hold my face full-front to the cinders and the joyful impact of the open air. These hopes were effectively dashed, however, by the presence in the corridors of the sinister militiamen who patrol back and forth from one platform to the other, peering into each compartment with a look of disturbing curiosity. In the corridor they brush past you so close that the butts of their revolvers play a tune on your ribs; and, since the word 'Pardon' has been scratched from the Fascist vocabulary, they tread on your toes without your knowing whether to take it as an accident or a threat. So it is better to stay seated. And I did so.

The fast express for Florence sped at its thirty-five miles an hour along the muddy channel of the Tiber. Watching the loamy fields of the *ager romanus*, now worked by long-horned water buffalo, now by women bent over heavy hoes, I had the feeling that the same silent and wholly disciplined activity reigned here that had struck me in the streets of Rome. Not that there were many people in these fields, but the workers that I saw gave me the impression of fulfilling a duty rather than merely doing a job. I remembered the phrase that the Italian post office includes in its postmark on letters: *E'l dovere di tutti gli agricoltori italiani contribuire alla vittoria del grano.* ('It is the duty of every Italian farmer to contribute to the victory of the grain.') This order, this call, seemed to have been heard by men, women, and children working the land, and they were answering it with great good will.

But I was recalled from this sight and the pastoral fancies into which it was leading me by the singular conversation going on just then between my fellow travelers in the compartment. They were two large men of easy-going appearance, well dressed, and wearing the Fascist insignia in their buttonholes. One of them was a senator, and he addressed his companion with the title of *Commendatore*, or Captain. They had exhausted the morning papers, exchanged with each other the *Popolo d'Italia*, the *Tribuna*, the *Impero;* and now they were exchanging ideas. The commendatore had a generous vocabulary: words like *putrefazione*, *ministero rubatore*, and *scandali* recurred frequently; and these putrefactions and scandals referred to France — there could be no doubt of it. The senator nodded his head in reply or shook it with an expression of doleful despair; he dropped in a phrase or two that echoed with a funereal ring, and it was evident that he considered France

to be in a very bad way and was much affected by it. But the other rubbed his hands and went on saying '. . . *scandali* . . . *putrefazione* . . .'

This dialogue continued all the time I was in the train. Far from irritating me, it taught me a salutary lesson.

'Here's a senator and some sort of lawyer,' I said to myself, 'in a country where people have a passion for talking politics, yet they do not dare to discuss the acts of their own government in a public railway train, for fear a man in a black shirt will come and join in the conversation in a not too respectful manner. They find an outlet for their suppressed passion in criticizing the politics of their neighbors. It has no importance at all: it's just a sort of mental game, an oratorical tilt.' And I resumed my train of rural fancies until we reached Orvieto.

The countryside of Orvieto is scented with licorice. The Umbrians, like the Tuscans, — perhaps others also, only I did not go to see, — have a way of making fodder by storing it up for years, packing it down, letting it simmer quietly under the basting of winter rains and the slow cooking of the summer sun; it becomes thoroughly mixed and solid, and ends by forming a marvelous cake of grain, cornflowers, thistles, and marguerites, which is fed out to the animals in slices cut off with a saw. And it is this grass pudding that gives the air you breathe around Orvieto the scent of a sprig of spice.

I was so taken with these odors that I wandered from farm to farm and from vineyard to vineyard until I found myself far away from the base of the rock where, like the tabernacle on the altar, in its gilt and mosaic coating, sits the cathedral that I had come to visit. I strolled along paths that were full of the unexpected, climbing slopes and turning corners according to their whim along the flank of the Umbrian hills. Everything in this Franciscan landscape told of the beneficence of love, the delights of charity. Hedges of brush and tall grasses growing high and close together sheltered the vineyards from the mountain winds; mulberries were planted to give shade to the young artichokes; the brook ran by to refresh the mulberries; and to make the charitable path of the brook less difficult, the hillside sloped at an accommodating angle. Birds flew about overhead, settled down upon a stalk, uttered a little whistle and darted to another stalk. At every turn I expected to come upon Saint Francis, with Brother Leo, Brother Bernard, or Brother Masseo, the converted Wolf of Gubbio, or the tame turtledoves. Them I did not meet, but as I was passing near an old chapel lost among olives I ran against a group of young people going toward the town. They took up the full width of the path, and as each one carried a large green umbrella under one arm, using the other to gesticulate with, the space for me to pass them in was somewhat confined. They paid no attention to the strait I was in and pushed roughly past me along their way, talking, as nearly as I could make out, of movies and farm machinery.

Whereupon I promptly emerged from my Franciscan dream. The bushes became bushes just like any others, the brook watered the mulberries because it could not do otherwise, and the obliging angle of the slope meant nothing to the brook.

I could see other groups of men with green umbrellas mounting the winding road toward the gates of Orvieto. As the day was waning and the country no longer held its charm for me, I turned about and followed them up the road to the little town.

From the hotel keeper in the Piazza Garibaldi I learned that there was to be a traveling movie that evening,

given by the Luce (L'Unione Cinematografica Educativa). The people of the district were invited to come for distraction and for instruction — distraction from the need of going to look for jobs in the cities, and instruction in the policies of the new régime, with its beauties, its benefits, and the latest discoveries of agricultural mechanics and chemistry. The municipal band was to help in the evening's entertainment.

I was struck with admiration for Mussolini's effectiveness, his keen sense of the moment, his awareness of the people's needs, and that creative will of his which for seven years has worked untiringly to improve and develop the work he undertook at the beginning. This Luce, for example, was his own conception: it was he who gave it in a very few months its tremendous development, strictly along the lines of popular education, social and intellectual; and it was he who wisely turned it over to younger men, fired with enthusiasm for their important task — to such men as Alessandro Sardi, receptive as he is to all that pertains to the arts, the sciences, politics, and on whose lips the word 'progress' is daily reëndowed with its old magic.

There was something beautiful about this slow progression of the people up from the fields toward the silver screen of the Luce. Along the same paths where their forebears had followed the Poverello and harkened to his mystic counsel, these fellows were moving toward the light of modernity. Miracles, whether Heaven-sent or earthly, will always win the enthusiasm of the masses. And indeed there was something miraculous about this motor truck charged with electricity which came to present to these dwellers of the Umbrian hills the living image of the New God and the truly moving pictures of his gospel. To-night they would be shown the parable of the good Italian grain, the marvelous story of the plough that works by itself, and those promised lands of the future held out to the faithful: Tunis, Albania, Corsica.

Through the Porta Cassia and the Porta Maggiore, little bands of men of all ages were flowing into the narrow and trafficless streets of the old town. Their buttonholes did not bear the *fascio*, but their manners were more expressive of their secret convictions than the little enamel badge, which has always been held somewhat suspect outside of the cities.

Observing their serious and determined faces, I understood that the country, too, had been touched by the grace of Fascism, that these people were somehow conscious of the solemn purpose which their chief had imposed on them, and that their children in turn would grow to be men.

So I walked on through the darkness toward the station, the local musicians sounding in my ears the light and laughing Fascist hymn, *Giovinezza*, which expresses — in spite of the austere uses to which it has been put — the true spirit of a race devoted to music and the dance.

IV

It is not at Naples that you should look for little girls marching military fashion or old gentlemen bowing to each other with the sweeping Roman gesture. March time is made impossible by the badly fitted lava blocks of the pavements, and the graceful gesture is hindered by the human hurly-burly of the streets. Perhaps there are other reasons, too.

It goes without saying that I am speaking of the old Naples, the true Naples, the Naples of the Bourbons, with its conglomeration of palaces, churches, and tenements along streets

so dark and narrow that they seem like underground passages, streets in which six or seven hundred thousand mortals come and go, singing, crying, shouting, laughing, enjoying, and despairing. This is where you will find Naples, not on the famous colored postcard sent by a traveling friend. This is Naples with its variegated past, its tumultuous present, with its cloisters of majolica and its sidewalk fish stalls, its tombs of the Angevin kings and its shops of the coffin merchants.

And is this Naples Fascist? Do these people belong to the faithful — these vegetable peddlers with voices like Caruso, these impresarios of ten-sou puppet shows, these vendors of sacred relics sitting in their anatomical shops, the walls bedecked with arms and legs, round bellies and flat chests, all warranted of silver? Does anyone know? Here is a city that has belonged to all the world, to the Greeks, the Romans, the Normans, Germans, and Angevins, the Spanish, the Austrians, and the French, yet has always remained itself. What can we know about it?

Mussolini has said: 'Fascism brings a kind of style into the lives of the people; it gives them a line of conduct that has color, force, picturesqueness, the quality of the unexpected, and the quality of mysticism — in fact, everything that matters to the soul of the masses.'

The Neapolitans are not interested in that kind of style. They carry with them their color and their picturesqueness; they show no taste for the exactions of force; and they know too well, from being surrounded with more or less extinct volcanoes, that no good is to be expected of the unexpected. And as for mysticism, they have private views on that score which are worth pausing over.

In Naples Fascism has found a formidable adversary: God. The God of the Neapolitans is kindly and familiar. He walks the streets in the garb of a monk; he is easy in his ways and helpful, always ready to comfort the unfortunate, cure the scrofula, and offer consolation for a broken heart. He runs a bureau of charity in each of his three hundred and fifty churches, and he never takes a vacation. The Virgin works at his side in the guise of a good Sister. For assistants he has a crowd of famous saints. In addition he has set up countless first-aid stations: there 's not a street corner or a public square without its miracle-working image, adorned with flowers and lights, to offer its services to the ailing and the outcast. He knows how to hold his people, too. No frowning brows for him, no rolling eyeballs or thrusting out of jaw. He too has his militiamen, but they do not go about in black shirts with revolvers in their belts. They wear burlap gowns and their wide sleeves are full of scapularies and holy medals.

The god of the young Romans cries: 'We must be firm, we must be hard!' The God of the Neapolitans is not Nietzschean: he is Franciscan. I think the people of Naples are more inclined to follow the latter than the former. The slow procession suits them better than the military march.

See how they all go strolling in the streets, helter-skelter, eyes peering, ears alert, sniffing up the wind, hunting whatever offers itself in the way of a free show — a hurdy-gurdy turning out a waltz, a whiff of frying that will lead to a good meal. They are a lovable lot, and if you mix among them and follow them it is rarely that they will fail to lead you to some street corner where a friendly fight enlivens the scene or a band of serenaders sings to the sun, moon, and stars. Their laugh is contagious, their carefree ways make you

hopeful. And when you return to the gloomy region of hotels and tourist agencies, silent and deserted, you take with you a splendid harvest of new vigor, a few extra fleas, and some counterfeit five-lira notes in your pocket.

Naples claims the most musical origin in the world: its cradle was a siren's tomb. Music flows through it like the blood in our veins. Going up on the heights of the Castle of St. Elmo, and listening to the hum of the huge city, you hear it as a song made up from the voices of children, the chiming of bells, the calls of peddlers, the horns of autos, and the plaints of Barbary organs, with the sound of the sea as a muted accompaniment. It is completely pervaded with music, which rises up to you as a synthesis of the griefs and joys, desires and delights, of a vibrant, passionate, and sensuous people.

Will the Puritans from Rome succeed in suppressing all this joy of living? It appears that they are not seriously trying; for Naples they have introduced a special kind of Fascism. 'We play all the strings of the lyre,' Mussolini has said — 'the violent, the religious, the artistic, the political.' It is clear that violence would remain ineffective here. So they are playing the good fellow instead. They have washed and scrubbed the boulevards of the newer quarter, but have left supreme in the little streets of the old city those odors of burning charcoal, melted cheese, and rotten tomatoes without which a Neapolitan would not feel at home. On the heights of Vomero they have built fine buildings with running water and free light and air, but they have not demolished any of the pest-ridden hovels where a prodigiously fecund race is born and reared and dies, and where the nightly slumbers are enjoyed by families of eight or ten children, with mother, father, boys, and girls all breathing the same narrow air under the eye of a Madonna feebly lighted by an oxygen-burning lamp.

'Are you a Fascist?' I asked a young Neapolitan of middle class.

'I am, violently,' he answered.

'And by that you mean —'

'That I'm crazy about football, swimming, and motor boats.'

'And is your city Fascist?'

'Is it! What a question! Just come and see for yourself to-morrow at the Villa Nazionale.'

Next morning my curiosity and my expectation of seeing one of those demonstrations that the new Italy is so fond of led me in good season toward the charming public garden near the water front. But I was vigorously prevented from getting very near by the strict militiamen who guarded all the approaches. Besides, I could hear a sound of violent explosions rapidly repeated which gave the impression that this peaceful spot was witnessing a battle of machine guns and grenades. After many detours I reached the Villa Nazionale. There, in one of the world's most beautiful landscapes, and under the eyes of a hundred or so gaping spectators, two dozen motor cyclists were competing in speed tests, fighting for the inside track, passing and repassing each other, and sending up an infernal racket.

'Well,' my friend called out when he spotted me, 'how's that for a sight? You were looking for a Fascist show, and there you have it.'

He explained to me that this was a championship race, that there was a cup, that the thing went on for two whole days, that they were fighting for the honor of Naples, and that I must stay there until the end to see the city's colors triumph. I had to do some rather clever acting to keep my face with this enthusiast.

That day and the following, a whole

section of Naples was dedicated to speed and the open throttle.

On the evening of the following day, when the noisy circuit had been interrupted, a chance stroll brought me back to that vicinity. The wind from the sea had cleared away the fumes. The thousand lights of Posilipo were twinkling in the distance. Floating sparks seemed to glide over the unseen waters of the bay; for it was the hour when the Neapolitans go fishing with lanterns.

Just then, in the silence of the mild winter night, the sound of a mandolin arose.

'Naples is still Naples,' I told myself. 'And Italy still has a place for dreaming.'

V

The last few days of my stay in Italy were spent at Ravello, above the Gulf of Salerno. There, among laden orange trees and blossoming Japanese medlars, far from the pomp of Rome and the sputter of Naples, one can meditate on the new Italy. From the rock on which the town is built, a thousand feet up from the sea, you look out upon a horizon of bare mountains and fruitful orchards, craggy bays and wild valleys, a view so vast and of such impressive aspect that you are exalted and invigorated by it. I could hardly have hoped for a better observation post from which to start exploring Italy, or one that would make it easier for me to overcome my prejudices. I set out on a fine December afternoon, vibrant with light and touched with the delicate scent of lingering roses and early violets.

In the distance the charming town of Salerno went peacefully about its business of noodles and cotton. At my feet, on the dark sand of the little beaches bordering the bay, golden scaffolds of macaroni were drying in the sun. Some fishermen were dragging a loaded seine ashore, surrounded with impatient and noisy boys. To shelter their orange crop from the coolness of the night, the people of Maiori were covering it with branches of dry leaves. Round about me, near each of the little white cottages scattered over the slopes of the mountain, workers were busy turning up their fields, seeding them, smoking the trunks of their olive trees, or leading their goats to pasture. There did not seem to be a corner of this earth, arid as it appeared, which was not made productive by the tricks of fertilizing and the wonders of human patience.

And to think of all that has been said and written about the laziness of the South Italians! Those who still cherish that old platitude from their albums of ready-made ideas will do well to travel about in the country near Naples and see the orchards that have been won back so often and with such pains from the lava, or the orange groves of the coast of Salerno, gained foot by foot and terrace by terrace from the rock. There are fine examples here of what can be accomplished by the stubborn toil and ingenuity of the Campanians. The fact that they work with a song on their lips does not mean that they work less well.

Sitting at a turn in the path, between the roots of an ancient olive, I had abandoned myself to such thoughts as these when a young girl came by, carrying on her head a heavy basket of loam. She was pale and beautiful, with the pallor that belongs to a people nourished on pasty foods, and with the beauty that Lamartine immortalized in Graziella.

'*Buona sera*,' she greeted me.

And she went on, smiling under her burden, to which her graceful bearing gave the air of a sacred offering. Presently I saw her dump it out in a

tiny niche between two rocks on the mountainside. During the time that I remained there she made several trips, and by the end of an hour her tirelessness had turned a sterile spot into a foothold for another olive tree. You could say of her that she had added to her native land.

Watching her work, I felt myself carried away toward the north, toward Rome and Florence and Milan. I thought of this corner of Europe where a whole race of people, inspired with the beauty of their labor, were busy seeking to make their country greater; all of them, like this girl of Ravello, giving to this noble task the slow and determined effort of their daily toil. I thought of the Duce and his scorn for idealists and dreamers and builders of Utopias. I thought of the ardent youths who for seven years have tirelessly worked to improve themselves and their country, on the moral plane and on the practical, with a perseverance and a faith in the outcome that are very impressive to the observer. Such is their confidence in their chief that they have given up to him liberty itself, the liberty that we French consider the highest good. Is this a sign, as many good people choose to believe, that the character of the race has degenerated? That question should not be asked of an Italian: as well ask a Benedictine if he does not think he has been degraded by subscribing to the rule of Saint Benedict.

A willingly accepted discipline, in spite of appearances, keeps the spirits high. Fascist Italy is under Mussolini's orders as a football team is under the orders of its captain.

We are quick to judge that a country is not free if, when we travel in a train, we cannot light a cigarette in a compartment marked 'No smoking,' and cannot put our feet up on the seats. This is the point of view that makes the Frenchman so ill at ease when he travels in Italy — not that he finds any systematic pleasure in breaking rules, but that he does not enjoy being called to order for trifles by a guard armed to the teeth. The good nature of our gendarmes does more for French law and order than strictness or brutality would.

But we have done business with liberty for a very long time; she's an old connection of ours. We know what we can take and what we must leave: we are not of these younger peoples whose heads are turned by her like a schoolboy with his first cigarette. Liberty does not play tricks on us as she has on the Italians; so we do not feel the need of getting rid of her, whereas Italy has acclaimed her disappearance and does not ask for her return.

'Fascism cannot be transplanted outside of Italy,' Mussolini has said. Certainly it is in its proper setting there; it is there that it has its greatness and its beauty. There also, perhaps, it has its necessity.

But when a Frenchman leaves Italy after a visit of several weeks and crosses the border into France, tell me if the air does not suddenly seem to flow more easily into his lungs, and if he is not suddenly seized with a desire, just for the fun of it, to march up and down in the corridors of the train, from which the armed guards have finally disappeared. Tell me if he does not at once hunt up a fellow passenger and start a conversation in which he can criticize — out loud and to his heart's content — the policy of Monsieur Poincaré, and run down his own government without fear of exile or deportation.

Tell me if he is not delighted to be a Frenchman.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE RUSSIAN INTELLIGENTSIA

BY WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

I

'REVOLUTION is a storm, sweeping aside everything that stands in its path.' So reads the present-day inscription on the former building of the Moscow City Council. And the Bolshevist revolution, which to some classes brought an exhilarating, intoxicating consciousness of emancipation and new-found power, for others has meant bitter suffering and profound disillusionment.

To be uprooted and displaced by a social upheaval to which one is indifferent or hostile (the fate of the old Russian aristocracy and bourgeoisie) is, of course, painful and disconcerting to the persons affected. But to be swept aside by a revolutionary storm which one regarded, in anticipation, with sympathy, or even helped to raise (the fate of the Russian radical and liberal intelligentsia) — here is surely material both for tragedy and for irony. Madame Roland, guillotined by her revolutionary associates of yesterday and dying with her last bitter apostrophe to liberty on her lips, is a figure of more historical dramatic pathos than Marie Antoinette, who perhaps wondered up to the last why the people, if short of bread, did not resort to cake. And to-day the Russian intellectual who formerly considered himself a revolutionary, who perhaps experienced prison or exile or persecution under the Tsar, but who now finds the Soviet experiment in building up socialism something quite alien, is a more tragic, if less spectacular, figure than the former prince who has become a chauffeur or the prerevolutionary countess who may be selling cigarettes.

Generalities are always dangerous, and most of all in dealing with a class. It would be quite exaggerated to lump the whole pre-war intelligentsia together as out of sympathy with the Soviet régime. One finds some old university students and graduates in the ranks of the Communist Party. Another and larger part of the former educated and propertied classes, while not Communist in outlook or party affiliation, is outspoken in its support of the Soviet Government, on the ground that it represents the best, indeed the only, system of organized administration which Russia can hope to enjoy at the present time and that it is the duty of scientists and professional men, in any case, to devote their best efforts to the service of their country, regardless of what government may be in power. And, of course, not every educated man in pre-war Russia was in favor of a revolutionary upheaval. Among the highly paid engineers and more prosperous specialists generally, conservatism and tepid liberalism were the most common tendencies, so far as they took an interest in politics at all.

But, making full allowance for these facts, the number of intellectuals who fifteen or twenty years ago would certainly have counted themselves among the opponents of the Tsarist system, and who to-day are skeptical and negative in their reaction to the Soviet

structure, is large enough to call for explanation. The history of the revolutionary movement in Russia during the nineteenth century coincided very closely with the progress of Russian enlightenment. The leaders of the Dekabristi were poets and philosophers, men who had been touched by the double liberating influence of Western culture and the French Revolution. A very large number of the Narodniki, the revolutionaries of the latter half of the century, were men and women of high education; not a few of them acquired distinction as scientists or linguists even after they had been banished to the most inhospitable wastes of the Tsarist Empire. The early leadership of all the modern revolutionary parties, including the Bolsheviki, was largely recruited from the intelligentsia. The question naturally arises: what produced the schism between the Revolution, in the form which it finally assumed, and the majority of the Russian intelligentsia, the class which certainly contributed more than any other to the awakening of conscious revolutionary spirit in the masses?

Everyone will answer this question according to his own class sympathies and predilections. The orthodox Communist answer, an answer that has now crystallized and become stereotyped in dozens of books and plays, is that the prerevolutionary intelligentsia (its small Communist minority, of course, excepted) was a wavering, irresolute class of people, radical in words rather than in deeds, and bound to prove impotent and unreliable under the test of revolutionary crisis. The working class, according to this point of view, captured and held power in spite of the timidity and sabotage of the intelligentsia. One of its chief tasks now is to forge its own intelligentsia, its own class of doctors, engineers, teachers, fully in sympathy with the new social order.

The unreconciled intellectual would argue that neither the ideal nor the material conditions of the new society, as envisaged by the pioneer Russian revolutionaries, are realized in the Soviet Union. He would repudiate the idea that in failing to participate actively in the Bolshevist revolution he had been untrue to his former principles.

Each of these answers has its elements of truth; neither, I think, contains the whole truth.

Some of the pre-war Russian intelligentsia, as anyone familiar with the writings of Turgenev and Chekhov must recognize, had more than the average human being's share of spiritual flabbiness. Some of the Communist methods of getting and keeping power are more easily defensible on grounds of practical expediency than on those of moral idealism. But the fundamental explanation for the deep rift between the revolutionary order in Russia and the class which, a generation ago, prided itself on its revolutionism lies outside the peculiar qualities either of the intelligentsia or of the Communists; it is to be sought rather in the very nature, the inevitable nature, of the Russian revolutionary process.

II

Probably the best picture of the poignant tragedy of the intelligentsia in the period of the Russian civil war, a picture that is all the more true and convincing because it reflects some of the author's own experiences, is to be found in the novel, *V Tupike*, by V. V. Veresaev, which has been translated into English under the title, *The Deadlock*. The novel is prefaced by the beautiful lines from the *Divina Commedia* in which Dante depicts the plight of the angels who were neutral in the struggle between God and Satan, and who were, consequently, rejected

by Heaven and not accepted by Hell. The fate of these angels is the fate of all moderates in historical clashes of extremes; it was certainly the fate of the Russian intelligentsia.

The heroine of Veresaev's novel, Katya, with her father, Ivan Ilyitch, an old doctor whose radical and humanitarian ideas have often brought him into conflict with the Tsarist authorities, lives through the Revolution in a village on the southern shore of the Crimean peninsula. A feeble anti-Soviet government is overthrown in the early part of the book, and most of the action occurs while the village is under Soviet control. There is a brief episode of White restoration at the end.

Old Ivan Ilyitch is consistently anti-Bolshevist; he will not compromise by one iota his two chief dogmas, sanctity of human life and freedom of speech, neither of which is much respected by a revolution in the making. But Katya, younger, more impressionable, and receptive to new ideas, wavers, as many honest Russian intellectuals must have wavered, during the tortuous course of the civil war. She feels the mass strength of the Revolution, she can see its beautiful and heroic side as well as its excesses and cruelties. She admires and sympathizes with her sister Vera, a Communist of the most devoted and self-sacrificing type, who is never so happy as when she lays down her life before the rifles of a White firing squad.

But whenever Katya feels impelled to take her stand definitely on the Communist side (she never cherishes seriously the idea of joining the Whites, with their thinly veiled programme of political and social reaction) some new extreme of the ruthless civil class war drives her back to a position of neutrality. And in the end she goes away and disappears, 'no one knows where.'

Veresaev once told me that some of his Communist friends urged him to alter the ending and make Katya, in the last account, turn Communist. But he adhered to his own climax, which is not only psychologically more true and convincing, but more symbolic of the actual reaction of the Russian intelligentsia to the Revolution.

One can scarcely read *V Tupike* without feeling that Katya's experience is more than a reflection of the tragedy of the class to which she belonged, of the people who desired and worked for a revolution and then could not accept it when it came. It is a projection of a world-tragic theme: the invariable gulf between human aspiration and human realization. One of the most illuminating passages in the book is an argument between Katya and her cousin Leonid, who is himself an active Communist. Katya points bitterly to the contrast between some of the abuses of the new Soviet régime and the ideals which she and Leonid, as hunted revolutionaries under the Tsarist régime, had both cherished. And Leonid's reply — convincing, I think, to one's logic, if not to one's feelings — was much to the following effect: The early Russian revolutionary movement was the handiwork of a small number of people of exceptional moral and intellectual idealism, many of whom broke directly with selfish personal and class interests for the sake of their conceptions of justice and liberty. It is obviously impossible to expect that the standards of such a movement, condemned to practical failure by the small number of its participants, will be preserved when the revolution passes from theory and romantic ineffectual personal exploits of individuals into the stage of action, deriving most of its explosive force from the feelings of hatred and revenge that awaken in classes which are rising against long oppression.

This touches one of the most difficult psychological problems of the Russian

Revolution, and, indeed, of every big movement that has its first conscious direction in a band of enthusiastic idealists, conquers masses through the fervor of their conviction, and then finds itself threatened with deterioration because its quantitative growth has exceeded its qualitative extension. Even the most impractical intellectual of Chekhov's or Turgenev's imagination would probably shrink from the *reductio ad absurdum* involved in the proposition that the revolutionary movement should remain 'pure' by remaining isolated and thereby condemning itself to the fate that overtook the Dekabristi and the Narodniki: the best leaders on the scaffold or in exile and the Tsar still firmly on his throne.

Yet even the most convinced Communist, granting that he be sincere and intelligent, can scarcely fail to be painfully struck at times by the abuses committed in the name of Communism, largely as a result of the penetration of such huge organizations as the Communist Party, the Union of Communist Youth, the trade-unions, and the Soviet officialdom, by corrupt and careerist elements.

The difference between the Leonids and the Katyas, between the sincere Communists and the doubting intellectuals, in actual life comes largely down to this. The Communists, absorbed in intense personal activity and confident of the ultimate triumph of their cause, regard the abuses as things which will sooner or later be overcome or outlived, whereas the instinctive attitude of the intellectual is much more skeptical.

This touches another element in the tragedy of the Russian intelligentsia. A basic doctrine of Communism is justification by works, or rather, perhaps, by work. If one were required to name the dominant characteristic of the active Communist or of the nonparty man or woman who is whole-heartedly absorbed in some branch of Soviet or trade-union or coöperative work, one would probably say boundless, restless energy and activity. Passive and reflective by training and temperament, the typical old-fashioned intellectual is as ill adjusted to this sort of life as Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, would be to the atmosphere of a noisily and consciously growing American Mid-Western town. Quite possibly against his own will he is stranded and isolated from the main currents of the bubbling, boiling, new Russian life. He turns to such inconspicuous clerical work as he may obtain, and finds expression and a certain measure of consolation by exchanging with his acquaintances the latest 'anecdote,' or satirical joke.

These anecdotes are a constant source of amusement to the classes of the population which cannot be reckoned among the enthusiastic admirers of the new order of things. Originating in the most obscurely anonymous sources, they pass rapidly from mouth to mouth, and are almost as quickly forgotten and superseded by new ones. Curiously enough many Communists repeat these products of contraband humor with evident relish; more than one of those which I append here came to me from party members in good standing. To the earnest Communist the telling of an occasional anecdote perhaps brings the same sense of relief and relaxation which the believer in the mediæval Church experienced when he was permitted, on certain occasions, to indulge in frolicsome mockery of the most solemn rites and doctrines. The following little series of these stories illustrates their general character: —

A prominent Soviet official is haranguing a group of workers, who complain that they are inadequately supplied with clothes. The official tries to console them by declaring that other races, notably the American Indians,

wore much less. Whereupon an old worker remarks: 'Well, they probably had the Soviet system much longer.'

Three men — a Russian, a Frenchman, and a Jew — are sentenced by some revolutionary tribunal to be executed. They are asked to state their last wishes. The Frenchman asks for a bottle of champagne; the Russian pleads to be inscribed as a member of the Communist Party. This extraordinary request arouses some amazement, and the Russian clarifies it by adding, 'So that there may be one less scoundrel in the world when I am dead.' The Jew puts in a request for a dish of strawberries. 'But it's winter, and there are no strawberries,' he is told. 'Well, I can wait,' is his rejoinder.

A Nepman, or private trader, goes to a store and asks for pictures which he may display in the window of his shop to prove that he is a loyal Soviet citizen. Portraits of Rykov, Kalinin, and the whole Council of Peoples' Commissars fail to attract him, but he brightens up when he sees the picture of Lenin lying dead in the state tomb. 'Could n't you show me a picture of the whole Council of Peoples' Commissars lying dead?' he ventures.

A concert is announced, with the unusual condition that tickets of admission cost ten rubles, but that one hundred rubles will be paid to any of the audience who profess dissatisfaction with the last number. The hall is crowded with people seeking to win one hundred rubles easily. The concert is a miserable affair; but when the last number proves to be the 'Internationale,' played by the band of the Gay-Pay-Oo, or secret police, no one feels in the mood to claim his hundred rubles.

III

Difficult material conditions also help to estrange the intelligentsia from the new social order. If the worker is better off, as a general rule, than he was before the Revolution, the average middle-class professional man — the doctor, lawyer, teacher, or engineer — is distinctly worse off, especially if he stands near the head of his profession. Not only is his money remuneration smaller, but he usually lives under much more crowded and uncomfortable conditions. I have visited the office of a Russian medical scientist of international reputation whose bed stood in his reception room.

These material hardships are exacerbated by various psychological irritants. The harassed and overworked doctor at the head of a hospital naturally feels a certain amount of resentment if some *delegatka* (the term for the working-class or peasant woman who is sent to inspect and study public institutions) gives him a lecture on how his hospital should be managed. Engineers often complain that their initiative is seriously curbed and their work generally hampered by the constant interference of the factory committee or the local branch of the Communist Party. Professors of the old school feel personally hurt if one of their number is roughly called to account and threatened with the loss of his post for contributing a scientific article to some foreign publication to which, perhaps without his knowledge, Russian *émigré* scientists have also contributed.

It is only fair to say that for every one of the typical intelligentsia grievances which I have mentioned there is a more or less convincing Communist countercase. Hospitals in Russia sometimes are mismanaged; and the efforts of the delegatkas or other public-spirited citizens to bring about reforms, provided that these efforts are guided by an intelligent regard for facts, may be useful and beneficial. While there may have been some weak

points in the State's case in the great trial of fifty engineers and technicians accused of corruption, sabotage, and deliberate mismanagement in the mines of the Shachti region of the Donetz coal basin, there was enough evidence to show that a whole group of these Shachti engineers, by misusing their posts and taking bribes from the former owners, made themselves partially responsible for the atmosphere of strain, friction, and suspicion which one sometimes senses between the new Communist masters of the Russian factories and the old technical specialists. Every new revolutionary government is violently hostile to its émigré opponents; and no doubt it is the part of discretion for Soviet scientists and professors to avoid even the possibility of contact with their former colleagues who are now outside the Soviet frontiers.

But while an outside observer may recognize the two or more sides of every controversial case, it is only natural that persons living in Russia should view matters from the standpoint of their own class, of their own conditions of work. And while the theory and practice of proletarian dictatorship are like a heady stimulant to the more active-minded workers, and, from that standpoint, a source of strength to the Soviet régime, in other classes of the population, and not the least among the intelligentsia, this theory and practice create a sense of discriminatory treatment, if not of oppression.

This feeling of class resentment occasionally even penetrates into the ranks of the Communist Party. I heard of an instance when a Communist, not of proletarian origin, who had received a post which called for considerable technical preparation, was more than a little indignant when some fellow Communist raised the stereotyped question whether this post should not have been given to a worker. 'Where will you find an actual manual worker who knows several languages and has the other technical qualifications for the position?' was his retort.

Much of the tragedy of the old intelligentsia lies in the fact that it is a perishing class. Not that education or educated people are disappearing in Russia. The Revolution has greatly widened the educational facilities of the masses, and no doubt, as the country becomes materially richer, the qualitative standards of the schools and colleges will steadily be raised. But the new Soviet intelligentsia that is growing out of the *rabfacs* and the proletarianized universities is so different from the old in everything, from class origin to cultural and political standards and ideals, that one can scarcely fail to note here a sharp break of continuity.

Two ceremonies which I attended in Moscow helped to emphasize this impression of a vanishing class. One was a meeting in honor of V. V. Veresaev. While the ideology of his *V Tupike*, as I have indicated, is not Communist, the Commissariat for Education took part in honoring him, for he had been a sturdy fighter against Tsarism for decades before the Revolution. Vera Figner, one of the heroines of the Narodnik movement, a woman of beautifully classic features, very erect despite her advanced age and the long term of years which she spent in the dungeons of Schlüsselburg, spoke eloquently of Veresaev's life and work. The audience was unusual, if not unique. One could recognize the most typical figures of the old intelligentsia: teachers and doctors and coöperative workers, people who knew Veresaev for his writings before the Revolution. Many, no doubt, had found a mirror of their own problems in *V Tupike*.

Over the whole occasion brooded an atmosphere that suggested Daudet's

famous story, 'The Last Lesson.' Very few young people were there; both in the speakers and in the audience one sensed a feeling that here was a class which collectively was experiencing the tragedy of dying childless, without a sympathetic younger generation to inherit and perpetuate its ideals and tastes and habits.

Something of this same spirit was visible at the celebration of the thirtieth anniversary of the establishment of the Moscow Art Theatre. Here again one was conscious of an audience that was unusual in contemporary Russia. It was more formal than the gathering in honor of Veresaev; many a figure in the prerevolutionary social life of Moscow had taken out and put on his long-disused frock coat for this special occasion. But if there were here many former members of the class which is habitually and disparagingly referred to in Soviet Russia as the bourgeoisie, they were certainly representatives of the more cultured and educated bourgeoisie, who rallied around the Art Theatre and supported it from the moment of its inception.

Amid the throng of people who paid tribute to Constantine Stanislavsky on behalf of various organizations, one magnificent old gentleman in a high collar achieved special distinction when he strode to the centre of the stage, laid down his wreath, and pronounced the two words, '*Staraya Moskva*' ('Old Moscow'). He was a delegate of the society 'Old Moscow,' which carries out archæological researches in the city. But his words were so symbolic and struck such a responsive chord that applause lasted for several minutes after he had vanished from the stage.

Here indeed was a gathering representative of the better side of old Moscow. And here again was the tragedy that comes from a sharp break of cultural continuity. True, the Art Theatre still holds an honored and significant place in Russian theatrical life. It performs before crowded audiences, and high Soviet officials prefer to attend its first nights rather than those of the playhouses which lay more claim to proletarian purity of artistic conception. But the new Art Theatre that gives the action plays of Vsevolod Ivanov is not the old Art Theatre that excelled in interpreting Chekhov and Dostoevsky. And one suspects that in the attitude of the older actors of the original Art Theatre toward the very competent and brilliant younger troupe which appears in the more modern plays there is something more than the inevitable slight element of regret with which age yields place to youth. There is the sharper twinge which comes from the feeling that the old tradition of the Art Theatre, just because of the strong new cultural influences which are at work, will not be fully carried on, that no actor of the present generation in Russia, however great his natural ability, is likely to deliver Ivan Karamazov's soliloquy in the manner of the incomparable Katchalov.

IV

The old Russian intelligentsia belongs to history. Its faults are well known, and not the least through its own writers and satirists. Even before the Communists came with their theory that the intelligentsia, with few exceptions, represented the 'waverings of the petty bourgeoisie,' any student of Russian literature was familiar with the Oblomovs and Rudins, with the types in whom action was drowned in a flood of words, in whom introspective self-analysis paralyzed the faculty of decision.

But perhaps the virtues of the intelligentsia are less widely known. Anyone who is even slightly acquainted with

Russian history, who has lived in Russia and come in contact with the survivors of this vanishing class, must, I think, recognize two qualities which are more characteristic of the Russian intelligentsia than of the educated classes of other countries.

First, there is the high social idealism that prompted so many men and women of the propertied and aristocratic classes to forsake their own personal interests and to throw themselves into what must then have seemed a hopeless struggle against the colossus of Tsarist autocracy. No purely materialistic interpretation of life and history can quite account for the Kropotkins, the Tolstoys, the Sofia Perovskayas, who, with all avenues of political and social preferment open to them, deliberately chose the road of protest and revolt that could lead only to persecution, exile, or the scaffold.

While the Russian intelligentsia probably supplied a larger proportion of people who broke with their selfish interests for the sake of their ideals than any class of any other country, only a minority of them, perhaps, could be reckoned as politically active. Even more characteristic than this social idealism was the very broad and rich personal culture which one comes from acquaintance to associate with the Russian scholar, writer, scientist, or artist. Hair-splitting pedantry is not a common Russian fault; and this is largely due to the fact that the Russian scholar or scientist is not, as a rule, a narrow specialist. Kropotkin, for instance, attained a fair measure of distinction as historian, explorer, philosopher, and natural scientist. Veresaev, like Chekhov before him, was a graduate doctor before he acquired fame as a writer. It is not unusual to encounter a mathematician with more than an amateur's talent for music, or vice versa. In this range and scope, broad as the Russian land itself, lies much of the indefinable charm of old Russian culture.

It is inevitable that the rôle of the intelligentsia in the Revolution and civil war should be harshly judged by active combatants on both sides. In the eyes of both victorious Red Soviet Russia and defeated White émigré Russia the radical and liberal intelligentsia, taking little active or voluntary part in the struggle, must seem almost deserters in a life-and-death conflict where desertion was an unpardonable crime.

Certainly the academical and theoretical strain in the character of the intelligentsia made them unfit, as a general rule, to ride the revolutionary storm, where quick decisive action was the first requirement. Yet it may be that their humanitarianism, their aversion to bloodshed and terrorism, regardless of the cause for which such means were invoked, had as much to do with their inactivity in the great Russian social convulsion as their familiar historical weaknesses of irresolution and wavering. They were not the sort of people to build Schlüsselburgs or Solovyetzky Islands.

History has its own laws of relativity; and noncombatants in periods of passionate stress and struggle are not always the chief sufferers from the application of these laws. Few people in any country now regard the pacifists of the World War with the indignation and contempt which were visited upon them while hostilities were in progress. And future generations in Russia, viewing the Revolution in broader perspective, may regard the tragic dilemma of the intelligentsia, who followed in the footsteps of Dante's angels and failed to place themselves on either side of the barricades of civil war, with more sympathy than can reasonably be expected from the combatant generation which fought through that war.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

A COLLECTION FOR THE INDIGENT

I, IN common with the rest of mankind, having an acquisitive instinct which makes collectors of us all, but being as impecunious as my friend Plutocratus is wealthy, did envy him greatly. While he could beckon and nod in the great sales rooms, or be a welcome guest in the sanctums of Edgar Huidekoper Wells or Dr. Rosenbach, I must needs pick over the stalls of the secondhand dealers of our local Grub Street.

Occasionally I find something to fill a need. Unconsidered trifles — an early *Spectator*, a great-folio Shelton's *Don Quixote*, a Wheatly *Pepys*, unabridged in nine volumes. Yet these bring little satisfaction. They fill a utilitarian rather than a collecting requirement. So I have been put to it to find a hobby which would gratify my collector's desire without being a drain on my pocketbook; my champagne taste on my beer income. I have found it. A collection which costs not a solitary sou and yet in which I can take a proper pride.

To be sure, I cannot sell any of the items I acquire. Nor do I have the thrill which comes to the collector when, the hammer falling for the third time, a lift of the eyebrows imperceptible to any except the lord of the auction room brings a Kelmscott *Chaucer* to rest among his treasures. On the other hand, I gladly give my treasures to any that ask, and some of my friends say I even force them willy-nilly on mere acquaintances.

My collection is of phrases and their origins. It started from the secondhand *Spectator*. Mulling over the seventh volume, I came across the story of Tobias Hobson. Now Mr. Hobson, according to Addison, or possibly Steele, was a very honorable man who let out hackney horses. He kept, the essay goes on to say, 'forty good cattle, but when a man came for a horse he was led into the stable, where there was great choice, but he obliged him to take the horse which stood next the stable door, so that every customer was alike well served according to his chance; from whence it became a proverb when what ought to be your election was forced upon you to say Hobson's choice.'

My next acquisition came somewhat later, at Salisbury. After picking out as many saints as possible on the façade of the Cathedral, I went within and was taken in charge by a voluble elderly verger. Around the wall, as in fact around the walls of all the old cathedrals, runs a stone protuberance knee high. The elderly verger droned on, when something he was saying caught my ear. 'And so, because in the old days there were no seats or pews in the nave, the cripples and old people who could not stand through the service sat on the stone bench; which gave rise to the saying, "The weak went to the wall."'

Now the virus of the collector began to get in my blood. It seems that this is the usual manner of infection. A couple of items are acquired in some haphazard fashion, a companion piece is sought, and before you can say 'Jack Robinson' you have become a collector, to remain one to the bitter end.

Incidentally and parenthetically, it was Robinson Crusoe who explained

the why and the wherefore of the 'bitter end.' A simple enough explanation, but one which had never occurred to me. 'Bitter,' it would seem, is a corruption of 'better,' the latter word referring to the end of a cable — the end, obviously, which is least in the water and last on the drum. It is in describing the terrible storm at Yarmouth Roads when Crusoe first went to sea that he says, 'We rode with two anchors ahead, and the cables veered out to the better end.'

Some of the origins I have had to work out for myself. I remember as a child reading a story of a French *émigré* who earned a precarious living in London, as apparently other émigrés were doing in other parts of England during the Revolution, by teaching dancing. 'Gardez vos pieds et queues,' he kept repeating; 'gardez vos pieds et queues, mes enfants.' How easy for 'mes enfants' to imitate and corrupt to 'Gardez vos *P*'s et *Q*'s,' until 'Mind your *P*'s and *Q*'s' became an established saying, with the origin lost in a hazy background. At least, this seems a reasonable explanation, and until it is proved otherwise it stays in the collection, albeit with a label to the effect that the genuineness is not guaranteed.

Others I have found in such a simple manner that I fear all interest will be lost when I confess. It was by the simple expedient of searching the dictionary that I found the halcyon is a kingfisher, and that 'halcyon days' were, 'anciently, days of fine and calm weather about the winter solstice, when the halcyon was believed to brood; especially the seven days before and as many after the winter solstice.'

Other phrases were acquired from various sources. 'Knows his onions,' 'Raining cats and dogs,' and a 'Feather in his cap' came in rapid succession. Then there was quite a pause until the maker of a crossword puzzle wrote for one of the verticals, 'An eighteenth-century counterfeit Irish halfpenny.' This stopped me from completing the puzzle, but the solution next day gave me 'Don't give a *rap*' to add to my collection alongside of 'Don't give a tinker's dam' and 'Don't give a Continental,' although I feel the authenticity is at least questionable. If the accuracy of the definition is on a par with the spelling by which some words are forced unwillingly into their allotted spaces, I fear it should be thrown out as spurious.

The cataloguing and arranging of my collection are not its least interesting aspects. And then there is the question of elimination. Should historical and Biblical phrases be included? I have met this problem by keeping a little separate collection, just as a collector of old Bow or Chelsea may have a shelf for Staffordshire plates which he has found too interesting to ignore in his collecting rambles. Such phrases as 'Met his Waterloo' or 'Crossed the Rubicon' are of course too obvious to be worthy of inclusion, but it is surprising how many people, including myself, are perfectly familiar with 'Fabian tactics,' 'Pyrrhic victory,' or 'Tell it not in Gath,' for instance, and yet find difficulty in putting their finger on the exact derivation.

But these are really poor specimens which should be kept separate and apart from the main collection. Their origins are not obscure, and it is only a matter of a little effort to find the only and indisputably correct derivations.

In my cabinets I keep only the phrases the origins of which I have come across by research or by luck. It is an interesting game. One is never sure when or where a pearl of great price is going to turn up. An old news dealer gave me the clue to 'Canada points' — the distribution points of

metropolitan newspapers. The inimitable Pepys, who once had to eat 'the meanest dinner (of beef shoulder and umbles of venison which he takes from the keeper of the forest, and all in the meanest manner),' helped me out with 'eating humble pie.' Now I am beginning to acquire quite a creditable collection. Nothing to brag about, perhaps, but one which can be shown without shame.

For one of the greatest pleasures my collection affords is the opportunity to show it and trade items with other connoisseurs. Only yesterday a veritable windfall came my way. An English correspondent had never heard of Steve Brodie; 'to take a Brodie' was an unknown phrase. And in exchange I found that 'My eye and Betty Martin' is a corruption of the prayer by which old-time Londoners were wont to invoke a very popular saint, 'Mihi, beate Martine.'

But there are still some rare items I am seeking. Why are we suited to a *T* rather than to an *F* or a *G*? And why do we call a spade a spade rather than a heart a heart, or, if we are speaking of garden implements, a rake a rake? Another origin for which I am continually on the lookout is that of 'Queer as Dick's hatband.' Who was Dick, and why was his hatband queer?

THE POINT OF VIEW

THERE was a shriek from the pantry, and, almost simultaneously, a metallic clang; then the cry from Emily: 'A mouse! A mouse in the bread box! Come quick and kill him!'

It is a part of my good fortune — the outcome of my equable temperament — to be calm in moments of the greatest stress. I was calm now. My movements were deliberate, and I could detect no acceleration in my pulse. I even had the forethought, as I moved toward the pantry, to provide myself with a lethal weapon in the form of a clothes stick, which stood by the kitchen sink.

The bread box is a large cubical container, of tin, japanned in black, with BREAD in such large gilt letters on the cover that not even a mouse could mistake them. The clothes stick is a billet of wood about three feet long, an inch thick, and two inches wide. Its usual function is to stir the clothes in the boiler on wash days, but now it was to become the weapon of the executioner.

As I approached the bread box I noticed that the lid was closed. It is curious how often our subconscious selves act for us when the conscious part of our being is paralyzed by fear. Even in the moment of surprise and the face of imminent peril, Emily had had the presence of mind to slam that cover down!

I lifted the box and listened. Not a sound!

'Are you sure he is in there?' I asked.

'Yes, I know he is.'

I brought the box out into the kitchen and set it down in the middle of the floor.

'Oh, not here, not here! He'll be sure to get away! They always do when you try to kill them. Take him outdoors.'

So I took the box and the clothes stick and carried them into the back yard and placed the box on the board walk. On my way I tilted the box a little, and as I did so I thought I heard a tiny movement inside — a slight scratching sound.

Out in the yard I raised the lid a trifle and peeped in. I could see nothing but part of a loaf of bread. I shook the box, and a gray shadow flashed across the bottom and essayed to climb one of the sides. I jabbed with the end of the

clothes stick and missed. The shadow darted behind the piece of bread. I pushed it aside and jabbed again. Another miss! I raised the lid a little more, to get a better view. The mouse was still there, crouched, wary and watchful, in a corner, his heart beating so hard that it shook his sides. Two or three more vigorous blows failed to touch him, but they made so much noise that Norton and Pettigrew, my neighbors on the north and the west, came out and looked over the fence to see what I was doing.

On a hunting trip after big game some years ago I got into a tight corner with a bear. For some reason the incident came back to me now. The situation was the same, except that the positions were reversed. I began to recall how it had seemed when I was on the receiving end, and to think what sort of story the mouse would tell if he should get away.

'You see,' he might say to his attentive and admiring listeners, 'I had gone farther away than usual — into a new region — and had hunted for some time without any luck. Then I began to smell things — good things, and all round me, too; but they seemed to be stored in great buildings, ten times as tall as I am, with no openings, and made of something too hard for me to cut my way through.

'But at last I found it — the greatest store of food I ever saw; a mass larger even than the biggest house that any of our family ever built. You would n't believe there was so much anywhere in the world.

'It was in an immense building or room, large enough for a dance hall or a meeting place where all of us could get together. It had straight, smooth walls like the other buildings, without doors or windows; but on this one there seemed to be no roof, so all I had to do was to climb in.

'I had begun to eat, when suddenly there was a tremendous crash. A roof dropped down and everything became dark. In a little while the building began to move and the floor tilted and rocked from side to side, so that I could n't keep my balance; but by and by it came to rest again, and the roof seemed to rise, so that I could see light.

'I was just going to make a spring for it when a great beam, thicker through than my whole body, crashed down beside me like a flash of lightning. An eighth of an inch more and it would have crushed me flat! I leaped for the top of the wall, where the light still showed, but missed and fell back. Again that great beam came down, and the whole room rang till it nearly deafened me. I dashed for shelter behind an overhanging face of the mass of food, but the giant pushed the whole mass aside as if it had been a mere crumb, and struck again. This time I was n't quite quick enough, and the beam caught me a glancing blow that maimed this foot.

'I crawled behind a sort of cliff or high bank of the mass of food, but it was hurled aside again, and the timber smashed down right where I had been a moment before.

'But the giant was clumsy — not half so quick as I am. In spite of his strength — and his blows had power enough to move a mountain — he touched me only that once. When I was in one corner of the room the beam would crash against the side, and twice when I slid across the floor it came down in the corner.

'The oftener he missed me, the more furious he seemed to grow. The blows came so hard and fast, and made such a terrible noise, that other giants who live in neighboring castles came out and looked over the battlements and watched; but still, by some miraculous

good fortune, not another blow touched me.

'At last, I think, the giant must have grown tired, for he stopped a moment, as if to take breath. It was my chance, and I took it. In a flash I reached the top of the wall, doubled over the side, and dodged into a sort of cave. The giant struck one last tremendous blow, which grazed the side of the building and made a deep ravine in the earth beside it. Then he took up the whole building and walked off with it as easily as I could carry a crumb of bread.

'Strange, is n't it, that a creature with so much food as he has should try to kill me for taking what little I needed?

'I know, of course, that I am lucky to be alive, but I'm afraid I shall never be the same mouse again, on account of this foot.'

Norton and Pettigrew were still leaning over the fence, grinning. Without seeming to notice their untimely mirth, I picked up the bread box and the clothes stick and returned to the kitchen. As I looked out of the end window I thought I saw a small, pointed, bewhiskered face peering for a moment with beady eyes from under one edge of the board walk. When I looked again it was gone.

'Did you kill him?' asked Emily.

'Kill him! Did n't you hear me lamming the daylights out of him?'

'Yes, you certainly made noise enough; you always do. I'll bet you let him go.'

'Huh! Do you suppose any mouse could stand such a pounding as that? He's out there in the back yard, and you need n't be afraid of his getting into the bread box again — especially if you keep it closed.'

I am afraid that Emily's attitude toward life is hopelessly homocentric.

My visitors

I MEAN visitors who woke me up. They woke me up fully all at once, and left me excited. There were six of them.

The first one came more than seventeen years ago. He was a young man who by sheer merit had risen to the position of general counsel of a great railroad system. He enjoyed richly his well-deserved success; around him were a charming family and a large circle of devoted friends. One night he was killed instantly in a railroad accident. At the time of his death, his wife was awakened by hearing him call her pet name, which no one else ever used. His friend, who now fills the same position, also was awakened by hearing himself called by name by the man who was killed. A few months later I was traveling alone on my way to Spain, and slept in a little hotel at Gibraltar. While I slept, I saw my friend. He appeared to me so vividly that I put my arm around him joyfully, protesting to him all the while that he was dead and could not possibly come back again. I do not recall that he spoke a word, but the shock woke me. When I returned to Chicago, I told this story to my friend's successor, and what a queer look he gave me! 'Why,' he said, 'I saw him, too, in a dream, and I begged him to take his old position back again.'

My next visitor was my uncle, whom I lost several years later. I dreamed I was in the old house at home, and all the members of the family who were dead were sitting on the front stair. In my dream, my dead father took my uncle, who had been dead only a few weeks, by the hand and brought him to me, and again I awoke.

The next time I had a visitor and was awakened I saw no one, but as I waked I heard my pet name which no one ever called me but my little cousin

with whom I played when she was a little girl in Mississippi. She had been dead for years, but was a sweet and lovely memory in my mind, and I was glad to hear my pet name again.

The fourth visitor was a distinguished lawyer, vice president of one of the great title companies. We had sat together in a little circle at lunch every day for years at our favorite club. Within a few months before his death we had lost two other members of this circle. In a dream I saw, gathered around the table again, all three of the dead men and myself, and when I saw them I awoke.

My next visitor was a lawyer of Memphis, Tennessee — a man who by middle life had achieved great distinction in his profession. He had been dead some weeks when in a dream I saw a man sitting in an armchair and evidently trying to show me his face, which was all a blur. I could feel how he was trying to make his face appear and I was striving with him to help all I could, and at last the face came in a flash, perfect and unmistakable, and I awoke.

I supposed that I was through with visions of this kind, but just recently I had another. A dear friend, a noble and admirable gentleman, distinguished in public life as well as in his profession, was lost to us a few months ago. Again in a dream I saw the familiar club, the sofa on which we used to sit together, and this time two men; one I did not recognize, but the other was my delightful friend. He did not look old as when he died, but seemed in the prime of life; his face was full of color, and he was beautifully dressed. He did not disappear immediately, but suddenly as I looked at the place where he had been sitting I saw that he was gone. I said to the third member of our party, 'Do you know who that was? It was [I gave the name], and he is dead'; and as I looked the face of the remaining man, whom I did not recognize, also faded away, and I awoke.

The peculiar feature of these instances is that in each case my dream was of one who was dead and I knew each was dead at the very time I saw him, and the shock of recognition awakened me. In no instance do I remember any conversation. Like, I suppose, everyone else, I have had frequent dreams about dead people, but in such dreams they always seemed to me to be living and to talk and act just like other people, and there was neither shock, nor excitement, nor awakening. Were the six really visitors? They could not have been more real to me if they had been in the flesh. Would I believe even though one should rise from the dead? Or six?

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

A. Edward Newton was well brought up. (He ought to have turned out better, but his friends are fairly satisfied with him as he is.) Aunt Till did the job. She nursed him when he was ill, taught him to read and to love books. Gratefully remembering the debt, the nephew at sixty-five recalls the verses with which Aunt Till celebrated his thirty-seventh birthday. There may be more affection than poetry in them, but they are none the worse for that.

I wish you a happy birthday, Ed,
And many more to come.
I wish you a peaceful, prosperous life,
And a pleasant, joyous home.
And I hope as the years roll on, Ed,
Untouched by the finger of Time,
You'll be as happy and bright, Ed,
As now that you're in your prime.
And as Time speeds on, as speed it will —
I'll earnestly pray to Heaven
That you'll have as good health at sixty-five
As you now have at thirty-seven.

AUNT TILL — 1901

Twenty-eight years later Carolyn Wells caps the verse: —

You have had a happy birthday, Ed,
You have many more to come;
You have a peaceful, prosperous life,
And a pleasant, joyous home.
And I hope as the years roll on, Ed,
You'll have a High Old Time;
And be as happy and bright, Ed,
As a Rockefeller dime.
And as Time speeds on, as they say it will,
I pray that at ninety-five
You'll have more books and rarer ones
Than any man alive!

To every Harvard man **Dean Briggs** seems the natural link between John Harvard's time and ours. President Eliot he knew in ways no other man now living can recall. **Count Hermann Keyserling**, philosopher and critic, has unmatched views of his own. **The Reverend Herbert Parrish**, after a long and singularly successful ministry to the oldest and principal parish in New Jersey, has retired to live under the shadow of his ancient college. **Sir Rabindranath Tagore** transcribes these suggestive fragments from the commonplace book in which he jots his daily thoughts. **Nahum Sabsay** is a talented Russian student who not long since completed his course at Harvard. **E. Lyman** is in active business in Chicago. **James Truslow Adams** is spending a year in England working on a history of the Adamses, from our second President to the present Secretary of the Navy. **Huntington Cairns** conducts his investigations at Johns Hopkins University. Lest our more censorious readers think this fascinating account of mescal the wanton advertisement of a baneful drug, we quote from a letter by a first-rate authority to whom we applied for information: —

The alkaloid of mescal is not on the market and can, to my knowledge, be obtained only from certain pharmaceutical firms for research purposes. According to Rouhier and others, mescal is not habit-forming. No case of addiction among white people has been reported. It does not produce euphoria, and often is accompanied by disagreeable sensations, especially in the gastrointestinal sphere.

F. T. WERTHAM
JOHNS HOPKINS HOSPITAL

Mrs. Brown, chronicler of her mother-in law, lives in Washington. **Bernard Darwin**, of the London *Times*, applies inherited genius to golf. **Jean Kenyon Mackenzie** is now in California. **Nancy Byrd Turner** is a Southern poet, now living in Boston. **Robert Dean Frisbie** shuns the publicity of his atoll and has betaken himself to one of the remoter islands of the Southern Pacific. **Stanley Casson** is an Oxford don whose archæological studies have given him a deserved reputation. Δ Two novels by **Maurice Bedel** have made a recent appearance in English. One, *Jerome, or the Latitude of Love*, received the distinguished Goncourt prize in his own country. 'A

Frenchman Looks at Fascism' was drawn from a small book and skillfully translated for the *Atlantic* by Marshall A. Best. **William Henry Chamberlin** has just completed the first adequate history of Soviet Russia, soon to be issued.

Much interesting personal comment has followed in the wake of the recent *Atlantic* paper on 'Fear.' Here is a thriller!

NEW YORK, N. Y.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

The article on 'Fear,' in your August number, which I read with interest, reminded me of an incident that occurred when I was between thirteen and fourteen years old.

I was going to school in Wilkes-Barre, and living with a cousin and her niece. One night they went out, leaving me alone in the house. I was reading Poe's stories and that night started on 'The Black Cat.' Hardly had I finished it when the house seemed very cold and I thought the furnace needed attention, so I went down to the cellar to shake it. There, lying in front of the furnace, its throat cut from ear to ear, lay a black cat! I did not shake the furnace!

The cat did not belong to us, and how it got there or who cut its throat, we never knew.

Yours very truly,

OGDEN BROWER

The following letter will awaken kindred memories in many readers.

DAYTON, OHIO

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I read in the August *Atlantic* with a great deal of interest an article entitled 'Fear.' On several occasions I have experienced this psychic fear, but the most striking instance occurred on the morning of Armistice Day, November 11, 1918, and my note made at that time is verbatim as follows: —

'Nov. 11, 1918, 7 A.M. — I wish to record the peculiar experience I had this morning while it is fresh in my memory. I awoke early, as I usually do, and was lying seemingly in the borderland between sleep and waking, when the feeling came to me that I was asking why, although I locked the door of my room last night, it was standing wide open this morning. Then I became conscious that there was some Presence in the room with me — something or someone, I know not what. Every faculty was frozen. I could not move, although I was, or seemed to be, wide awake. I fought with all the power of my will to move, and seemed to hear a confused murmur of voices, among which I recognized N——'s. With a supreme effort of will, I moved my frozen muscles and sat up in bed. The door was shut, everything was as usual, and it was 4.45 o'clock. What was it? Was it a peculiar mental condition caused by some physical irregularity, or — ?'

It will be noted that I left the question unanswered. The most striking feature of these experiences is that at the time I am absolutely frozen with fear and horror, unable to move a muscle, and can break the spell of immobility only by bringing all the force of my will to bear upon it. It will also be noted that the time of this experience of mine corresponded very closely with that of the author of 'Fear,' — i.e., very nearly five o'clock, — and such experiences have always occurred in the early morning hours. Unlike this author, however, I have always been immediately convinced of the subjectivity of the visions (in my case they might more accurately be called auditions, as the sense of hearing bears the brunt of the fear impulse). In his case, the experience was repeated merely because he expected it; just as I often hear the alarm clock several times before it actually rings, when a special time for arising has been set, and my mind is on the alert for it.

I have given the question some thought, and have reached the conclusion that the person who has an experience of this sort is not actually awake, although the impression is very strong that he is, and only sees or hears subjectively the matter that occasions his feeling of fear. He is not awake until he has shaken off the shackles of immobility and roused himself to the point of action.

Although having some points in common with what are ordinarily called nightmares, this feeling of mental fear shows some discrepancies, both in time of occurrence and in present and after effect. As a child I often had the familiar nightmare of being pursued by a savage wild animal, being unable to escape, or with movements so slow as to be entirely ineffectual. But for an absolute and overwhelming feeling of horror, the quasi-waking fear vision is infinitely worse than an ordinary nightmare.

Yours very truly,

P. E. WIGGLE

A quite extraordinary number of letters have contributed to our discussion of 'Shall I Retire?' It is a question dormant or active in the American man of fifty. Mr. Hilton, of Ginn and Company, pertinently suggests that the subject was never more fruitfully treated than by

Charles Lamb in 'The Superannuated Man,' to which we recommend our readers. The following trenchant communication, to which the writer does not wish to add his name, introduces new and fundamental questions.

'Shall I retire?' The business man who hires these partially interested employees reads their meditations in the *Atlantic* and ponders.

Without offense, clearly these are minor executives who after twenty years receive salaries of $6000.

What quid do they give for their quo? Value delivered in labor, $25 per week; value for judgments rendered, $1000 (above the judgment of the $25 man); good-will or respectability value — the interest, say, on $25,000 of invested capital, $1500. Total value, $3800. Overpayment, $2200.

A mild judgment, thinks the executive. Soft-heartedness, soft-headedness, the executive devil. He ponders further.

Year after year these eminently estimable gentlemen have remained on the rolls, collecting increasing toll for 'loyalty.' Year after year (the executive brain is now functioning efficiently on the problem) these loyal barnacles drag at the water as the engines of interested men and active capital drive through storm and calm against the resistance of Overhead, Collections and Sales, of Loans and Inventories, Advertising and Production, Shipping and Personnel — at best, reënforcers of the hull; at average, outsiders; at worst, parasites. Never are their brains taxed to know which way to turn. Their manner is placid, their manners agreeable. 'Good men,' pace-setters to the rank and file, insidiously slowing the pace of ambitious underlings. Tomorrow men. 'All's right with the world' to them; but not to Napoleon or Christ, to Leif Ericson or Lincoln — or to the head of the business.

(The executive becomes heated from the fires with which he vainly tries to warm these lay figures into life.)

Men who are not interested in business — men so unimaginative that they never see beyond the column of figures which is the first slight incline on the business road — such should retire, not at forty-five or fifty-five, but at twenty-five. The sooner the better for business.

I am the head of a business burdened with the problem of finding men interested in business. Yet all the periodicals, including the European, tell me Americans are absorbed in the fascinating game of business. 'Pull, pull together with your bodies between your knees.' False picture, tragically false to the head of the business.

Our business is young; we cannot afford the luxury of barnacles.

From the Executive Service Bureau flows an intermittent stream of 'the executive type' into and through my office. Some remain a month, some a year, while others are not found out for several years. Nearly all are Romantics — wishers for Success delivered on a breakfast tray. Interested in business?

The last four who passed on were interested — (1) a charming 'business woman' of thirty, keen supersalesman — in *husband;* (2) a man of twenty-five, well trained as a private secretary — in *tennis* and *necking;* (3) a man of twenty-eight, good salesman and manager of men — in *being considered a fine fellow;* (4) a man of thirty-eight, sales manager, graduate of the same New England college as 3 (now dishwasher on a tramp steamer) — in *drinking.*

These retired. Shall I retire?

Before I die I should like to draw one breath of air unmixed with soot, to hear one lark greet the sun and understand his song, to think thoughts wider than an accountant's page. But not yet. I am held by an obligation that did not pass with the Crusades, to put the thing through to the ultimate goal for stockholders who gave confidence and for employees who gave unstinted service because they too believed.

My present secretary is a steady man of thirty as interested in our success as I myself, if application to the job has meaning. His first novel is in the publisher's hands. Our business is not related to publishing or writing.

Americans are interested in business — but not much.

And here is a remarkable personal experience.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I am writing this letter to the author of 'I Shall Retire.' There is dynamite in his sentence, 'I shall start a business of my own to keep myself occupied when I want to work,' and I make haste to sound a warning before he explodes the charge. Here is a chapter from experience in retiring, written because I feel a friendly pull on my heartstrings over every man with the courage to quit work.

I was born with a yearning for dinners of herbs and Contentment. (I follow your lead in the use of the capital.) As an employee I never earned over $12,000 a year, and we spent it. However, I started life early and while I was still in my thirties my four children had all grown old enough to get away to school. My wife and I decided to dispose of our establishment ('home' is the word of song and story),

take a three-room apartment, retrench on every possible expense, pursue (both of us) those well-known, so-called gainful occupations, save fifty thousand in five years — and retire. Those five years were a little interlude of perfect success. Or, say, 99.44 per cent perfect! We had a long new honeymoon. We saved the fifty. We retired. Yes, oh yes — *and I started a business of my own to keep myself occupied when I wanted to work.*

It was a little business, but my own. I devoted myself. What I planted, Apollos must have watered. It grew. It leaped from city to city. I made $125,000 in a year. I made $175,000. I made $240,000. I accumulated three fourths of a million. I was no longer living on a farm; I was maintaining a country club. In the place of a cottage I created an art gallery with sleeping apartments and six baths. The only advantage that Kublai Khan had over me was that where he merely decreed, I signed a whole checkbook, and liked it. We had three more children. We could surely afford it. The others bought automobiles. Dad had got rich! I decided to make an even million and once more show my force of character and retire. I put the business on a firm basis. I entered into long leases and contracts. I began to count off the days on the calendar. I got out old manuscripts and scrapbooks, to be all ready to enjoy my second retirement — with no little business of my own.

I got a bigger job for my right-hand man, so that he should not suffer when I quit. Then it began to show that everything that he had handled was honeycombed with obligations and prospective losses. No dishonesty. Just abysmal incompetence, with a blind confidence on my own part. It took a year's work and a quarter of a million to offset his deeds. I blame only myself. It was I who had started the little business of my own. Followed at once a series of business failures on the part of men and concerns owing me substantial sums. The first loss was $40,000. The second $70,000. There were seven in six months, and the aggregate losses to me, plus the various costs that these losses entailed, amounted to $228,000. My own assets became frozen. I was under a load of debts and obligations. I performed prodigies of effort, if not of results. My wife stepped back into harness at my side. We were able to pull in the loose ends, escape bankruptcy, and reduce the business to obligations of a mere $30,000 a year that will run for twenty years, if our creditors are patient. We must work that long anyway to bring up the three small children. We have cut our own immediate expenses to a third, but so difficult is it to be born again, to get back to small beginnings, that we cannot cut below three domestic helpers. Also, it seems impossible to put aside the obligations we assumed for support of all the ancient in-laws and maiden aunts and invalid sisters. If we are to avoid bankruptcy in law and in self-respect, we must produce $50,000 a year. We are both back at earning money. The years have enlarged our capacity. I can make $35,000 now, and my wife by dint of carrying four jobs is earning the other $15,000.

Can we at fifty stand the long years ahead that at thirty-five we were already seeking to avoid? Shall we be able to pay the price of that little business of our own? I realize the danger that I shall start again. I encourage my resistance with this letter. Next time I should probably make millions, and be forever slave to Mammon. If we can hold out as we are, we shall be free at seventy, and again we shall retire, and I shall get out my old notes and write 'The Gospel according to Thoreau.' We shall not start any little business of our own.

WALTER J. WILLIAMSON

The *Atlantic's* contribution, 'Prison Music,' suggests a new and happier approach to a problem, difficult and without parallel, in our modern life. The letter which follows comes to us from a musical director of European reputation. Herr Walter has conducted the Mozart Festivals at Salzburg for many years. He was for twelve years director of the Berlin Royal Opera Company, and for an almost equal period led the Royal Opera at Vienna.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Mr. Homer Henley's article, 'Prison Music,' in the *Atlantic Monthly* of July, made a deep impression on me. I expressed to Mr. Henley my regret that so encouraging an experience as his activity described in his article has remained a single case without consequences. I told him that every real musician would be inclined to believe in the moral influence which he attributed to music. Music is without doubt — for the criminal's mentality — far less open to suspicion as a bridge to the world beyond and its moral influences than anything that can be taught to them by words. Its message (may I recall the famous word of Richard Wagner: 'Ich kann den Geist der Musik nur in der Liebe fassen'?) goes directly to the unconscious depths of their souls, if they are not — or not yet — perfectly unmovable, and of course if there is some 'musicality' in them. But these two conditions will certainly be found in the majority of the cases; and

thinking of the immense social importance of the question, and considering that we have here a new field which we are just beginning to cultivate, I certainly believe every promising and hopeful step should be taken and supported. Therefore it seems advisable that Mr. Henley's experiment should be repeated, but of course only by men who have, like him, the musical as well as the moral qualities for this task.

Yours very faithfully,

BRUNO WALTER

By way of personal testimony we must add this from Mrs. R. C. Augur: —

One of the hottest days on record this summer, I picked up the July number of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Feeling sure I had read all the articles it contained, I was idly turning the pages when I came to 'Prison Music,' by Homer Henley. Knowing I had read it, and thinking it worth a second reading, I proceeded to do so, and, as during the first reading, I was carried back over forty-five years with the echoes which 'Prison Music' sent singing through my heart.

While in my teens I was studying music in a well-known conservatory of music in the Middle West. Finding my Sunday afternoons rather lonely, I strayed into a mission Sunday School in a poor part of the city. This happened to be the Sunday the pianist was absent. The Superintendent asked me if I could play and as a student I could not very well refuse. This privilege was mine for several months. I was then invited to take the class of an absent teacher whose wife was very ill. It was explained to me that the class consisted of seven very tough boys ranging in ages from fifteen to nineteen years — and that my only effort need be to keep them from disturbing the rest of the school.

They arrived, tardy, caps still on their heads, no collars or ties, the toughest-looking boys I had ever seen. One a wizened, shrimp-like chit weighing about ninety pounds. One a real bulldog weighing at least one hundred and eighty pounds. The rest somewhere between. When they found themselves, after a noisy entrance, facing a slender girl of eighteen, they settled down to go just as far as they dared. (An officer had been called in on former occasions to quiet them.) I will pass over the lesson period. When I went to the piano for the closing hymn, the boys made just as noisy an exit as entrance. I went home and went to bed exhausted each succeeding Sunday for three weeks.

When I remembered the homes these boys came from and my own Christian home I was ashamed. I knew there was some way to reach the best in those boys. Then I found they were roaming the streets most of the night, usually getting into trouble of some kind. I had gone to the court on one occasion to get one of the boys free by promising to be responsible for him.

My home at that time consisted of a large room in a private house, and as I had a piano for my conservatory work it occurred to me that perhaps I could reach their better selves through music. So with the consent of my landlady I invited them to my room — I could at least keep them off the streets a few hours.

The first thing I taught them was the simple song, 'Whistle and Hoe.' Of course they loved the jolly, rollicking swing of the song, and all could whistle. I then taught them how to form the notes, how to place them in the measure, and where to find them on the keyboard. Each one quickly learned to play the simple air on the piano. It was not very long before they brought me copies of music and words written in their homes from memory.

The time came when I had to tell the superintendent that I could not go on with the class. He said, 'I am sorry to hear you say that; they never fail now to take off their caps on entering the room, they all wear collars and ties, and they sing with understanding hearts — not just improve the chance while others are singing for rowdyism.'

I wish I could know what the last forty-five years have meant to the lives of those seven boys. I feel sure they were never bad boys again. I just lived 'Prison Music' all through with the author.

Concerning Count Keyserling's papers our correspondence is so copious — and so tumultuous — that were we to take it up we should have no space for topics less divisive.

Other deaths, it seems, were exaggerated before Mark Twain's. The vice president of the *Mobile Register* sends us the following anecdote of a once famous man of science:—

Richard A. Proctor, the astronomer, preceded Mark Twain in the exercise of the gentle art of 'spoofing' the report of his untimely departure from the land of the living. Twain treated the subject as a humorist; Proctor as a scientist, saying: 'I cannot but think that this is a mistake. A scientist must be extremely cautious in matters of fact; but, as far as my own observation extends, I find reason to believe that I am alive. My friends also seem to think me so. You must not think me dogmatic if — failing stronger evidence than yet possessed to the contrary — I decline to accept unhesitatingly the theory that I am no longer living.'

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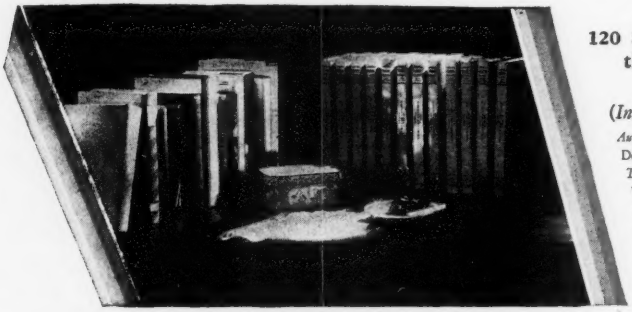

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Melville, *Moby Dick*
James, *Daisy Miller*
Chekhov, *Stories*
France, *Thias*
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The Atlantic BOOKSHELF

A Guide to Good Books

LADIES *and* GENTLEMEN: At this our first meeting I must endeavor to put my best foot forward. Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking (cries of 'No! no!') I have yet been led to believe that there is need to-day of a personal as well as a formal approach to books. This autumn alone 5000 new titles have been published (groans). But which are to be tasted, which chewed, and which digested, who that must earn a living can tell? Your professional critics, your book clubs, your blurb writers, all cry their favorites, but the hot cakes come so fast and the ballyhoo is so furious that the reader grows suspicious and goes empty to bed.

To cocktail your appetite and to help you find what you want to read is my undertaking (loud cheers — and one catcall). By supplementing the searching reviews of *Atlantic* critics with free and I hope entertaining speech ('Hear! hear!') about titles, blurbs, type and binding, translations, authors' and publishers' idiosyncrasies, including my own, — in fact, any morsel that might have some juice in it, — we shall try to dish up contemporary literature in a way to attract both producer and consumer. Try a little (laughter).

It will be our first purpose to select for our leading criticism a book, whether fiction or non-fiction, which we take to be distinctive — a book which you can sink your teeth in, one worth being discussed at length. Such a book, for instance, as *Marriage and Morals*, by the Honorable Bertrand Russell. At the suggestion of his publishers, Mr. Russell has expressed his opinions on what is probably the most provocative subject in the human mind. Since opinion is largely the result of one's experience, it may be pertinent to sketch very briefly the author's career.

Son of the late Viscount Amberley, grandson of Lord John Russell, the Honorable Bertrand Russell was orphaned at the age of four.

Heir to the second Earl Russell, he was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he became a Scholar, Fellow, and Lecturer. He took a First Class in Mathematics and Moral Sciences.

The author of twenty-three works, he is internationally known as a philosopher and writer of brilliance.

Wedded again after a divorce in 1921, Mr. Russell is the father of a son and a daughter by his second marriage.

His brother, Earl Russell, is reported to be an agnostic and a Fabian. He has been married three times and is the author of *Lay Sermons*, *Divorce*, and an autobiography.

THE MAN *of the* MONTH

BERTRAND RUSSELL

[***Marriage and Morals:*** Horace Liveright, $3.00]

THERE is in this book such a mixture of sense and nonsense that it is difficult to distinguish them. An example of sense: 'In the attempt to build up a new sexual morality, the first question we have to ask ourselves is not, How should the relations of the sexes be regulated? but, Is it good that men, women, and children should be kept in artificial ignorance of facts relating to sexual affairs?' (P. 93) An example of nonsense: 'Marriage in America, as in the First Epistle to the Corinthians, is conceived as an alternative to fornication.' (P. 236) Mr. Russell's eccentricities are so aggressive that they get in the way of his subject matter, and color it so luridly that readers are apt to experience emotional disturbance instead of intellectual clarity. The old-fashioned, the religious, affectionate husbands and wives, affectionate parents and children, even many lovers, themselves beyond morals and marriage, are pretty sure to lay the book aside with feelings varying from violent anger to amused distaste. Those who find in religion, convention, and the law irrational impediments in the way of turning sex intercourse into an art of happiness will be heartened. Those who are conscious of the need of free discussion of sex may tolerate what they would otherwise condemn. It is a book suited to put prejudice in the place of reason, and folly in the place of wisdom.

This judgment has nothing to do with my opinion on such controversial matters as censorship, sin, birth control, sex education, or divorce, on which Mr. Russell gives his own. Like him, I believe that censorship should be removed, that sin should be forgotten, that birth control should be practised, that sex education should be promoted, and that divorce should be liberal. I believe that love can be made the most beautiful thing on earth. It is because I so believe that I regard his book as a misfortune. It hinders; it does not help. And one chief reason why it hinders seems to me to be found in this: 'The doctrine that I wish to preach is not one of

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The BOOKSHELF

license; it involves exactly as much self-control as is involved in the conventional doctrine. But self-control will be applied more to abstaining from interference with the freedom of others than to restraining one's own freedom.' (P. 319) That strikes me as an amazing doctrine. Inquiry, observation, and experience afford convincing proof that it is by not restraining our own freedom that we interfere with the freedom of others. Mr. Russell may not preach license, but he seems to preach that, so long as intercourse does not produce children, the practice of it, even when carried as far as possible in the direction of license, is something to which social censure should be indifferent.

Another doctrine of Mr. Russell's appears to be this: 'What I am saying is that sex intercourse apart from love has little value, and is to be regarded primarily as experimentation with a view to love.' (P. 128) Some may call this a dangerous doctrine. It ought rather to be called silly. Ask lovers about it, and ask the experimenters. Let each reader frankly and relentlessly ask himself what sex intercourse primarily is. I do not find that Mr. Russell has faced that question competently at all. He is so distressed by religion and convention, so enamored with 'the claims of love to a recognized place in human life,' so sure that, so long as children are not involved, love as 'an anarchic force . . . may not greatly matter,' that he encourages neither the reader nor himself to be thorough. What is the distinction between sex intercourse and loving? Why does Mr. Russell try to get them apart? Why does even he make a divorce in nature in order to get a marriage in the spirit? Attempts frankly to answer such questions would help to show what sex intercourse *primarily* is. If we are to have intercourse without love, why not have love without intercourse? There is no speculative answer to that question. It is answered by our passionate nature, and that nature has filled the world with glory and shame, with poetry and ribaldry, with mercy and murder, with beautiful characters and broken lives. Religion, law, and convention are not responsible for this, but it is largely responsible for what they are. The situation calls for something quite different from experimentation with a view to love.

It is not good for men, women, and children to be kept in artificial ignorance of the facts of sex. The basal facts are two: first, sex is a force which leads to ruin if it is not controlled, and, secondly, in the measure in which people are cultivated, sex has to be idealized if it is to be kept from being inane. Were it not for these two facts, there would be no occasion for any moral concern. They make the trouble. That trouble is not helped much by illustrations from the practices of savages, by distortions of social and economic history, nor by finding fault with Saint Paul and Christianity, or the Victorian Age. The fault lies in us. And the trouble certainly is not helped by the facile recommendation to substitute for conventional practices and opinions their opposites. Much as these practices and opinions may be in need of change, the imagined happiness of their removal is not the measure of their reformation. The measure of that is found as we discover ideas which effectively control sex as a force, and idealize it in the judgments of men. The need of such ideas has made the attitudes of church and society what they are; these attitudes have not first made men and women feel the need. To maintain the latter is to misread human history and to distort human psychology.

F. J. E. WOODBRIDGE

Frederick J. E. Woodbridge, editor of the *Journal of Philosophy*, for eighteen years has been Dean of the Department of Philosophy at Columbia University. His long-awaited book on Plato — *The Son of Apollo* — will appear this autumn.

WAR books. We cannot get our fill of them: there is one on every pretentious list this fall. Curiosity to see what was going on behind the German lines has encouraged a wholesale importation; publishers had better watch out that curiosity does not kill the cat. Curiosity was the compulsion that kept me reading ***Class of 1902***, by **Ernst Glaeser** (Viking Press, $2.50) — a picture of German youth growing up in the war years. It is a story of village life; the war is visible only in its repercussions upon adolescent minds. Inhibited by so much discipline, exhortation, and hardness, it is perhaps natural that human nature should break out in what seem to this American abnormalities. I value the book more for its impression of a warring Germany than for the verity of its youthfulness.

The German invasion has been counterbalanced by that masculine American product, Hemingway's *A Farewell to Arms*, and, from England, the bitter beauty of Aldington's *Death of a Hero;* I hope it won't stifle the enthusiasm for H. M. Tomlinson's war book, scheduled for 1930.

Marshall Best, an acute reader and editor, has this to say about some newcomers to the Shelf.

C'EST LA GUERRE!

As long as war books remain true to the lights of the author, they will be read with eagerness and each will take its place in the picture which is slowly being assembled to stand for the future.

God Have Mercy on Us! **by William T. Scanlon** (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50) is the most concentrated picture of men in action that has come from either side. It follows the fate of a United States Marine in France in 1918 — a noncom encouraging his men through the first fierce engagement at Belleau Wood, at Blanc Mont in the St.-Mihiel advance, and through the Argonne

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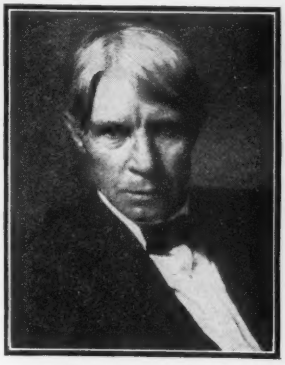
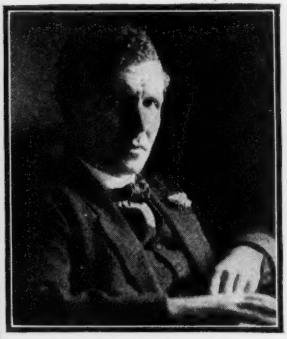


Carl Sandburg

American poet and author of ABRAHAM LINCOLN and THE AMERICAN SONG-BAG. Just published, ROOTABAGA COUNTRY, (ill. by Peggy Bacon.) $2.50

Vina Delmar

whose BAD GIRL was called *an epic of married life*. Her new novel is KEPT WOMAN. $2.50



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The BOOKSHELF

to the Armistice. As a narrative of actual combat and the movement of troops, it is astonishingly lucid. This untrained writer gives as expert and graphic a picture of an advance as Ernest Hemingway, in *A Farewell to Arms*, gives of a retreat. Under barrage, in progress over rough and shell-raked terrain, capture of machine guns, hand-to-hand combat, the digging in and the endless waiting, he somehow manages to keep in sight the larger plan into which his own group fits. One grasps the meaning of army drills, discovers that strategy actually had a use, and breathlessly watches the functioning of each individual and each unit as a part of the greater whole. These men were 'hard-boiled,' they took terrific beatings, and their story is as cold-blooded as they themselves must have been in order to endure as they did. The solid virtues of the common man's character under stress — and its weaknesses, too — are brought out with never a grain of sentiment, in fact with understatement. There is a kind of obvious irony, too, that is sometimes very effective. But one must turn elsewhere for the overtones and undertones that give greatness to such war books as *All Quiet* and *Sergeant Grischa*.

The overtones and undertones are not lacking in ***'It's a Great War!'*** by **Mary Lee** (Houghton Mifflin, $3.00), who shares with Mr. Scanlon a recent prize for the best American war novel. Miss Lee has attempted and largely succeeded in the most ambitious undertaking of any American novelist of the war. Through a panorama of the entire cosmos of war, she contemplates those tremendous changes which it wrought in the character of individuals, of a nation, and of a generation.

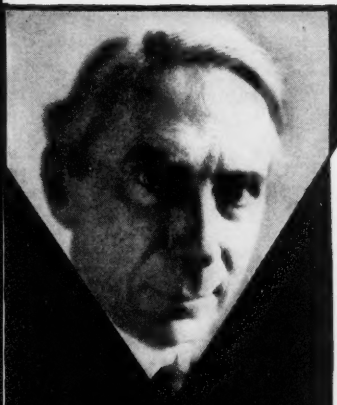
Anne Wentworth goes from a comfortable New England home to be initiated as a clerk attached to a base hospital near Bordeaux; she transfers to an aviation office in Paris, moves on from there to a 'Y' hut close to the lines, follows the Army of Occupation to Germany, and finally returns for the most difficult stage of the war, the readjustment at home. Along the way she watches men and women under all the stresses of war time: fighting and love-making, eating and playing, suffering, cursing, dying, and most of all waiting. She involves us in the tangled skeins of living that bind her to a dozen friends and each of them to others. She fights in person the Battle of Red Tape, the demoralizing Battle of Paris, the human battles of character beset by challenging influences. As a woman among hundreds of men she is acutely conscious of the pull of sex that dominated these abnormal lives. 'Somehow you remind me of my wife' becomes a refrain chanted to her by officers and enlisted men alike.

While Miss Lee ignores no human aspect of the whole turmoil, the things that absorb her are the bitter waste of character, the disillusionment and deception, the breakdown of all that has seemed worth living for. Her book is frankly a crusade, the burning cry of the civilized against the failure of civilization. It is written in countless brief, fragmentary episodes, in sketchy but telling sentences, unadorned with the graces of language. It suffers a little from its great length, — a greater artist might possibly have gained his effect with less elaboration and insistence, — but it does convey an overwhelming sense of the twenty years of living that were packed into those twenty months of time. Its honesty is as relentless as that of any of the men writers, and its observation is ever so much more sensitive. Not all who went through these experiences would react to them as she did: not all will admit that her picture is entirely fair. But it is the natural response of the sensitive and civilized individual, and as such it is the only view of war that really matters. In the face of it, war becomes unthinkable.

Another aspect of war demoralization comes out in ***Schlump*** (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50), the story of an unknown soldier in the German ranks. It is a picaresque narrative of an ordinary fighting man, a youth who remains excessively childlike throughout his years of service and goes home as unscathed spiritually as he is physically. This quality of naïveté endears him to the reader, and one follows his adventures with a certain sympathy under the alternate escort of Mars and Venus. The goddess is excessively kind to him, and his story is thickly coated with the frosting of sentiment dear to the bourgeois Teuton palate. Nevertheless it gives a credible idea of what the common man felt and did on the other side, and what he probably thought about when he thought at all. Its best merits are its anecdotes, which have almost the flavor of legend. Its picture of the final retreat forms a complement to Mr. Scanlon's account of it as seen from the opposite side.

After the fervor of the other war books, **Frederick A. Pottle's *Stretchers*** (Yale University Press, $3.00) is a polite and rather pallid document. The author has made the mistake of trying to popularize his really important subject by working it into a personal narrative which happens to be a little colorless. Yet the essential material, the record of a hospital unit in action, has not been presented before, and the author is an expert recorder and an admirable historian. His duties at an evacuation hospital brought him in touch with all the complicated machinery of this important arm of the service. An evacuation hospital was the crucial post to which the wounded man was brought from the front — after receiving the first-aid treatment available just behind the lines — for examination and usually for surgical operation before being sent on to the base hospital in the rear. The chapters on these hospital functions offer one of those vital studies of detail which are necessary to complete our picture. MARSHALL BEST

EVER since the Page *Letters* and Strachey's *Queen Victoria* we have had a plentiful harvest of biographies. To Charles Johnston, of the editorial staff of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and him-



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GOOD BOOKS

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self a walking fund of knowledge, we turn for an estimate of five men of action, in contrast to the men of intellect he will review for us next month.

I relish his high praise of Thomas Boyd's *Mad Anthony Wayne*. I have liked Boyd's earlier work, and have always thought 'Mad Anthony' the most glamorous name in American history.

Men of Action

These five books promise biography, strong, picturesque, intelligent; far better than the specious liveliness of Maurois, whose Ariel would never have written *Adonais*, whose Disraeli could not have governed England.

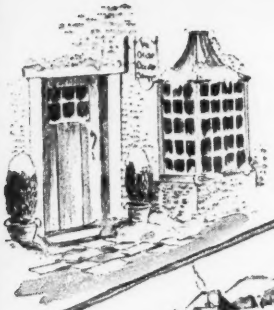
Shelby Little's *George Washington* (Minton, Balch, $5.00) rightly heads the list. We accompany him through boyhood, early manhood, maturity, to the great trust of commander of the armies of the Republic and the first Presidency. Mr. Little has joined thorough research to a vivid style, which evokes convincing pictures. At Washington's side we pass through epoch-making days and months and years, sharing his constant hardships and his rare hours of complete happiness. As a living presentation of events the book stands high, but one is inclined to demur at the chilly atmosphere which wraps Washington's personality, like a cold mist on Chesapeake Bay. The note of 'weary-dreary' is overstressed. It is not clearly brought out that Washington's moral and intellectual force supplied a strong current that shaped and confirmed the new nation. It is true that he poured out letters of protest during the dark days of melting armies. But it is also true that even in these complaints he was sending forth a stream of energy that inspired and unified a people. And the adversities of war drove back into his character a profound understanding of the need for closer union, inspiring his masterful work for unity through the Constitution. Finally, his service as President breathed into the new Constitution the breath of enduring life.

If *George Washington* be epic, ***Mad Anthony Wayne*** by **Thomas Boyd** (Scribner, $3.50) is drama personified. This is the best-told story of the five, sharply focused, free from distracting episodes or moralizings. Thomas Boyd uses words so well that we are not conscious of words, hardly conscious even of vivid pictures; we plunge into the events and live them, not at Mad Anthony's side, but in Mad Anthony's skin. And we have a magnificent time with the gallant warrior, a born soldier if ever there was one. The whole story has the essential spirit of drama: the fine adventure at Quebec, the great military achievement at Monmouth, where Washington swore at Lee till the leaves trembled on the trees, the sanely daredevil capture of Stony Point. There is drama, of character rather than event, in the finely conceived campaign north of the Ohio, with Fort Wayne as its outpost and monument.

In ***Daniel Webster*** (Cosmopolitan, $5.00), **Allan Benson** bridges the period from the Revolution to the Civil War. Captain Ebenezer, Daniel's father, guarded Washington; Major Webster, his son, fell at Bull Run. And his life is representative of the period in a deeper way: he collaborated in the development and consolidation of the Constitution, working with Marshall, his close personal friend; he helped to inspire and strengthen the spirit of national unity, so vital to the events that took shape in 1861. Allan Benson's book gives us a fine and stirring story of a marked personality; it also shows the deeper aspect of his work, in clarifying the Constitution and making conscious and articulate the life of the nation as one indivisible Union.

While Webster saw the Union as vital to America's life, he would not have fought to end Negro slavery. So far he went with the South; his life thus leads us naturally to ***Jefferson Davis*** (Minton, Balch, $3.50). **Allen Tate** has accomplished more than he undertook. Clearly demonstrating the sincerity and sacrifice of Davis and his best generals, he goes deeper and convinces us that the loss of the Southern cause flowed from the very principle for which the South took up arms; sectionalism, with its disruptive local loyalties, was self-destructive. The biographer of Jefferson has an understanding eye for battles and the effective forces of war; his insight into the motives of politicians is equally piercing. But he has the fault that he sees faults more clearly than virtues, laboring too much to bring them to the light. His story would be stronger if he added a dash of hero worship. Again and again he tells us that had this or that happened the South might have won. But in a deeper sense the South did win, since valor and sacrifice are victory.

Captain Liddell Hart has entered fully into the life of ***Sherman*** (Dodd, Mead, $5.00). He gives the impression of having seen with his own eyes all Sherman's battlefields, of having lingered among the hills and defiles of western Georgia, where General Sherman turned the fortune of the war. The character of Sherman, the personalities of all who at each stage are near him, are finely discerned and convincingly rendered. The driving force and the material happenings of each battle, of each march, are so vigorously presented that we grasp and carry in mind the whole complex picture. The fine common sense of great strategy is convincingly brought home to us, so that we realize the magical six weeks from Atlanta to Savannah as if we ourselves had made the march. Sherman, like Anthony Wayne, was a born soldier; it is interesting to compare the methods of their biographers. Thomas Boyd devotes all his powers to keeping Anthony Wayne the dominant figure in a swiftly moving panorama. Captain Liddell Hart carries Sherman forward a stage, then pauses to analyze, to reflect, to compare. He tends to lose in concentration what he gains in extension. Captain Liddell Hart has given us a masterpiece of philosophical



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***The Gothick North*, by SACHEVERELL SITWELL**
Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1929. $5.00

THIS is a curious book and very original in its method. A shadowy but highly colored presentment of something of the real (or probable) quality of the mediæval life of the fair-haired peoples of Northern Europe and England, interpreted, not through cathedrals and other works of art, but through tapestries, miniature painting, heraldry, which is of course a much better way of getting at the actual norm of a culture. Mr. Sitwell is deft, sympathetic, almost in a way psychic. The reading of a tapestry becomes a sort of descriptive poem shot with music. The vision reveals itself, spacious, leisurely, unrolling like a slow-moving panorama evoked by some magic of Merlin or some other old enchanter out of Sir Thomas Malory or Chrétien de Troyes. Like Henry Adams in his *Mont Saint Michel and Chartres*, he has an almost passionate sympathy with the beauty and romance of mediævalism, while quite without any real sympathy for the energizing forces or their material embodiment in Church and State and the social fabric. Passing through the warp and woof of an old tapestry or the yellow parchment of an illuminated Book of Hours, he strolls through a magic country of castles and churches and cloisters in the midst of faint figures of knights and ladies, gypsies and huntsmen. And the reader goes with him and is refreshed by the journey. There are interludes, all more or less symbolic (one imagines this, otherwise some of them would be hard to explain), but there is always the return to the tapestry pattern with its faded figures and a curious sense as of horns faintly blowing and far away.

Of course it is all of the North, the accomplishments of the fair-haired race untouched by Mediterranean influence. This is why the book is 'Gothick,' with an explicit *k;* but, this being so, there is less of England than one would suppose, and nothing of the Rhineland or Scandinavia. Indeed, almost the most engaging part is the chapters devoted to Catalan Gothic and that amazing and almost unknown Manoelino style of Portugal.

If there is fault to be found with this rather opulent book it may be couched in Mr. Sitwell's own phrase, where he speaks parenthetically of English country churches: 'For the subject suffers from its profusion.' Not that we would willingly lose any of it, 'there being,' as he continues, 'so much work of first-rate quality that the second best is difficult to choose.' Still it is hard to see how the book would suffer by a little condensation. Certainly the chapters 'These Sad Ruins,' 'Siesta,' 'At the Play,' 'Casement and Guitar,' and 'Love Scene' seem like a curious and alien interlude between very significant events — or does one wholly miss the subtlety of Mr. Sitwell's art? It is quite probable. Still, they cover some seventy-five pages out of four hundred and fifty. Without them the book would have been a little more handy to hold, while, for this reviewer at least, there would have been an added grace of unity.

These criticisms may be captious. In any case, they do not militate against the charm and the distinction of a most unusual and welcome book, while they quite drop out of mind before so perfect a thing as the first ten pages of the concluding chapter, 'Finale.' It is many a long day since we have had as exquisite a piece of writing.

RALPH ADAMS CRAM

IT has been reported that first novels find slim pickings to-day unless they are adopted by a Book Club. If true, this is regrettable. I know a man is lucky if he can find seven hours for reading a week. Even so, he should discover for himself each season at least one good first novel — such, for example, as Edmonds's *Rome Haul* or Richard Hughes's *Innocent Voyage*, those two bright spots of last spring. Here are four that have held the attention of Mary Ross, an editor of the *Survey* and an able judge of books.

NOTABLE FIRST NOVELS

OF the four gayly jacketed first novels at my left hand, waiting to be written about, an obvious grouping was easily suggested, for two were by writers in their twenties and two by those who had spent first youth in other pursuits than novel writing. But the difference went deeper than mere statistics.

Here, for instance, were **Graham Greene's *The Man Within*** (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50) and **Rex Stout's *How Like a God*** (Vanguard Press, $2.50), both of them stories of a man at war with himself. Mr. Greene's vivid book takes its title from a quotation of Sir Thomas Browne: 'There 's another man within me that 's angry with me': an Andrews unafraid, always condemning and confusing the cowardly Andrews who ran from danger like a rabbit, who betrayed his best friend and the woman he loved through compulsions which he himself could tolerate only when he was drugged with stultifying self-pity. There are strength and freshness in this story of a smuggler who turned informer, who failed the girl who loved and protected him, and turned finally in what the author would have us believe is a birth of courage to take the blame of her death on himself. Personally I mistrust that conclusion: it has a little too much the feeling of a predetermined pattern, an outcome too much hoped for, a symbol of what should be; as Elizabeth, the girl, is a symbol of goodness and wisdom, too pure to be an earthly creature. Here is romance, — young, eager,

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The BOOKSHELF

vigorous romance, — acute in its understanding of Andrews's cravings, persuasive — a little too persuasive — in its conviction that suffering shall not be in vain.

Rex Stout's *How Like a God* starts at the other end of a sorry web. Instead of bringing sordid fragments of a life together in one moment of victory, it opens with William Sidney as he is, outwardly successful, prosperous, yet corroded at heart by self-contempt; and its action is the whirl of images through Sidney's mind as he stumbles up three flights of stairs to murder his mistress in the room at the top. As a *tour de force* in form this novel deserves the attention that it has attracted: except for a brief italic page preceding each of the chapters to record the man's progress up the dim hallway, it is written entirely in the second person — William Sidney rehearsing to himself the train of subjective ignominy that has brought him to this extremity in a passion as relentless and intolerable as that in *Of Human Bondage*. Through this disordered mind, stroke by stroke, the Sidney of the small town, of Cleveland, finally of New York, emerges before the reader in progressive clarity. Yet while the form is striking and successfully sustained, it is the unforced conception of Sidney himself, rather than the literary device, that gives the book its undeniable power. Not a pretty story, surely, nor sufficiently spacious in its sympathies to achieve the lift of tragedy. But an honest and effective piece of imaginative creation, unlike most so-called 'psychological' novels in that it does not give the feeling of a special plea. And this detachment (might one hazard a guess that it is one of the compensations for writing one's first novel after one has had at least a chance to explore maturity?) is very different in quality from the dewy glamour of the coward drawn by Graham Greene at twenty-three.

The other 'young novel,' **Oliver La Farge's *Laughing Boy*** (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50), deals with America: the glowing Navajo country, only touched at the rim by the white man's civilization. Mr. La Farge writes this Indian love story as a novelist; it seems necessary to state that explicitly because in the welter of propaganda and politics Indians are likely to be considered more as a collective cause than as human beings. His knowledge of the Navajo language, his learning in archæology and anthropology, would lead one to trust his details of Indian life as authentic; and his story of young and simple love triumphant even over death is idyllic and really touching in the white man's tradition. But *is* this the way that Indians feel? I don't know — I have looked at their inscrutable black eyes, completely baffled as to what lay behind. Possibly Mr. La Farge has it here. It may be caviling to distrust the ability of an alien race to grasp, in true perception, the mind of a people so remote. I should like intensely to know what an Indian thought of this book. But at the very least it is a daring and lovely picture of an American surface which we know too little and esteem too casually; I hope Mr. La Farge will write of the Southwest again.

In ***I Thought of Daisy*** (Scribner, $2.50), **Edmund Wilson** is also concerned with America, the New York of Greenwich Village since the war. I believe (and here with some background to justify a belief) that his picture of this much-fabled and maligned corner of Manhattan is trustworthy — which is something distinctly unusual in accounts of 'Village life.' But beyond that, and more important, it is interesting. It is interesting, in somewhat the same way that Richard Aldington's *Death of a Hero* is interesting, as an honest record of the philosophy of a bewildered generation. The 'I' of Mr. Wilson's book is a young man who comes to New York with certain preconceived ideas of life and love and art and social justice, and tests them by experience in a merry-go-round where the props of conventional behavior are shifting or entirely absent. It is a critic's novel (Mr. Aldington's is a poet's novel) in that it is more interested in trying to evolve a philosophy of individual values than in the delight of creating people just for what they are. It has always, I think, a little of the frustration of the 'intellectual.' But the conclusion which its hero evolves through love affairs and gin parties and work — in short, in living — expresses in philosophical terms an attitude which, translated into the emotions, would be, I might guess, a signpost toward the writing of great novels or perhaps just mature living. MARY ROSS

As this column goes to press the fall season is in full swing. Bookshops are taking on extra hands, publishers are reprinting their popular editions, patrons are making out Christmas lists. . . . Rumor has it that Manuel Komroff's novel, *Coronet*, is a Book Club selection for January and, in the same breath, that the booksellers may renew their war against such organizations. . . . Best-seller lists from Baker and Taylor's and Brentano's show Hemingway's *A Farewell to Arms* on its way to first place among the fiction, followed by *The Methodist Faun*, by Ann Parrish, *Field of Honor*, Donn Byrne's posthumous novel, and *Whiteoaks of Jalna*, by Mazo de la Roche. Newcomers to the non-fiction ranking are Katharine Anthony's *Queen Elizabeth, Marriage and Morals*, by Bertrand Russell, and *Emerson*, by Phillips Russell, the American. . . . So far the season is marked by the publishers' prodigality, — 5000 titles, mind you (groans), — by an average of moderate ability, but by the emergence of few books of real calibre. But then, it always takes the moon some time to rise. . . . Thank you (applause).

Edward Weeks